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ADDRESS,

BY JOHN W. PROCTOR.

Welcome, friends of Danvers, to the land of your *birth*, and of your *choice!*

It gladdens the heart to meet so many cheerful countenances on this One Hundredth Anniversary of the independent municipal existence of our town.

In behalf of my fellow-citizens, I bid you all a hearty welcome here. Your presence gives assurance that we have not mistaken your sympathies with the occasion of our meeting.

Why these thronging crowds in every avenue of the town?

Why has the *farmer* left his *plough*,—the *tanner* his *vat*,—the *currier* his *beam*,—the *trader* his *shop*,—the *shoemaker* his *bench*, and every one his employment?

Why this gathering of thousands of children,—the future men and women, to govern and adorn,—and the interest that beams in every expression of their animated countenances?

Why have our friends from the *North*, the *South*, the *East*, and the *West*, favored us with their presence?

Is it not to bring to mind the *virtues*, the *toils*, the *sufferings* of our fathers?

"It is a privilege to learn what *shall be* from what *has been*,—to turn *experience* into *prophecy*,—to view in the *mirror of the past*, the *vision of the future*."

The settlement of Salem, early known as Naumkeag, was begun by Roger Conant and others, in 1626, and much increased, in 1628, by the arrival of John Endicott and others, all emigrants from England.

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It then included Salem, Danvers, Beverly, Marblehead, Wenham, and parts of Topsfield, Manchester, Lynn, and Middleton, bounding northerly by Agawam, southerly by Saugus, westerly by Andover, easterly by the Atlantic ocean. Then Saugus, Salem, Gloucester, Agawam, and Newbury, extended all along the coast of Essex to the Merrimack; and Andover was the only interior town south of that river.

Whoever would do justice to the topics brought to mind by the occasion, should trace the origin of each of the towns that have sprung from Old Naumkeag. Time will not now admit of this. My purpose is, to pass over the first century of Naumkeag, excepting as to the part included in the act of the Legislature, passed "Anno Regni Regis Georgii secundi, &c., vicessimor quinto,"—or, in plain English, the 25th year of George the 2d, our then *Royal Master*,—or Anno Domini, 1752. By this, Danvers was set off from Salem, as a distinct municipal district, with all the privileges of a town, except that of choosing representatives to the General Court, which restrictive condition was taken off by an act passed June 16th, 1757. Upon a view of these acts, the town determined to date their independent corporate existence in the year 1752,—which determination we take to be conclusive of the matter.

Our then *Royal Master* did I say? By the grace of God, and the pleasure of the King, then came all our privileges. I know that the generations which have since arisen have but an imperfect idea of this obligation to the king, but a grievance it was, and so our fathers felt it to be.

What do we most desire? Is it not independence? In the language of the most gifted mind* of the age, (I say it with *emphasis* on this 16th day of June, A. D. 1852,) when the aspirations of millions are turned towards him with anxious solicitude, "Hail, Independence! Hail, that best gift of God to man, saving life and an immortal spirit!" That Independence, which gave us

> "A *Church* without a *bishop*,
> A *State* without a *king*."

* Daniel Webster, the farmer of Marshfield, Mass.

NAME OF DANVERS.

Whence came the name of Danvers? why applied to this territory? are inquiries often made, but never, to my knowledge, quite satisfactorily answered.

For years before the separation, the name Danvers was occasionally applied to the middle precinct of Salem. Among the settlers, prior to the separation, were several by the name of Osborne,—a name connected, by marriage, with the *Danvers family* in England. Earl Danvers was one of the regicides, the fifth who signed the death-warrant of Charles. Sir Henry Danvers, the last of this family, died in 1643, a man of wealth, as is to be presumed from his liberal donation of £5000 and more for the advancement of learning in the University of Oxford. It is highly probable, the name of the town was derived from this family. This name has one merit,—it is not found anywhere else. Mr. Felt, the careful annalist of Salem, thinks the name was suggested by Lieut. Gov. Phipps, from gratitude to one of his patrons, and refers to a letter that so states the fact. It may have been so. But if the people of Danvers were then so *obedient* as to adopt a name because a *Governor* suggested it, it is a characteristic that has not remained one of their distinguishing qualifications. Few towns have been less disposed to follow the lead of any master. This example was early set by their file leader, Gov. Endicott.

If the noble Earl, for whom the name was probably given, had anticipated the *perpetuity* to accrue to his *name* in this humble district of these Western Wilds, and the present wants of its *High Schools*, now sheltered only in *hired tenements of cast-off chapels*, he would, without doubt, have contributed of his abundance to the relief of *their necessities*.

This era of separation has not been chosen for celebration *because of the severance*. Though severed in *name*, we have ever been united in *spirit;* and though our good old mother, Salem, nursed us at her bosom all of *one century*, she has not failed to feed us with *pap* of various kinds, ever since. Sometimes we have given her *sauce* in return, but oftener the *substantials of life*.

Notwithstanding our fathers thought many inconveniences would be remedied, and many advantages gained, by being a distinct town, as appears by their petition to the General Court, it must be apparent to every reflecting mind that the balance of benefits, consequent upon separation, was against us. True, being a distinct corporation created a few municipal offices, for the gratification of ambitious aspirants; but generally speaking, a review of the lives of such office holders will show, that those who have *least*, fare *best;* and those who strive to do *most*, instead of receiving *benedictions*, are usually loaded with the *opposite*.

The petitioners were a scattered population of about 200 families, containing from twelve to fourteen hundred persons, chiefly occupied in the cultivation of the land. Those from whom they sought to be separated, were mariners, traders, and merchants, densely located, with interests, in some measure, clashing with those on the borders. The busy hum of mechanical and manufacturing industry had then scarcely begun to be heard in the village of *Brooksby*, as the region hereabout was then called, where the brooks from the hills united with the waters of the ocean.

At first, towns assumed to own all the lands within their limits not specifically granted. Grants were made, by the colonial authority, or by towns through the agency of *seven men*, or *selectmen*, according to the standing of the grantees, or services rendered,—as seats in the church were assigned, first to the *Captain*, then to the *Lieutenant*, not omitting the *Ensign*, and the *Corporal*. Thus the records speak of

Captain Samuel Gardner,
Lieutenant Thomas Putnam,
Ensign Cornelius Tarbell,
Corporal Samuel Twist,
Deacon Malachi Felton,
Daniel Eppes, *Esquire*,

arranged in the order of the *consequence of the titles* they severally mounted.

These are referred to as illustrations of the *style of the times*,

—as our kind friends from the school districts have shown us *cocked hats*, *hooped petticoats*, and *high-heeled shoes*, as illustrations of dress in times gone by.*

It was of little consequence what the *title* was, as Corporal Twist said, on his return home after his election, "if it had the *ril* to it,—so that when the bell tolled at his funeral it could be said, *Corporal Twist is dead.*"

Who will presume to say, that, in the term *Corporal*, there is not as much *body*, aye *soul* to, as in that of *General?*

"Worth makes the *man*, the want of it the *fellow*."

But three instances of colonial grants are known to have been made on our territory, viz.:—1. To John Endicott, in 1632 and 1636; 2. To Samuel Shelton, in 1634; 3. To John Humphrey, in 1635.

The grant to Endicott is thus described. "A neck of land lying about three myles from Salem, called in the Indian tongue, *Wahquameschock*," situate between the inlets of the sea, now known as Waters River on the south, and Crane River on the north, bounding "westerly by the maine land." Such was the precision of early grants.

* My recollections of the "*Age of Homespun*," impresses my mind strongly with the propriety of the following passage in a Centennial discourse by Dr. Bushnell, at Litchfield, Conn., in August last:—"The spinning-wheels of wool and flax, that used to buzz so familiarly in the childish ears of some of us, will be heard no more forever,—seen no more, in fact, save in the halls of the antiquarian society, where the delicate daughters will be asking what these strange machines are, and how they are made to go? The huge hewn-timber looms, that used to occupy a room by themselves in the farm-houses, will be gone, cut up for cord wood perhaps, and their heavy thwack, beating up the woof, will be heard no more by the passer-by. The long strips of linen bleaching on the grass, and tended by a rosy-cheeked maiden sprinkling them each hour from her water can, under a burning sun, thus to prepare linen for her own or her brother's marriage outfit, will have disappeared, save as they return to fill a picture in some novel or ballad of the old time." Who will presume to say, that, in these labors of our mothers, will not be found the hidden power that gave firmness to the muscles and vigor to the constitutions of their descendants? I would give more for the lessons learned on *one spinning-wheel*, or over *one milk pail*, than those acquired on *ten piano fortes*. I have often thought that girls would profit more by learning to jump over fences or clamber ledges, than by dancing *polkas*, or practising other fashionable amusements,—many of which are better calculated to excite the passions, than to improve the health of body or mind. There is much propriety in the admonition, "Lead us not into temptation."

On a beautiful eminence between these rivers, Captain E., who, as acting governor, was chief magistrate of the colony previous to the arrival of Winthrop in 1630, established his residence. The selection of this site speaks favorably of the judgment of the man. It would be difficult to find one more eligible. For two hundred years at least it remained in the Endicott family; and when the ability of many of those, who still bear the name, is considered, it is matter of surprise that they should have suffered it to pass from the family. How can a man better do honor to himself, than by venerating his ancestors who were worthy of it? I know, our republican notions cut across the doctrine of entailments; but still, there is something impressive in the contemplation of those venerable abodes, in our fatherland, that have remained in the same family for centuries. The fortunate possessor, thus advised of what his fathers have done, is prompted to endeavor to "go and do likewise."

From this position, before roads were laid or bridges constructed, the Governor was accustomed to go, in his own shallop, to and from the seat of government at Boston, while engaged in the government of the colony, either as chief magistrate or as one of the assistants.

On this orchard farm (so it was called) in front of the mansion about sixty rods, now stands the celebrated *Endicott pear tree*, celebrated not so much for the *fruit* it bears, as for the *time* it has borne it. It is probably the oldest cultivated fruit-bearing tree in New England,—itself brought from Old England,—thereby constituting a direct connecting link with the mother country. The fruit is called *Bon Chrétien*,—whether so called from its own merits, or the merits of its owner, I am not advised. It is of medium size and fair quality, but not quite equal to the *Seckel*. In 1850, the tree bore one and a half bushels of fruit, as I myself witnessed, and new shoots grew upon it, more than six inches in length. One thing is made certain by this tree, viz., that a *pear tree* will last *two hundred years*,—how much longer may be told at the next *Centennial*.

On this same Endicott grant, now stands the Parris house (so called) from which sprung *other fruits** not quite as worthy the name of *good Christian* as the Endicott pear.

The grant made to Rev. Samuel Skelton,—the spiritual father of Endicott, and associate pastor with Higginson, at the First Church in Salem,—was situate between Crane and Porter's Rivers, bounding westerly, also, by the "maine land." So at first, these grants to the Captain and the Parson gave them a presumptive title to all the town northerly of Waters River. This section between Crane and Porter's Rivers was long known as Skelton's Neck;—then as New Mills;—and recently as Danvers-port.

The natural advantages of this part of the town are second to none other. Free communication with the ocean by water, and with the interior by railroads, its facilities for business are first rate. It only needs energy and capital to go ahead.

In 1635, a grant was made by the colonial authority to John Humphrey, in the westerly part of the town,—whence came the name of Humphrey's Pond, situate on the line between Danvers and Lynnfield; a beautiful sheet of water, containing 165 acres, about 100 feet above tide water;—in the midst of which is an island of five acres, on which the first settlers had a fortification as a retreat from the Indians. The recent location of a railroad from Salem to Boston, by this pond, has probably laid the foundation of a thrifty village in this vicinity,—as soon as the lands shall pass from the hands of visionary speculators to the control of men of sound, practical common sense.

December 31, 1638. "Agreed and voted, that there should be a village granted to Mr. Phillips and his company, upon such conditions as the seven men appointed for the town affaires should agree on." Hence the origin of Salem Village. This Mr. Phillips was a clergyman. He did not long abide in the place. He removed to Dedham, and thence to England, in 1642. Probably Putnam, Hutchinson, Goodale, Flint, Needham, Buxton, Swinnerton, Andrews, Fuller, Walcott, Pope,

* See the story of the Salem Witchcraft, that follows.

Rea, Osborn, Felton, and others, were of the associates in the settlement of the village. Their business was farming. Labor in the field for *six days* of the week, and going to meeting on the *seventh*, was their chief employment. Companions of Endicott, the puritan principles they imbibed, even to the third and fourth generations, bound them to their meeting. He that cut the *cross* from the *flag*, would not allow his attendants to sail under any other banner than such as he chose to hoist, or any deviation in their voyage. He was one of those lovers of liberty who was not unwilling to engross the largest share of it himself. Sure that he was *right*, he felt it to be his duty to see that others acted according to his notions of *right*. He was *indulgent* to those who were *obedient*.

One of the grievances alleged by the petitioners, as a reason for separation, was, that their children could not conveniently attend school. This was indeed a grievance. Situate *four*, *five*, and *six miles* from the school, how could they attend? Early taught by Endicott himself the value of these institutions, it is not surprising, when they found the superior advantages enjoyed by the children of their fellow townsmen, in part at their expense, that complaint should have been made.

Be it remembered, the *first free school in the land*, if not in *the world*, *was established at Salem*. The language of the selectmen's order, by which this was done, is worthy to be inscribed on the same tablet with the Declaration of Independence. It reads thus:—

"Sept., 1641. Ordered, that a note be published on next Lecture-day, that such as have children to be kept at schoole, would bring in their names, and what they will give for one whole year; and also that if anie poor bodie hath children, or a childe, to be put to schoole, and is not able to pay for their schooling, *that the towne will pay it by a rate*."

Here is the seed whence sprung the *free schools* of Massachusetts. It contains the germ of freedom itself. Here it was planted, on the orchard farm of the Governor, under his own care, as Governor of the Colony, and Chairman of the Selectmen of Salem. *Governors in those days were well employed*

*in looking after the fruits of the field and the children of the household;—the oozings of the still did not then trouble them.**

In 1634, one of the earliest grants was made to John Putnam and his three sons, Thomas, John, and Nathaniel. They came from Buckinghamshire, England, *settled*, *cultivated*, and *peopled* it. This was situate in the Village Parish, westerly of the grants to Skelton and Porter; probably along the line of what is now known as Whipple's Brook, extending from Judge Putnam's Mill to the house of Daniel Putnam,—famous as the birth-place of Gen. Israel Putnam, who made *his mark* on Bunker's Heights, at Charlestown, June 17th, 1775, witnessed by Warren, and many others, and sealed with their blood;—he who nobly exclaimed, "My sons, scorn to be slaves!"

No name is more prominent in the annals of the town than that of Putnam. Although hundreds have gone out in all directions, still, from the beginning, there has been more of this name than any other. By the kindness of Col. Perley Putnam,—who has taken unwearied pains to ascertain the facts,—I am informed that he has the particulars of between five and six hundred families of the name; many of whom had from *ten* to *seventeen children*,—amounting in all to 3500 descendants of John, in 220 years, an increase worthy of the highest commendation of Adam Smith, who considers numbers the first of all national improvements. If all the settlers had done as well, both in *quantity* and *quality*, there would have been no occasion for further importations. I should be glad to notice the worthy, particularly; but if all should be thus noticed, the world would scarcely contain the books that would be written. I am happy to see so many present, of age and ability, to speak for themselves; and from them I hope to hear an account more full than is in my power to give.

Another grant, purporting to be 500 acres, (covering, at least,

* In Felt's Annals, (Vol. I., p. 253,) it is stated that William Trask exchanged with Governor Endicott 250 acres of land for 500 apple trees, from his nursery;—a pretty good bargain, if trees grew then as readily as now. It is highly probable that the space between the mansion of the Governor, and the bank of the river, in front, was used for the growing of a nursery. I am well assured of this fact by S. P. Fowler, Esq., an intelligent cultivator of fruit, residing on Skelton's Neck.

700,) was made in 1635, to Emanuel, a descendant of Sir George Downing, and known as the Downing Estate, (on which it was my lot to be born.) This extended southwesterly, from the head of Waters River, to what is now known as Proctor's Brook; and in 1701, passed by deed from Charles Downing to Benjamin and Thorndike Proctor, sons of John, (of 1692 notoriety.) This included the tract of tillage land, in times past known as *Hog-hill*, but recently christened *Mount Pleasant*,—and with great propriety, if fertility of soil and beauty of prospect are considerations worthy of this appellation.

Another grant, of 300 acres, southerly of this, was made to Robert Cole,—extending from Gardener's Bridge to the Downing Estate,—which passed through Jacob Reed to Daniel Eppes, Esq. On this tract sprung the celebrated *Eppes Sweeting*, better known as the *Danvers Winter Sweet*; a variety of apple more extensively cultivated than any which has originated in Massachusetts,—excepting the Baldwin and the Hubbardston Nonsuch. This tree stood on land now belonging to the Hon. Richard S. Rogers. The original stump is now distinctly to be seen, with a sprout from it ten inches in diameter, yielding the genuine apple; clearly indicating the fruit to be *natural*,—not *grafted*. The tree is thrifty and hardy, the fruit excellent; as all lovers of apples and milk will cheerfully testify.

It would be easy to enumerate many other grants of land to individuals, all of which would be interesting to those of the same name, or to those claiming under them; but my limits will not admit of anything more than a specimen of the manner of doing the business in olden time.

WITCHCRAFT DELUSION.

The events of the year 1692, commonly spoken of as SALEM WITCHCRAFT, made an impression so deep on this community, that they cannot with propriety be overlooked, in any complete notice of the town. More than twenty citizens, some of the first respectability, were, in the course of a few months, arraigned charged with capital offences. Half this number suffered the severest penalty of the law. For this precinct, con-

taining at that time probably not more than five hundred souls, to be thus decimated in a few months, was a calamity tremendously awful. Now-a-days, when *one man** is arraigned, tried and executed, for *good cause*, (if there ever can be a good cause *for execution*,) the whole state, as well as states adjoining, are agitated to their centre. What could have induced the apathy that endured such things then, it is impossible to conceive.

This *moral mania* is said to have originated with children, *under twelve years of age*, in the family of the Rev. Samuel Parris, of Salem Village. A part of the identical building in which Mr. Parris then lived, it is said, now remains, situate on the easterly side of the Ipswich road, about twenty rods northerly of the Collins house. It then was a part of the parsonage, standing a few rods northwesterly of the village church. It should ever remain a monument with this inscription, "*Obsta principiis.*"

Although this delusion may have begun with children, it was not the work of children alone. It is chargeable upon those of an older growth,—upon those whose station in society demanded from them better things,—clergymen and magistrates. I am sensible that I speak plainly of those in authority; but nothing less plain will meet the case. I use the words of "truth and soberness."

When these extravagances in the children were first noticed, the Doctor was consulted, and gave his opinion "*that they were under an evil hand.*" "This," says Cotton Mather, "the neighbors took up and concluded they were *bewitched.*" Whether he was a doctor of *medicine*, of *law*, or of *divinity*, who gave this opinion, I am not advised. Of the name of the doctor, history gives no information,—not even the learned Dr. Mather's Magnalia, which tells all that was true *and something more.* This is certain, the Reverend gentleman, in whose house the malady began, and his associates of the neighborhood, did very little to suppress the evil; much less than they should have done. Says Dr. Mather, "Mr. Parris, seeing the condition of his family, desired the presence of some worthy

* Prof. J. W. Webster, of Cambridge.

gentlemen of Salem, and some neighbor ministers, to consult together at his house; who when they came, and had inquired diligently into the sufferings of the afflicted, concluded they were preternatural and feared the hand of Satan was in them." I cannot better express my views, than in the terse language of the Rev. Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, who can never be charged with want of proper respect for the clergy.

Says he, "Had Mr. Parris, instead of listening to the complaints of the children, and holding days of fasting and prayer, on occasions so preposterous, applied the rod as it should have been; had the magistrates, instead of receiving the complaints, arrested the complainants as disturbers of the peace; or had the Judges of the Court quashed the indictments, as founded on the baseless fabric of a vision, and discharged the prisoners, the evil might have been arrested, *in limine*. But unhappily these were efforts of reason, which lay beyond the spirit of the times."

Those who conducted these trials were not only deceived themselves, but they were willing to deceive others. They were not simply zealous; but they were corruptly furious. They introduced testimony, equally at variance with law, with common sense, and with the Scriptures. Children incapable of any comprehension of the topics about which they were interrogated, were in some cases the only witnesses. A venerable man was found guilty on the testimony of his own grandchild. What is worst of all, the answers desired were put into their mouths by the illegal forms of the questions proposed.

Time will not admit of a reference to each of the victims of this delusion, that had a home in Danvers. Among them were the following:—Rev. George Burroughs, (who himself had been a settled minister in the village;) Giles Corey, and wife; John Proctor, and wife; Rebecca Nourse, George Jacobs, Sarah Good, John Willard. Dr. Mather estimates the whole number of arrests, at 100; the whole number executed, at 19.

I will briefly advert to a few of the cases as samples of the whole; at the same time must say, that in the examination of the trials as preserved, I have not noticed a single error, in conduct or opinion, in those who were accused. On the contrary,

the more prominent were their virtues the more likely were they to be accused ; and the less chance had they for escape.

In the case of John Proctor, (whose character I feel in duty bound to vindicate from all unjust aspersions,) his only fault was a kind regard for his wife. When she was arrested and about to be carried to prison, (her health being such as to forbid her being imprisoned,) he insisted upon going with her; whereupon, her accusers cried out against him, and he was arraigned also. During his trial the Rev. C. Mather was in Court, (at the special solicitation of the prisoner, see his admirable letter of July 23d, 1692,) and fearing there might be some hesitation in the minds of the jury on account of his well-established character for integrity and piety, volunteered to testify that he himself had seen his Satanic Majesty, the Devil, whispering in the ear of the prisoner, while there in Court. To every intelligent mind the statement of such a fact carries with it its own commentary. The learned Doctor must have had the impulses of his own fears, in the eye of his mind, when he presumed to give such testimony ; not to speak of the wisdom of the judges, who permitted it to be given.*

In the case of Rebecca Nourse, a sister of the Church, of fair character, the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty;* but the

* That injustice may not be done to Dr. Mather, whose greatest defect seems to have been his *egregious vanity*, I will quote the views of Mr. C. Robbins, of Boston, who appears to have examined the part acted by Dr. Mather with much kindness and discrimination. "That Cotton Mather was enchanted in the same spell with the other prominent actors in these tragic events; that he was credulous to a ridiculous extreme; that he was inordinately fond of the marvellous; that he was too easily imposed upon; that his intense and undisguised interest in every case of alleged possession, betrayed him into indiscretions, and laid him open to censure; and that he busied himself unnecessarily with the trials, are facts which rest upon indubitable evidence,—are blemishes which can never be wiped away from his name. That he was under the influence of any bad motives, any sanguinary feelings; that he did not verily think he was doing God service, and the devil injury;—the most careful examination has failed to make me believe."

Bred as he was of the blood of the Mathers and Cottons for many generations; reverenced as they had been by the people as the *elect* of God, before whom the people bowed at their nod, as was the custom of the times; it is not surprising that he assumed to dictate. Humility, in those days, was not an indispensable qualification in the character of a Christian minister; on the contrary, it was a qualification rarely found in their possession. It is said; "*to do all the good he could to all*, was his maxim, his study, his labor, his pleasure." (Hist. of 2d Church, Boston, p. 111.)

combined influence of the populace, the church and the clergy, brought about her execution. She was first excommunicated, then hung ; the first instance of the application of Lynch Law, to be found in the annals of New England.

Giles Corey and Martha his wife, who lived in the western part of the town, on the estate recently occupied by the Hon. Daniel P. King, were accused and suffered death. He was *eighty years old.* His contempt for the entire proceedings was such, that he stood mute and refused to plead to the accusations. Because he so refused, they undertook to press or extort an answer from him, and so suffering, he died under the pressure. Thus dying, his body was denied a Christian burial, and it is said was deposited at the crotch of the roads, near Tapley's brook, as was done with the bodies of infamous malefactors. This is the only instance of the application of this kind of torture, to my knowledge, in this Commonwealth. The idea is most forbidding. A grey-headed veteran thus treated, in a Christian land, and by those too who professed to have imbibed more than a common share of the spirit of Christ ! If such be a Christian spirit, how shall the opposite be described ? The very thought produces a chill of horror.

George Burroughs, who, for several years, was a pastor of the Village Parish, having removed to Portland, where he was respectably settled in the ministry, was cried out against by his enemies, tried, convicted, and executed with the others, August, 1692, on Gallows Hill. He is entitled to be remembered with high regard, as he had the firmness to resist the infatuations that overcame the minds of so many of his brethren. Says Mr. Willis, the historian of Portland, "there has nothing survived Mr. Burroughs, either in his living or dying, that casts any reproach upon his character ; and, although he died a victim of a fanaticism as wicked and as stupid as any which has been countenanced in civilized society, and which at the time prejudiced his memory, yet his character stands redeemed in a more enlightened age, from any blemish."

I have sought in vain for the part taken in these trials, by the lawyers as such. The trials appear to have been carried on before

a special tribunal, organized for this special purpose, partaking of the powers of civil and ecclesiastical tribunals, having little or no regard to the rules of evidence, or any other proprieties; and thus to have continued, until it broke down under the weight of its own extravagances. Messrs. Stoughton, Saltonstall, Richards, Gedney, Sewall, Winthrop and Sargent, were the *seven eminent citizens* selected for this purpose. They were men of high respectability. A special jury was organized before which all the cases were brought. The depositions and affidavits used, show that rules of law were entirely disregarded in the trials. A species of *infatuation* seems to have pervaded the minds of all concerned. The entire movement, from beginning to end, was an anomaly most extraordinary. I am not unmindful, that trials for like offences had been carried on in England, and on the continent of Europe, and that some of the purest jurists of the time, had participated in the trials. But such was not the fact in regard to the witchcraft of New England. These trials bear no marks of wisdom, and very few of honesty of purpose. Perhaps the reason for the appointment of a special tribunal for the trial of those accused of witchcraft was, that the Provincial Charter did not arrive until May, 1692, and no regular court was organized under it, until December following. Here then was an interval in which the regular administration of justice was suspended for the want of a proper Court; from which a lesson is to be learned, that such experiments should not often be repeated.

But why do we dwell with such abhorrence upon the follies of olden time? When in our own times, and almost in our own circles, are extravagances, quite as irrational and unintelligible. That there may be phenomena, from natural causes, electrical, galvanic, or otherwise, of a character to astonish and confound, I will not presume to deny, though I have not witnessed any such. *But that any communications with the spirits of the departed, directly or indirectly, have ever been had; or any revelations from them, through any such agencies, I do not believe.* All such pretences, under whatever name they may come, are *false* and *deceptive*, and only calculated to

mislead. They are to be classed in the same category with *witchcraft of olden time.*

I am not unmindful that it is said by high authority, (Exodus xxii, 18,) "Thou shalt not suffer a *witch* to live." There are many other things said by the same authority, which, in my opinion, were not intended *literally to be regarded as rules for our guidance*, without some qualification of circumstances. Suppose this rule to be followed, and the idea of a witch, then prevalent, to be taken,—what would be the consequence? "A witch" is defined, in the Magnalia of the learned Doctor, to be "a person that, having the free use of reason, doth knowingly and willingly seek and obtain of the *Devil*, or any other god beside the true God *Jehovah*, an ability to do or know strange things, or things which he cannot by his own *human abilities* arrive unto." A witch was supposed to have renounced allegiance to the true God, and to have promised obedience to the *Devil.* Some of the clergy construed the Scriptures as recognizing the validity of such contracts. Was it strange, then, to believe, that the persons supposed to be *bewitched* were moved of the Devil? Were not those who thus taught and misled those whom they taught, justly chargeable with the blood of the innocent sufferers? I have no respect for the agency of the Devil, as he is supposed to have operated in 1692, or as he is now operating in 1852; and as to *good spirits* operating *through such mediums* to instruct and bless mankind, I have no faith in it.

These accusations continued to multiply, until they were checked by their own extravagance.* The arraignment of

* Dr. Mather says, (Vol. II, 413, § 11,) "By these things you may see how this matter was carried on, viz., chiefly by the complaints and accusations of the afflicted, bewitched ones, as it was supposed, and then by the confession of the *accused*, condemning themselves and others. Yet experience shewed, the more there were apprehended, the more were still afflicted by Satan; and the number of confessors increasing, did but increase the number of the *accused*; and the executing of some, made way for the apprehending of others: for still the afflicted complained of being tormented by new objects, as the former were removed. At last, it was evidently seen that there must be a stop put, or the generation of the children of God would pass under that condemnation. Henceforth, therefore, the juries generally acquitted such as were tried, fearing they had gone too far before?" "Considering the confusion this matter had brought us into, it was thought safer to *under do* than to *over do*, especially in matters capital, where what is once *compleated*, cannot be *reprieved.*"

Mrs. Hale, wife of the minister of Beverly, and of Mrs. Proctor, wife of John Proctor, beforenamed, ladies eminent for their virtues, opened the eyes of jurors and judges to reflect, that *their own time might soon come.*

The jurors before whom the accused were tried, with one accord, acknowledged their error in acting upon *such evidence*, or rather *without any evidence;* and the judges, particularly the excellent Chief J. Sewall,* continued to lament their mistakes while they lived.

Whether Justices Hawthorne and Corwin, the magistrates who conducted the preliminary examinations, ever made the *amende honorable*, does not appear. Perhaps, as they were judges of an *inferior court only*, a correction of errors was not deemed an essential part of their duty. This is certain, the higher law of common sense gained the ascendency, and false interpretations of the laws of Moses were soon in a measure corrected. *The Devil was deposed.*

I have dwelt long upon this antiquated topic, because justice to the memory of those who died without blemish, together with the unaccountable propensity of the human mind, even at the present time, to give credence to *irrational absurdities* and visionary fancies, forbid my saying less. I am not insensible that my views of the subject are extremely imperfect. Nothing less than an entire volume would do justice to it. All the facts deserve to be gathered and chronicled, as a warning to future generations. Had not those in high life participated so fully, it would, ere this, have been done. "Dog wont eat dog," is

"A maxim true
As human wisdom ever drew."

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

Passing over events of a temporary character, let us glance for a moment to the period immediately preceding the Revolu-

* The Hon. Samuel Sewall, afterwards Chief Justice of the Court, and a magistrate of sterling integrity, was accustomed *annually* to ask the prayers of the church and congregation at the Old South Church, where he worshipped, for the pardon of his offence in the part he took in condemning those charged with *witchcraft*. He was not so *mealy mouthed* as some of the present day, who would charge the error entirely to *the times*, and take no part of it to themselves. Such men would hang witches, or do anything else that expediency might prompt.

tion, when trifles light as air were big with the fate of nations. The refusal to use a paper with a government stamp upon it, was interpreted treason. The sale of a little tea, for the use of the ladies, involved loss of caste and imprisonment. The charge of an exorbitant price for a pound of cheese, *public posting*, by order of the town, as faithless to one's country.

The seeds of jealousy planted at the time of the granting of the Act of Incorporation, whereby the right of representation was restricted, were never eradicated. It was not the value of the privilege withheld, but the manner in which it was done, that excited the indignation of the people. His majesty had given special instructions that no more towns should be incorporated, with the privilege of choosing their own representatives. Our fathers were jealous of their rights, especially when infringed by the power over the water; and there were those on this side of the water who took good care to keep this jealousy enkindled. The Adamses, the Otises, the Quincys, the Pickerings, were not silent, and did not live in vain in those days. The spirit they infused, pervaded every artery of the body politic.

How else could it have happened, that simultaneously, from all parts of the State, came up resolutions of similar import. Doubtless these resolutions expressed the feelings of the people; but they probably had a common origin. Although messages were not then circulated by *lightning*, or handbills published through the *daily press*, still, messengers were not wanting, nor prompters to tell the people what to say. James Otis, John Adams, Joseph Warren, Samuel Adams, Timothy Pickering, and many others, were intent on securing the freedom of the colonies.

In 1765, it was deliberately resolved, in town-meeting assembled, "that the inhabitants were greatly incensed by the burdens attempted to be imposed upon the people, and were ready to resist to the uttermost."

In 1768, Dr. Holten, delegate to a convention holden at *Faneuil Hall*, the cradle of Liberty, in Boston, was specially instructed "to look well to the rights of the people." With

such marked ability did he then discharge this duty, that he thereby laid the foundation for a distinction more prominent, and an influence more pervading, than any other citizen ever acquired. While he lived, to hesitate to yield assent to the opinions of Dr. Holten, was by many deemed *political heresy*. The ardor of his feelings and the purity of his life gave an authority to his views that could not be resisted.*

In 1772, Messrs. Wm. Shillaber and others were appointed a committee of vigilance. The manner in which their duty was discharged shows them to have been a vigilant committee,—regulating not only what men should *say* and *do*, but what they should *eat* and *drink*, and what should be *paid* therefor. If those who would reform the manners of the age, as to diet and regimen, would seek precedents, they may readily find them in the records of those days. Our fathers were a law-abiding people,—*provided always*, they had a voice in the making of the laws,—*not otherwise*. They were sensitive and jealous of their rights in the extreme. The spirit of Robinson, of Peters, of Williams, of Endicott, of Bradstreet, and of Winthrop, pervaded their entire nature. They felt that they were *born to be free*, and they suffered no opportunity for securing this privilege to escape without improvement.

So marked were these characteristics, that, in 1774, a regiment of royal troops was quartered on yonder plain, in front of the then residence of the Royal Governor Gage,—for, be it remembered, that *twice* in our history was Danvers the *residence* of the royal governors. So ardent was the patriotism of the citizens at this time, that it is not improbable the first bursting forth of the flame of liberty was here *apprehended*. So correctly did they augur coming events, that, in February next following, less than two months previous to the battle of Lexington, the first *onset* by the British was *aimed at Danvers*. Col. Leslie, with his regiment, came from Boston for the purpose of destroying cannon and military stores supposed to be deposited at Danvers. Without doubt, such deposits were here.

* See remarks following, by Rev. J. Warburton Putnam, for a more complete view of the life and character of this estimable citizen.

In those days, patriots had to have their eyes open in all directions. They had to watch their enemies *at home and abroad.* The *tories* were on the watch, ready at all times to give information of every movement.

While Col. Leslie was parleying with parson Barnard and others, about crossing the North Bridge in Salem, near the line of Danvers, Mr. Richard Skidmore (familiarly known as Old Skid) took care to trundle off the cannon, upon the carriages he himself had made. So the brave Colonel returned to Boston, with his first lesson distinctly conned, *that a yankee was not to be caught napping.* This excursion was on the Lord's day, Feb. 26th, 1775. The troops landed at Marblehead, while the people were at church in the afternoon, and it is worthy of special notice, as the resistance here experienced was *the first resistance to British arms.* As Gov. Kossuth recently happily remarked at our own monument, in allusion to this event, "the men of Danvers were ready to fight, and this is quite as good as fighting. Would the people of the United States just say to the Czar of Russia, what the people of Danvers said to Col. Leslie, I think the Czar of Russia would do as Col. Leslie did, *go back again,* and thus my own beloved Hungary would be free."

Had it not have been for the pacific wisdom exercised on that occasion, by Messrs. Barnard, Pickering and others, Salem would have been the theatre on which the first blood for liberty would have been shed, and thereby she would have plucked the feathers from the caps of *Lexington* and *Concord.**

The men of Danvers were there. Messrs. Rev. Clergy, Wadsworth and Holt, were there seen in the ranks of the mili-

* Rev. J. W. Hanson, in his History of Danvers, (page 86,) says "This was the first resistance, bloodless indeed, but determined, which was made on the part of the people of this country to the encroachment of foreign aggression. In the town of Salem, nearly two months before the battle of Lexington, the people of Danvers, joined by those of Salem, opposed and beat back the foe, and established their title to the quality of determined bravery. But for the calmness and discretion of Leslie the English commander, North Bridge, at Salem, would have gone ahead of the North Bridge at Concord, and Salem itself have taken the place of Lexington; and February 26th would have stood forever memorable in the annals of the Republic. The British under Leslie numbered 140. The Americans under Pickering numbered 50."

tia, with their guns ready for battle, under the command of the brave Samuel Eppes. When the alarm was sounded, the sermon was cut off, and the concluding prayer, with the doxology, were deferred to a more convenient season. Then, men not only slept upon their arms, but carried them to meeting. The best of men were ready to fight. All were soldiers,—none too good for service. Their country's rights, not their own aggrandizement, were the objects for which they watched without ceasing.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

Thus continued the town, in a state of constant preparation and alarm, until the morning of April 19th, 1775, an era most marked in the annals of Danvers. Then, every man capable of bearing arms, from the stripling of sixteen to the veteran of sixty years, was seen trotting at the rate of *four miles* an hour, to the field of duty and of glory,—with what effect, the returning wagons on the following day, loaded with the dead and wounded, too plainly told. Seven of the young men of Danvers, whose names are registered on yonder monument of granite, quarried in our own hills, the corner stone of which was laid by Gen. Gideon Foster, their commander, on the sixtieth anniversary, then became entitled to the inscription, "Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori." As many more received marks of distinction from the enemy, that they carried with them to their graves.

Think of it, my friends! Suppose your father, son, or brother, one or all, as was the case with some families at that time, to have been thus exposed, when the distant thunder of conflicting arms came echoing over the hills, and the lightning flash of artillery illumined the western horizon, you will be able to appreciate the price paid by your fathers for the liberties you now enjoy.

The impulse given at Lexington was never suspended. The funeral knell of those, whose lives were thus sacrificed, constantly resounded in the ear. As a specimen of the feeling that then pervaded the entire community, I beg leave to recite an anec-

dote of an event that occurred on that morning, which I had from the Colonel himself, and therefore it may not be questioned.*

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

On the 17th of June, next following, (a morning not unlike the present, when the grass was waving in abundance on the plains,) Captains Foster, Flint, Page, Porter, and others of Danvers, were found in the post of danger, at the bloody ramparts of Bunker Hill, under Gen. Putnam, the commander,—himself of Danvers. There they stood, shoulder to shoulder, side by side, with Warren, Stark and Prescott, the motto of Patrick Henry on their helmets, colors not to be mistaken, "Give us Liberty, or give us Death!"

Shall it be said, my friends, that Danvers did nothing towards securing our freedom?—Danvers, that poured out her best blood in the midst of the fight? *of one*, who had rather die than stoop, though cautioned to do so,—*one*, who, when questioned *where he should be on the day of battle*, replied, "*Where the Enemy is there you will find me!*" All who know our country's history must be aware that I refer to the brave Captain Samuel Flint, who fell fighting, sword in hand, on the mounds of Bennington, in the prime of life and vigor of manhood; leaving descendants, whose highest pleasure it should be to imitate the patriotism of their grandfather, and the amiable virtues of their father,—the late Hon. D. P. King.

On the 18th of June, 1776, it was voted, in town meeting, "if the Honorable Congress, for the safety of the United States,

* When the troops from Salem, under the command of Col. Timothy Pickering, were on their way to meet the enemy, (the Danvers companies having started ahead by permission,) they halted at the Bell Tavern, now Monument, to arrange their places; and while thus stopping, Hasket Derby, one of the soldiers, stepped into friend Southwick's, the house opposite, with whom he was acquainted, where Mrs. Southwick said to him, Friend Derby, thee knows that my principles will not allow me to do anything to encourage war; but as there is a long and tedious march before thee, and thee and those with thee may be in need of refreshment, this batch of bread, just taken from the oven, thee may take, if thee please,—*for it never can be wrong to feed the hungry.* And she put into his knapsack *a cheese also.* The same facts have been affirmed to me by her son Edward, who, with the soldier from Salem, lived to be men of the greatest wealth and influence in their respective towns.

declare them independent of the kingdom of Great Britain,—we, the inhabitants of Danvers, do solemnly pledge our lives and fortunes to support them in the measure,"—language smelling strongly of the Declaration made at Philadelphia, on the 4th of July next following;—which Declaration was *unanimously* approved by vote, and ordered to be entered, at length, in the records of the town. Yes, there it is, my friends, in bold relief, on the page,—for the instruction of future generations. This little incident speaks volumes of the feelings that pervaded the minds of the community. This little town, with less than two thousand inhabitants, thus *ratifying* the doings of a nation, and taking upon itself the *responsibility*. The spirit of Holten, of Foster, of Hutchinson, of Shillaber, and their compatriots, is apparent in this thing. When such a feeling prevails, *victory* or *death* must follow. No compromise is admissible. No *tory spirit* was found here. While these men lived, there was no doubt where Danvers would be found. Her sons have every reason to be proud of the patriotic spirit and determined purpose of their sires. The names of many brave men are conspicuous in her annals. Let their sons, to the latest generation, see to it, that a reputation so nobly earned shall never be tarnished.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

On the page of history that shall mark the efforts of Danvers in the Revolutionary struggle for Independence, will be found the names of—

Gen. Israel Putnam,
Gen. Gideon Foster,
Gen. Moses Porter,
Col. Jeremiah Page,
Col. Israel Hutchinson,
Col. Enoch Putnam,
Major Caleb Lowe,
Major Sylvester Osborn,
Capt. Samuel Eppes,
Capt. Samuel Flint,

Capt. Jeremiah Putnam,
Capt. Samuel Page,
Capt. Dennison Wallis,
Capt. Levi Preston,
Mr. William Shillaber,
Dr. Amos Putnam,
Dr. Samuel Holten,
Capt. Johnson Proctor, (my father,)

the last survivor of the revolutionary worthies, who died November 11, 1851, aged 86. A class of men worthy of the cause they so ably defended. They were none of your milk-and-water heroes; salt pork and bean porridge constituted the basis of their diet.*

AGE OF SOLDIERS.

It is interesting to notice the extraordinary length of lives attained by these patriots. Of those named, their average ages exceeded 80 years. What could have so extended their lives ten years beyond the period ordinarily allotted to man? This is an inquiry of much interest. It could not have been quiet, and freedom from exposure,—for none were more exposed. The incidents of the soldier's life, under circumstances most favorable, have little to charm or amuse; but the Revolutionary Soldiers, half clad and half starved, as they often were, must have lived on something not fully appreciated, to hold out as they did. May it not in part be attributed to their energy and activity of movement in early years? to that buoyancy and cheerfulness of spirits that naturally flow from such movements? Who has not witnessed the animation with which the old soldier adverts to the perils of his youth, and

"Shoulders his crutch to show how fields are won"?

Who will presume to say that cheerful spirits do not essentially contribute to the prolongation of life?

* There are many others, "good men and true," who did much service, with equal energy and patriotism, but who were content with being brave, without any proclamation made of it. Those who float readily on the top, have not always the most solidity.

CENTENNARIANS.

But two instances, within the limits of the town, of persons living to the age of one hundred years, have come to my knowledge. These were both soldiers, who had seen much service in many wars.

The first was Thomas Nelson, a native of Scotland, who died in 1774, at the age of 113 years.

The second was Lemuel Winchester, a native of Brookline, Massachusetts, who died in 1844, at the age of 100 years 8 months and 5 days.

Of father Nelson, I have heard my grandmother say, (who herself lived to be almost one hundred,) that when he was more than one hundred, he often walked from his residence to Salem, six miles, as upright as any young man.

Both of these gentlemen possessed cheerful dispositions and active habits. Both of them were free from those excesses so common to the age in which they lived, though probably not *tee-totallers*,—a description of beings that were not common in revolutionary times.

How important then, to those who would possess health and long life, to imitate their example in the cultivation of habits of activity, temperance and cheerfulness. It was remarked by Lord Mansfield, one of the most sagacious of men, that he never knew an instance of a person living to extreme old age who did not *rise early;* and he might have added, who did not *live temperate.* Temperance and activity are the corner stones of health and usefulness.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

The first settlers of Salem were Puritans. They were men who aimed to be governed by the impulses of their own consciences, and to keep themselves void of offence.* Such were Endicott and his associates when they came to Salem. I do

* In the language of Governor Bradford, when a young man, "To keep a good conscience, and walk in such a way as God hath prescribed in his Word, is a thing which I much prefer before you all, and above life itself."

not presume to say they were without blemish,—the sun has spots,—but "their faults leaned to virtue's side." They had more of merit in them than many men's virtues. Thus moved by a faith that gives *dignity* to man,—*purity* to woman,—and *loveliness* to the child,—it would have been strange indeed if they had neglected to provide all needful accommodations for the worship of God. As early as 1666, the farmers of the village were incorporated into a society for religious worship. This was the Second Parish in Salem. Parish privileges and rights of citizens were then essentially connected. No man could exercise the rights of a citizen who did not belong to the Church. In the meetings of the Church, matters of business were moulded as much as they now are in caucus assembled.

The first thirty years of the Village Parish covers that period when the *witch delusion* and other controversies were agitated to such extent that little may be said of the *religious influences* then prevalent,—if regard be paid to the text, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

In 1697, Rev. Joseph Green became the pastor of this society, and so continued for a period of eighteen years. He died among his people, universally beloved and respected. He must have been a very good man to have lived and died as he did, at such a time, surrounded with such influences.

He was succeeded by Rev. Peter Clark, who continued to minister until all those who settled him had left the stage; a period of more than *fifty years*. His funeral discourse was preached June 16, 1768, by Rev. Thomas Barnard, of Salem. Such permanency in the ministry speaks well of pastor and people;—and is in accordance with our best New England notions. I know that many have grown up of late who think they know more than their fathers did,—but I have heard it said old Doctor Clark once said to his son Caleb, "Caleb! is there no nearer way to Heaven than round by Chebacco?"—meaning thereby to reprove the *new light influences* then prevalent. So in modern times, many are not content to pursue the good old way to Heaven, but want to go *by steam*; when they start thus, there is danger of bursting the boiler.

Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth succeeded Mr. Clark, and ministered unto this people for more than *fifty years*. My first impressions of a *model minister* were taken from this gentleman when a boy at school. Subsequently, when an older boy, myself attempting "to teach the young idea how to shoot," I had the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance, which confirmed my first impressions. He was a *gentleman*, in the best sense of the term. He knew *what* to say, and *when* to say it. He too lived a long life harmoniously with his people, and died beloved and respected. What Christian minister can ask a better eulogy? Who that remembers the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of these venerable men, will fail to rejoice at their good fortune in being thus instructed? I know of nothing that savors more of Heaven, than lessons of instruction from a virtuous, modest, wise old minister. Very few societies can render so good an account of their stewardship.

Since the decease of Dr. Wadsworth, the increase of population has been such as to demand a division, and two societies are now sustained on the old foundation. Of the living, I forbear to speak, well knowing that the sound of their own voices will be their highest encomium. They are favorably esteemed wherever learning or piety is regarded.

The inhabitants of the southerly part of the town worshiped with the First Church in Salem, until 1710, when a new society was incorporated, under the name of the Middle Precinct Parish. This was the Third Parish in Salem. Their first effort was, to obtain from the town, a grant of "a quarter of an acre of land to set a meeting-house on." This was so located, that, in process of time, it expanded to more than an acre. Whether *fortunately*, or not, involves too many incidents to admit of discussion on this occasion.

In 1713, Rev. Benjamin Prescott was settled as pastor over this parish, and remained such for a period of *forty years*. His pastoral relations were closed in 1752, (the year of the separation from Salem,) in consequence of contentions that had arisen about the collection and payment of his salary. There were, within the parish, Quakers and others, who thought they

could not *conscientiously* pay for *such preaching*. The laws had no regard to scruples of conscience of such a character. After the dissolution of his pastoral relations, Mr. Prescott continued to reside in the parish, a worthy citizen and magistrate, dying in good old age, respected for his talents and virtues, and was buried at the foot of the hill bearing his name.

A shrewd observer, with much experience in ministerial affairs, remarked, in relation to Mr. Prescott's ministry, "When a minister and people cannot get along without quarrelling about *his salary*, it is better for both that the connection should be dissolved. God and Mammon cannot peaceably occupy the same tenement."

The Rev. Nathan Holt succeeded Mr. Prescott, and ministered with good fidelity for a period of *thirty-four years*. He was a peaceable, clever man,—deeply imbued with the patriotic spirit of the times. Of his services in the pulpit, I have heard but little. His labors among his people were highly prized, and productive of a happy influence. "He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."

Rev. Samuel Mead followed Mr. Holt, and was pastor about *ten years*. The record of this period is lost; it is not safe, therefore, to speak, where the best evidence *is wanting*. I remember him well. His peculiarities were many.

In 1805, the Rev. Samuel Walker was settled, and remained the pastor for a period of *twenty-one years*. His life was terminated by a painful casualty. He was faithful to his calling, discreet in his movements, and died with a kind remembrance in many a bosom. Since his death, a Unitarian, a Methodist, a Baptist, and a Universalist society have grown up in the parish, and flourished with various degrees of success, leaving the Old South Society still one of the largest and ablest in the county.

For a few years they were ministered unto by the Rev. George Cowles, who, while on his way south with his lady, in search of health, was suddenly lost on board the steamer Home, dying with these last words, "He that trusteth in Jesus is safe, even among the perils of the sea." He died deeply lamented,

having previously resigned his pastoral care on account of ill health.

The Rev. H. G. Park followed for a short time.

The Rev. Thomas P. Field succeeded Mr. Park for a period of *ten years*, laboring successfully to a harmonious and happy people,—which labors were unfortunately interrupted by his being called to a position of more extended usefulness at Troy, N. Y., with the offer of a compensation better proportioned to the worth of his services. When it was too late, the people saw their *error*. The disappointment experienced in parting with one so highly esteemed, with no appreciable reason assigned therefor, poorly prepared the way to treat with kindness and Christian sympathy his successor, the Rev. James D. Butler, who, after a *conditional settlement of one year*, was *crowded off*, without ceremony. May his eminent learning and Christian humility command a position in which they will be duly appreciated.

Several other religious societies have grown up in different parts of the town, and been sustained with varied success. A Baptist society was organized at the New Mills Village, under the pastoral care of Rev. Benj. Foster, sixty-eight years since. The present pastor, Rev. A. W. Chapin. There is also a Universalist society in that neighborhood, which was organized thirty-seven years since, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. W. Putnam.

Within my memory, four valuable churches have been destroyed by fire, probably caused by incendiaries. One offender only has been brought to justice, and he under his own confession.

Within the last twelve years, there has been expended in the construction and finish of churches, more than $50,000.

The present annual payments within the town, for the support of religious instruction, cannot be estimated at less than $10,000.

The predominant faith at the present time, (exclusive of those who have no faith at all,) is a modified version of the notions of the Puritan Fathers of New England;—how far improved

by the modification, must be left to the better judgment of those who have really experienced its purifying influences. That there may be such, I cannot doubt,—but something more than mere *profession of religion* is wanted, to satisfy my mind. I incline to the belief, that his faith cannot be *wrong* whose life is *right.* And where the life does not illustrate and adorn the profession, the profession will be found "a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

EDUCATION.

Popular education, in the broadest sense of the term, has engrossed the attention of the people of Danvers as much as any other topic. From the time of their first meeting, March 4th, 1752, when Daniel Eppes, father and son, were moderator and clerk, each year's record shows more or less of interest in the education of the rising generation.

Previous to the separation, but little attention had been given to supporting schools for the children on the borders.

In 1783, when revolutionary troubles had subsided, the people began to look after the condition of the schools.

In 1793, an interesting report on the reorganization of the schools was made to the town, by Dr. Archelaus Putnam, which appears in full upon the records,—a fact worthy of notice, because many a report, placed on file *only*, is not now to be found. Files that are handled by every body, soon become every body's property.

In 1794, pursuant to a plan proposed by Gideon Foster, Samuel Page, and John Kettelle, the town was divided into districts.

In 1802, the districts were remodelled, at the suggestion of Sylvester Osborn. Thus we find Holten, Foster, Page, Osborn, and others, who were foremost in their efforts to secure our rights, going ahead in their endeavors to educate the children to understand those rights.

In 1809, the present system of school districts was established,—then nine, now fourteen;—then containing 800 children, now more than 2000, of age suitable to attend school.

It is not easy to understand how schools were supported as well as they were, with the limited appropriations then made. Masters must have taught for the love of teaching, and children studied for the sake of learning. The days of study, and not the days of vacation, must then have been their seasons of amusement.

In 1814, an order was adopted requiring a report of the condition of the schools, for the year next preceding, to be made at the annual meeting in each year. This is worthy of notice, it having become a State regulation since.

In 1820, an order was adopted requiring the names and ages of children between four and sixteen years, resident in town on the first day of May, to be returned by the prudential committees, and recorded by the clerk. This also was in advance of the action of the State to the same effect. Both of these regulations have been found highly serviceable.

The money appropriated for the support of schools has since been apportioned to the several districts in proportion to the children thus returned, with donations to the districts containing a sparse population, to equalize the advantages of schooling as far as practicable.

High schools have recently been established with good success. The present year, a new plan of superintendence has been ordered and entered upon with high expectation of benefit. It remains with the person who fills the office whether these expectations shall be realized. The superintendent enters upon the duties this day. I cannot doubt the efficiency of individual superintendence when regulated by competent ability, with a single eye to the advancement of the schools.

The predominant feeling has long been, that it is the bounden duty of the town to carry out the free-school principle first proposed by Endicott, viz,—*to provide for the complete education of all the children, at the public charge, in such manner as their condition in society demands.*

In this way alone can it be explained that Danvers has educated so small a proportion of her sons at colleges, according to her wealth and population. On looking over the list of *natives*

of the town who have had the benefit of a collegiate education, for one hundred years last past, I find six clergymen, three lawyers, two physicians, five farmers, and two others,—in all, twenty;—a number much less than will be found in many towns with one half the population.* I speak of the fact as presenting considerations worthy of reflection, and not because I deem such an education an essential qualification to good citizenship. Instance the success of Franklin, of Washington, of our own Bowditch, to the contrary. The truth is, the people of Danvers have been anxious to realize a more speedy income on their investments than is ordinarily found by trimming the midnight lamp. As a general thing, they value objects in possession more than those in expectancy; their faith is not strong enough to sustain the hope of distinction by means of literary efforts.

An elaborate attempt to abolish the district system of schools was made in 1850, but the people were not prepared to give up what they deemed a *certainty* for an *uncertainty*.

* College Graduates.—Names of *natives* of Danvers, who have been educated at Collegiate Institutions:—

F.	*Daniel Putnam,	Harv.	1717.
F.	*James Putnam,	Harv.	1746.
T.	*Daniel Eppes,	Harv.	1758.
F.	*Tarrant Putnam,	Harv.	1763.
P.	*Archelaus Putnam,	Harv.	1763.
L.	Samuel Putnam,	Harv.	1787.
T.	*Israel Andrew,	Harv.	1789.
C.	William P. Page,	Harv.	1809.
C.	Israel Warburton Putnam,	Dart.	1809.
C.	Daniel Poor,	Dart.	1811.
L.	John W. Proctor,	Harv.	1816.
C.	Ebenezer Poor,	Dart.	1818.
L.	*William Oakes,	Harv.	1820.
P.	John Marsh,	Harv.	1823.
F.	*Daniel P. King,	Harv.	1823.
C.	Allen Putnam,	Harv.	1825.
F.	Samuel P. C. King,	Amherst.	1831.
C.	Ezekiel Marsh,	Yale.	1839.
	*Augustus E. Daniels,	Harv.	1846.
	*Thomas Stimpson,	Amherst.	1850.

6 of the above became clergymen; 3, lawyers; 2, teachers; 5, farmers; 2, physicians; 2, occupation not yet determined.

Ten have deceased; *ten* now living.

F. Farmer; C. Clergyman; P. Physician; L. Lawyer; T. Teacher.

Several other citizens have engaged in professional employments, without the aid of collegiate instruction. Several are now preparing for such employments.

SUPPORT OF SCHOOLS.

There is no town in the county where the appropriations for schools are more liberal, in proportion to the number to be educated and the ability to pay. Mr. Webster, in his late speech at Faneuil Hall, says it is the glory of Boston that she applies *one quarter* part of *all the taxes assessed*, for the support of *public schools*, viz., $50,000 out of $200,000,—there being a population of 140,000. Danvers applies $10,000 out of $25,000,—there being a population of 8000. Danvers has a valuation of $3,000,000,—Boston, $300,000,000. Here is a question for boys at school to answer, which of these places does best for the support of public schools, according to its ability?

If the schools of Danvers are not advanced in proportion to their appropriation, the defect is not chargeable to the mass of the inhabitants,—their *will* is to have *first rate free schools.*

SCHOOL FUNDS.

The wisdom of the town in applying the surplus revenue, that came to their use in 1844, as a permanent fund for the benefit of schools, over and above a prescribed sum of not less than three dollars per scholar, to be raised by the town annually for this purpose, must not be overlooked. This fund now amounts to the sum of $10,000, and is invested in the hands of trustees chosen by the town. Considering the many jealousies brought to bear on this topic, the act whereby the investment was made will ever remain most creditable to the town. No man did more to bring this about than the late Elias Putnam, who in this, as in all his other public services, showed himself a vigilant friend of the best interests of the town. Danvers will long mourn his departure in the midst of his usefulness. He was a man of marked energy and decision of character. Selfish to some extent,—for who is not,—but public spirited, far beyond most of those around him. Those who knew him best, valued him highest. It was often my privilege, as on this subject, to coöperate in the objects he had in view. I knew him well.

WALLIS FUND.

By the generosity of Capt. Dennison Wallis, who died in 1825, a local fund of $2500 was established for the benefit of School District No. 1, in which he then lived. He intended the fund should have been $5000, but the phraseology of the will so far fell short of the intentions of the donor, when tried in the crucible of the Supreme Court, as to reduce the amount *one half.*

With this fund, the *Wallis School,* for the education of children between the ages of six and twelve years, has been established, and sustained for twenty years. If the spirit of the donor could look down upon the cheerful countenances of the happy group of children, educated by his bounty, on one of their days of successful exhibition, it would discover abundant reason for rejoicing in the wisdom of the donation. Happy spirit that! which can contemplate a life of toil and perplexity terminated so gloriously. When another century shall have passed away, who will be remembered with more admiration than he who laid the foundation of the Wallis School? Although his name may not live in the offspring of his own loins, it shall be immortal in the benefits conferred on thousands. This crowning act of his life will be cherished with gratitude, even when his heroic exposure at Lexington shall be forgotten.

SUPPORT OF PAUPERS.

As a municipal regulation, next in importance to the education of the young, is the support of the unfortunate poor. By the record of the first meeting, it appears that both these subjects were provided for. Still, no well-established system of relief to the poor was adopted, until about the year 1800, when the attention of friends E. Southwick and S. Shove, moved by the combined considerations of economy and humanity, were directed to this subject. To the credit of these gentlemen, be it said, notwithstanding they belonged to a class of Christians whose sense of religious duty will not suffer any of their number to be a charge upon the public, that they did more to alle-

viate the condition of the paupers, as well as to relieve the town from the expense of their support, than has been done by any others. Their shrewd observation discerned, what was not then generally known, that almshouse establishments, with conveniences for industrial employments connected therewith, adapted to the capacities of the inmates, were the true means of benefiting their condition;—that by thus being employed, they would be saved from many a temptation incident to their humiliated position, and the burden of their support would be greatly diminished.

At this time a house, with about a dozen acres of land appurtenant, was appropriated to this use. But it was soon found that the locality of the establishment was too central, for the convenience of those around; and that the growing wants of the village demanded its removal. Accordingly, it was transferred to the extensive farm of two hundred acres now occupied, then chiefly covered with wood. The selection of this site, although censured by many at the time, shows the superior discernment of those who chose it. It is airy, healthy, and easy of access, and readily made a secure abode, far removed from evil communications, and *evil spirits also.* Whoever would deal with paupers, must prepare to guard against the influence of such *spirits* with eagle eyes.

The rival efforts of these gentlemen, (Messrs. Southwick and Shove,) to see which could *out-do* the other in saving for the town, and the suggestions made by them, from time to time, in their annual reports, will ever be interesting features for examination. They were, in fact, a sort of Quaker duel, in which no blood was shed,—although occasionally one would say to the other, "*Thee lies, thee knows thee lies, under a mistake.*" During their administration of this department, the State allowed *twenty-one* cents per day for the support of paupers, instead of *seven*, the present allowance; which materially aided in balancing their accounts.

ALMSHOUSE.

The present almshouse, with the farm and its appendages, cost $25,000. It was erected in 1844. The town was moved

to its erection, by the admonitions of Miss D. Dix, of Boston, whose generous philanthropy has done so much for suffering humanity. There were those who thought her *officious, misinformed as to the facts she stated, and disposed to meddle with that which did not concern her.* I *know* there were such. But even those will now cheerfully acknowledge, that she was actuated by good motives; and that she did the town a service, for which she ought ever to be held in grateful remembrance. Noble soul! that looks around and sees how many tears of suffering she has dried up, and how many pangs of distress she has alleviated. Her own reflections are a heavenly reward. May her shadow never be less.

There is no town in the Commonwealth where the unfortunate poor are regarded with more sympathy and kindness. Every rational movement for their benefit has always met a cheerful approval by the town. Care is taken to secure the services of intelligent and humane overseers, and the establishment entire is a model worthy of imitation.

A careful analysis of the concerns of this department for *fifty years* last past, will show, that at least *three fourths* of all those who have received relief at the almshouse, have been brought to this necessity by reason of intemperance, notwithstanding the unremitted efforts of the town to stay the devastations of this debasing vice,—this inexhaustible fountain of suffering and of crime. May God grant a safe deliverance from it, *even though it should involve the total annihilation of all that intoxicates.*

TEMPERANCE.

In the efforts that have been made to advance the cause of *temperance,* for the last forty years, Danvers has taken no mean position. During all this period, many of her best citizens have been actively coöperating with the best friends of the cause.

As early as 1812, Samuel Holten, Benjamin Wadsworth, Edward Southwick, Fitch Poole, Caleb Oakes, and others, were pioneers in this enterprise. They dared to say, even then, when it was almost the universal practice to "take a little for the stomach's sake and often infirmities," that "the use of

intoxicating liquors, *as a beverage*, was an evil, and *only evil continually*." It is glorious to find these experienced, upright, and keen observers of human nature, putting forth the doctrine that *total abstinence*, from everything that intoxicates, is "the only sure guide," the only principle that can be depended upon. What the zealous friends of law (Massachusetts law, may I say?) have recently discovered, *they* seem to have known by instinct. They preached temperance, and they practised what they preached. Without which, on any subject, preaching is "a tinkling cymbal,"—an "empty show."

Danvers was the first town that took action, in its corporate capacity, against *licensing the retail of intoxicating liquors*. The motion, (to my certain knowledge,) was drafted in pencil, at the Village Church, and presented at the annual meeting, 1835, by S. P. Fowler, Esq. To the credit of the town, its authorities have constantly adhered to the faith then promulgated. Not so with all the authorities in towns around,—and hence has flowed *misery* and *crime*. Since 1835, there has annually been appointed a committee, to watch the progress of the cause, and to advance its success. What Maine now is to other states, Danvers has been to other towns, a *beacon light* on the eminence of Temperance. May its effulgence be strengthened, until the path of duty shall be, *as illuminated by the noonday sun*.

BUSINESS. FARMING.

Attention to business has ever been a prominent trait in the character of the people of Danvers. For many years, the cultivation of the land was their chief employment. Throughout the early records, they are spoken of as the farmers, in contrast with those engaged in commercial pursuits, for which Salem has been eminent from the beginning. Among the farmers best known, will be found the names of Putnam, Preston, Proctor, Felton, and King. Their fields have exhibited samples of cultivation that will compare with any in the Commonwealth. They have stirred their soil deep, and aimed to understand the reason for so doing. The town affords every variety of soil,

from very strong to very shallow. The lands require much labor, and unremitted attention to the application of invigorating substances. As the population has increased, their labors have been concentrated; and it would not be difficult to point out those who raise as much, and live as well, from the products of *ten acres*, as did those before them from the products of *one hundred acres*. I forbear to dilate. The story of their farming has often been told, and can be better told elsewhere.

TANNING.

About one hundred years ago, friend Joseph Southwick commenced the business of *tanning*, in a few *tubs* or *half hogsheads*. This business has since so expanded, that it now occupies as *many thousand vats*. It is the staple business of the place. For many years, it was carried on chiefly by Messrs. Southwick, Shove, Wallis, Sutton, Poole, and a few others, who made fortunes in attending to it. The hide and leather business, in all its modifications, has probably done more to advance the wealth and resources of the town, than any other; especially when the manufactures, of which leather is the principal component part, are taken into view. The annual amount of these manufactures is estimated at not less than $2,000,000.*

EARTHEN WARE.

A class of coarse ware, known as *Danvers crockery*, has been coeval with the existence of the town. Forty years since, it was made much more extensively than of late. It is now thrown out of use by articles of more strength and beauty, procured at less expense from abroad,—though for many purposes, it still finds favor with those accustomed to its use. The clay on the margin of Waters River has been found particularly well adapted to this manufacture.

The Osborns and Southwicks have done more at this work than any families within my knowledge. William Osborn, the first of the name, was spoken of as a *potter*. His descendants,

* See Appendix, for statistics of this business.

for four generations certainly, have shown their regard for their ancestor by sticking to his employment.

OFFICIAL STATIONS.

The right to participate in the making of the laws has ever been esteemed one of the choicest privileges of a citizen of New England. As early as 1634, the settlers here had become so numerous, that they felt the necessity of delegating their authority to representatives of their own choice. It was the jealousy of the infringement of this right that moved our fathers to resist the oppressive taxation by the mother country,—and not the *amount of tax* imposed. It was the interference with this right by Lieut. Gov. Hutchinson, under the special instructions of "Georgius Secundus," at the time of the incorporation of the town, that specially aroused the indignation of the people of Danvers.* Thus early awakened, it would have been extraordinary indeed if the citizens had not, at all times, been careful to be represented by "good men and true,"—by those understanding their duty, and ready to discharge it.

* Lieut. Gov. Hutchinson entered upon the Records of the Council his protest against the act, as follows, viz.:—

"I protest for the following reasons:

"*First.* Because it is the professed design of the bill to give the inhabitants who now join with the town of Salem in the choice of representatives, a power of choosing by themselves; and the number of which the house of representatives may at present consist being full large, the increase must have a tendency to retard the proceedings of the General Court, and to increase the burdens which, by their long session every year, lies upon the people, and must likewise give the house an undue proportion to the board of the legislature, where many affairs are determined by a joint ballot of the two houses.

"*Second.* Because there being no governor in the Province, it is most agreeable to his Majesty's commission to the late governor, to the message of this board to the house at the opening of the session, and in itself is most reasonable, that all matters of importance should be deferred until there be a governor in the chair.

"*Third.* Because the board, by passing this bill as the second branch of the legislature, necessarily bring it before themselves as the first branch for assent or refusal; and such members as vote for the bill in one capacity, must give their assent to it in the other, directly against the royal instruction to the governor, when the case is no degree necessary to the public interest; otherwise, their doings will be inconsistent and absurd. THOS. HUTCHINSON.

Council Chamber, June 9, 1757."

REPRESENTATIVES.

Of those who have thus served the town, the following may be named, viz. :—

Samuel Holten, Jr.,	9	years, from	1768	to 1780
Israel Hutchinson,	18	" "	1777	to 1798
Gideon Foster,	9	" "	1796	to 1806
Samuel Page,	12	" "	1800	to 1814
Nathan Felton,	15	" "	1805	to 1821

and many others, for periods of from *one* to *eight* years.

One remark naturally arises upon a view of this state of facts, comparing the *past* with the *present*. *Then*, when a man had been in office long enough to acquire useful experience, he was continued, while he was willing to serve; and deemed none the less qualified because he had done his duty a few years, with good ability. *Now*, when he has acquired this experience, he is kindly reminded that there are those who want his place; that *rotation is the grand democratic principle, without regard to qualification;* and if he does not voluntarily abandon the hope, the probability is, *the people will give him leave to withdraw.*

SENATORS AND COUNCILLORS.

In the Senate of the State, the town has often been represented, and thereby been favored with a full share of the *Honorables*. Instance the

Hon. Samuel Holten,
" Daniel P. King,
" Jonathan Shove,
" Elias Putnam,
" Robert S. Daniels,
" Henry Poor,
" George Osborn, &c.,

varying in their terms of service from *one* to *three years*.

In the Executive Council, the town has been represented by the

Hon. Samuel Holten,
" Israel Hutchinson,
" Robert S. Daniels, &c.

JUSTICES.

Of the County Courts, Hon. Timothy Pickering, Hon Samuel Holten, and John W. Proctor, have been Justices.

Of the Court of Probate, Hon. Samuel Holten was for many years a Judge.

Of the Supreme Judicial Court, Hon. Samuel Putnam was for many years an eminent Judge, as his well-digested legal opinions in the Reports bear testimony.

Of Judges Holten and Putnam, it can *in truth* be said, what rarely is true with men in office, that they were more ready to *leave their offices*, than to have *their offices leave them*,—they having both *voluntarily resigned*, when their services were highly appreciated. Judge Putnam still lives, at the green old age of eighty-five, beloved and respected by all who know him.

REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

In Congress, the voice of Danvers has been heard, through the representatives of the second district of the State, for about one eighth part of the time since the organization of the government.

Hon. Samuel Holten,
" Nathan Reed,
" Daniel P. King,

have occupied this station. Mr. King was the immediate successor of the lamented Saltonstall, of Salem. Few, very few districts in our land can boast of representatives so unexceptionable in all those qualities that best become a man. They will long be remembered as stars of the first magnitude in the constellation of worthies from Essex South District.

MUNICIPAL OFFICES. CLERKS.

In the management of the concerns of the town, there is no duty of more responsibility than that which devolves upon the clerk. On the correctness of his record rests the tenure of office, and essentially depends the character and reputation of the town.

How else is he who *caters* for the intellectual part of the centennial entertainments to be advised of facts? What is now learned of time past one hundred years can be come at through the records alone. What those present at the next centennial will be able to present, must be drawn mainly from the clerks' records. Nothing else will have a character to be relied on; unless perchance some floating leaf of this day's doings shall chance to be preserved by some careful antiquarian.

Fortunately the records of Danvers were commenced by Daniel Eppes, Jr., and kept for two years in a form highly exemplary. His chirography was plain, his knowledge of language good, so that he used the *right words* in the *right place*, neither more nor less;—a qualification not sufficiently regarded by many of those who have come after him:—among these,

James Prince,	6	years,
Stephen Needham,	11	"
Gideon Foster,	4	"
Joseph Osborne, Jr.,	6	"
Nathan Felton,	27	"
Benjamin Jacobs,	6	"
Joseph Shed,	17	"

and others from one to three years. Joseph Shed, Esq., the present clerk, has greatly improved upon the records of his predecessors by his mode of *indexing* and *filing of papers*. There still remains much to be done to make the records intelligible, without the explanation of those who made them. Let any one experience the inconveniences I have met in ascertaining facts that should be readily understood, and I will guarantee that he will not come to any other conclusion. *A town like this should have their own office for all their papers, and all their papers arranged in systematic order, under the care and keeping of the clerk,—and not otherwise.*

MEDICAL PROFESSION.

No educated physician, to my knowledge, resided in town previous to the separation. Female attendants were at command, without doubt, in cases of emergency, which often

occurred, as the increase of population fully demonstrates. A Dr. Gregg is mentioned, as early as the year 1692, as being consulted in the diseases that then prevailed; but where he resided I know not.

Drs. Jonathan Prince, Archelaus Putnam, Samuel Holten, and Amos Putnam, are the first named physicians in the North Parish. Drs. Parker Cleveland, Joseph Osgood, and Joseph Torrey, are the first in the South Parish. All of these are believed to have been regularly educated physicians, of the *old order.*

Other names have appeared, at different periods, such as Drs. Chickering, Nutting, Hildreth, Bowers, Carlton, Clapp, Cilley, Little, Peabody, Gould, Southwick, Porter, Bush, Patten, &c.; but they did not remain long enough to leave any distinct impression of themselves or their practice. Within my memory,

Drs. Andrew Nichols,
George Osgood,
Ebenezer Hunt,
George Osborne, and
Joseph Osgood,

have been the medical advisers chiefly consulted. All of these are well experienced in their profession.

Dr. James Putnam, son of Dr. Amos, accompanied his father many years.

Dr. Joseph Shed, a pupil of the celebrated Dr. B. Kittridge, also practised several years.

Drs. David A. Grosvenor, and Samuel A. Lord, have recently been added to the number of regular physicians.

How many there are, or have been, who have rested their fame on the new-modeled notions of *cold water applications*, *hot pepper mixtures*, and *infinitesimal divisions*, I will not presume to say; but I will say I have good reason to believe that prescriptions of *nauseous drugs* have essentially diminished, and probably will continue to do so as people grow more enlightened. There is no science in which so little is certainly known as that of medicine.

LEGAL PROFESSION.

I am not aware that any one ever attempted to live by the law, in Danvers, previous to 1812; since then many have started here; no one (except myself) has remained many years. The order of residence has been as follows, viz.:—

Ralph H. French,
Frederick Howes,
Benjamin L. Oliver, Jr.,
George Lamson,
John Walsh,
John W. Proctor,
Rufus Choate,
Joshua H. Ward,
Frederick Morrill,
William D. Northend,
Alfred A. Abbott,
Benjamin Tucker,
Edward Lander, Jr.,
Benj. C. Perkins.

No lawyer has ever died in town with his harness on; and no one, to my knowledge, has ever realized a living income from professional business. It is a poorly paid employment, and not worth having by those who can find anything else to do. The proximity to Salem, where such men as Prescott, Story, Pickering, Saltonstall, Cummings, Merrill, Huntington, and Lord, have ever been ready to aid those in want of justice, has taken the cream from the dish of the professional gentlemen of Danvers.

AFRICAN SLAVERY.

A glance at the last one hundred years of the history of the town, suggests a word upon the slavery of the African; a topic that has agitated and still agitates our country to its centre. Do not fear that I am about to introduce *party topics*, for I am no *partizan* in this matter. True, I am opposed to slavery,

root and branch,—as I presume every genuine son of New England is,—and am ready to do all that can be done to extirpate it from the land, *consistent with the preservation of individual rights, and the obligations to regard the constitution.*

At the time of the separation, there were, within the limits of the town, twenty-five slaves,—nine males, sixteen females. These became free by the abolition of slavery in the State, on the adoption of our constitution. Most of them remained, while they lived, in the service of their former owners. I am happy to know that some of them were valuable citizens, and left descendants much respected; one of whom, Prince Former, son of Milo, slave of Mr. William Poole, lately deceased at Salem. Since the decease of these slaves, scarcely an individual of this colored race has found a home in Danvers. I do not now know of any one in town. There are many citizens who say much about the rights of the oppressed African, and the wrongs they suffer, and *profess great sympathy in their behalf.* I have never known of any efforts of theirs to encourage the residence of such persons among us. On the contrary, I have known some of the most zealous to advise them to *be off.*

In 1819, the town expressed a very decided opinion against the further extension of slavery, in a communication made to the Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee, then representative from this district, in Congress, by a committee appointed for this purpose, consisting of Edward Southwick, and four others.

In 1847, when considering the expediency of the Mexican war, a resolve, prepared by myself, was *unanimously* adopted, "that the town would not, in any manner, countenance anything that shall have a tendency to extend that most disgraceful feature of our institutions,—*domestic slavery.*" These opinions, deliberately adopted, I believe, express the feelings of a very large proportion of the citizens,—in fact, nearly all those who had given attention to the subject. It cannot be doubted, the *anti-slavery feeling* is constantly increasing; and it would have been universal, had it not have been for the *ill-advised move-*

ments of some of its advocates. How can it be otherwise? Who will presume to contend "that man has a right to enslave his fellow man"? The laws of nature and of God forbid it. This is an axiom too clear to be illustrated by argument. He who thinks otherwise, is unworthy the place of his birth. Freedom, unqualified freedom, shall ever be our watchword.

BURIAL PLACES.

The numerous burial places scattered over the surface of the town, amounting to more than one hundred, is a feature so peculiar as to demand a moment's notice. Almost every ancient family had a deposit for their dead, on their own farm. Nearly one half the families that were here one hundred years ago, have run out or removed from town. The consequence is that their premises have passed to other names, and the deposits for their dead to those "who knew them not." If there could be any certainty of continued title, burial among friends would be a delightful thought; but when we are constantly reminded that in the next generation the ashes of friends may be disturbed by the unfeeling operations of strangers, we are compelled to give preference to public over private cemeteries.

Even these are not quite secure. A few years since, in making a street to Harmony Grove the remains of hundreds of citizens were disinterred in what was understood to be the oldest burial ground in Salem. One stone marked "R. B. 1640," was found, supposed to indicate the grave of Robert Buffum, a gentleman of that age.

Near this, on Poole's Hill, is one of the oldest and most extensive of the public cemeteries. Here rest the remains of Cook, Daland, and Goldthwait, patriots who fell at the Battle of Lexington, and of the reverend pastors, Holt and Walker, who alone, of the large number who have officiated as pastors in the South Parish, died with their harness on.

But what more than anything else excites the curiosity of strangers is the burial place of Miss Elizabeth Whitman, the original of *Eliza Wharton*, immortalized by a lady, wife of a

clergyman at Brighton, as the *American Coquette.* A constant pilgrimage to her grave has been performed until the path is firmly beaten, and the monument which is of *freestone* is nearly crumbled in ruins. Tradition speaks of this lady as possessing superior charms, both *mental* and *personal.* She was of good family, and basely betrayed. While her deviations from the path of virtue may start the tear of pity, her follies should not be overlooked. A misapplied sympathy for her, may be used as an apology by others. When we witness the manner in which the populace of our own times are led captive by the attractions of those not less exceptionable, it is not surprising that there should be found many *a sympathizing devotee* at the shrine of this unfortunate lady. Here on the banks of this beautiful stream that flows in our midst, will be found the earliest and latest graves of Old Salem. Who that has followed the mournful hearse, laden with the last remains of friends beloved, slowly winding its way over marsh and dale to this "Harmonious Grove," will not involuntarily exclaim,

> "From every grave a thousand virtues rise,
> In shapes of mercy, charity and love,
> To walk the world and bless it. Of every tear
> That sorrowing mortals shed on these green graves
> Some good is born, some gentler nature comes?"

POPULATION.

There is no certain data to ascertain the number of inhabitants in the town at the time of the separation. The number of persons named in the first assessment of taxes, is 280, which, multiplied by five, will give 1400. The number did not exceed this; it may not have been more than 1200. It has increased as follows, viz.:—

1752,	1400,
1783,	1921,
1800,	2643,
1810,	3127,
1820,	3646,
1830,	4228,
1840,	5020,

1850, . . . 8110,
1852, . . . 8400,

being six times the number there were one hundred years before. The number has actually doubled within the last twenty years, and is now going on, increasing as fast as at any other period. The improved facilities of communication have brought us within a half hour's time of the Capital.

RAILROADS.

For many years Danvers struggled hard for railroad accommodation. She had to contend with the monied aristocracy of the Commonwealth. Through mistaken influences, the Eastern Railroad had been located across the water to East Boston, and through the *tunnel* at Salem, both of which were egregious errors; and a determination was formed to constrain the travel in that direction, but it was found *no go*; the people were not to be driven where they did not incline to go. Finally a land route was opened from Salem, through Danvers, to Boston; which, if the people of Danvers had been wise enough to keep within their own control, as they should have done, would have greatly benefited them, and equally annoyed the Eastern Road; but they were outwitted, and the boon escaped their grasp. Two other roads have been laid through the town, towards the Merrimack, where but one was needed. A million of dollars has been laid out where half a million would have done better, if it had been judiciously expended. The consequence is, we have all the "noise and confusion" of railroad movement, with indifferent accommodations, under the direction of those who have hitherto shown very little disposition to accommodate.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Justice demands a more distinct notice of those individuals who have taken a prominent part in the concerns of the town, and been identified with it, than has been given in the rapid description of incidents presented. The characteristics of a town are necessarily the result of individual efforts. Among

those, who have left the deepest impress on its character, will be found

Daniel Eppes, Esq.,
Capt. Samuel Gardner,
Capt. John Proctor,
Nathaniel Putnam,
Joseph Putnam,
Samuel Holten,
William Shillaber,
Gideon Foster,
Israel Hutchinson,
Dr. Amos Putnam,
Nathan Felton,
Edward Southwick,
Samuel Page,
Squiers Shove,
Elias Putnam,
Jonathan Shove,
Daniel P. King.

Of those who will be entitled to be remembered on the page of history, the following may be mentioned:—

Gen. Israel Putnam,
Gen. Gideon Foster,
Gen. Moses Porter,
Dr. Samuel Holten,
Col. Israel Hutchinson,
Dr. Amos Putnam,
Rev. Peter Clark,
Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth,
Col. Jeremiah Page,
Capt. Samuel Page,
Capt. Samuel Flint,
Col. Enoch Putnam,
Capt. Samuel Eppes,
Hon. Timothy Pickering,
Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch,
Hon. Daniel P. King.

Of those good men who lived long and well, and were content so to do, without any proclamation made of it, the following should not be overlooked :—

Levi Preston,
Caleb Oakes,
Johnson Proctor,
Eleazer Putnam,
Fitch Poole,
Ebenezer Shillaber,
Stephen Needham,
Samuel King,
Malachi Felton,
Ebenezer King,
Moses Preston,
Stephen Proctor.

BIOGRAPHY OF GEN. GIDEON FOSTER.

Identified with the town of Danvers will ever be the name of Gen. Gideon Foster. Born in 1749, and coming upon the stage of life just as the town came into being, he grew with its growth, and continued nearly through its first century. His father was of Boxford. His mother was Lydia Goldthwait, a descendant of an early family in Danvers.

At the beginning of the Revolution, then in the vigor of manhood, full of patriotic ardor and physical energy, he was called to scenes of trial and danger in the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there established a reputation for valor that was never tarnished. Often have I listened with admiration to the narrative of the eventful scenes through which he passed.

On the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, he started, with the consent of Col. Pickering, commander of the regiment of Salem and vicinity, at the head of his company of minute-men; and with such ardor did they move, that they passed *on foot sixteen miles in four hours*, to West Cambridge, where they met the enemy, on their return from Concord, near Lexington. Intent on the purpose in view, regardless of personal danger,

when they heard the troops approaching, unmindful of their number, they took their station in a barn-yard by the road-side, and when they were directly opposite, they poured into them an effectual fire. Immediately they withdrew, under the cover of the woods, behind the hill, and were there met by the flank guard, when seven of their number were shot dead, and as many more wounded. Their names are inscribed on yonder monument, and will continue to awaken the liveliest emotions of freedom, in the breasts of patriots of every land, while the granite of our hills shall endure.

The facts relating to this engagement I had from Dennison Wallis and the General himself, together with the further fact, that he discharged his own musket at the enemy twelve times, loaded with two balls each time, with well-directed aim. And as he was remarkable for being a *good shot*, there can be no doubt he made his mark upon their ranks.

For more than seventy years, Gen. Foster was one of the most active and influential citizens of the town. For the last thirty years, it was his ambition to be the *first* to deposit his ballot, in all important elections. So unerring was his judgment, that he never failed to be the file leader of the *majority*, or wavered from the genuine Whig principles of '76. In *his time*, there was no doubt where *Danvers* would be found. Since his departure, there have arisen those who knew not *Gideon*, and the result has occasionally corresponded with this want of knowledge.

Gen. Foster will long be remembered for his *private* as well as his *public* virtues. Tried in no small measure by the hardships of adversity, his innate integrity never yielded to temptation. Through life, he sustained the character of an honest man. Who does not remember with admiration that venerable form, bending under the infirmities of more than ninety years, as he guided his plough upon his scanty acres, or harnessed his horse to attend upon the temple of the Lord; and with what humility he bowed before the Deity, whom he so reverently worshipped?

His virtues will ever be enshrined in our hearts, though (to

our reproach be it spoken) no *monument* marks the resting-place of his ashes. His epitaph may now be supposed to read, Died Nov. 1, 1845, aged 96½ years,—

"By strangers honored and by strangers mourned." *

BIOGRAPHY OF GEN. MOSES PORTER.

Moses Porter was born at Danvers, in 1757. He was an officer in the artillery service, under General Putnam, at Bunker Hill, and particularly distinguished for the bravery with which he fought. He was with Washington at the battle of Brandywine, and wounded at Trenton, on the Delaware. At the close of the Revolutionary war, he was the only officer of artillery retained on the peace establishment. He was with General Wayne, at his celebrated engagement with the Indians in 1794. He was commander at the taking of Fort George, in 1813;—and in many other positions during the war on the Western frontier. He was a soldier, and a brave one;—uniting in an extraordinary manner, the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.* I have heard him say, whenever danger or difficulty was apprehended, he threw off his *epaulette* and *plume,* and putting on his *tight cap* and *short jacket,* he wore them until all disturbing elements had passed away.

At the beginning of the war of 1812, he commanded at the port of Norfolk, and with such firmness were the enemy repulsed on their first visit, that they never found it convenient to call a second time.

He was an upright, honorable man, of mien dignified and commanding; a rigid disciplinarian; a Washingtonian in sentiment; of unwavering courage; uniting all the urbanities of the gentleman, with the inflexible firmness of the soldier. Danvers may be proud of furnishing, in Putnam and Porter, *two as res-*

* Here let me say, that the same *envelope* that contained the donation from George Peabody, Esq., of London, of $20,000 for the promotion of education and morality among us, authorized me to subscribe, in behalf of the donor, the sum of fifty dollars towards a monument to the memory of the General, as soon as a corresponding sympathy shall be awakened in the bosoms of his fellow-townsmen.

olute soldiers as ever preceded *Zachary Taylor* or *Winfield Scott* in the service of their country.

Gen. Porter died at Cambridge, April, 1822, aged 65. His remains rest in the family burial-ground at Danvers.

SUMMARY VIEW.

A summary view of the condition of the town of Danvers, at the close of the first century of its independent existence, shows the following facts, viz. :—

Population, ...	8,110
Valuation, . . .	$3,294,800

Estimated Annual Payments,—

For Religious Instruction, . .	$10,000
For support of Free Schools, .	10,000
For support of the Poor, . .	5,000
For ordinary Municipal purposes,	5,000

I use round numbers, omitting fractions. A large part of the population are now engaged in mechanical and manufacturing pursuits. Many have recently come in, and can hardly be reckoned as permanent settlers. The facilities for employment are constantly enlarging; and with the increasing facilities of intercourse through all parts of the country, and the continued industrial habits that have ever been the distinguishing characteristic of the town, imagination can hardly set bounds to the advances to be made.*

* On the next page will be found a table explanatory of the finances of Danvers.

Biographical sketches of most of those named on page 51, had been prepared; but they are omitted, to give place to more interesting matters, that sprung up on the day of the celebration.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Descendants of the pioneers at Danvers! of Endicott, of Putnam, of Porter, of Preston, of Felton, of Waters, of Trask, of Osborn, and a host of others. Why have you come together this day? Is it not to gain instruction from the contemplation of the deeds of your fathers?

Be animated by their *patriotism;*—be purified by their *piety;*—be admonished by their *follies;*—be encouraged by their *industry;*—and in all things, wherein they were found worthy,

Valuations and Assessments in Danvers, from 1827 *to* 1852.

Year.	Valuation.	Per cent. of Town Tax.	Assessment.
1827	$1,870,700	.34	$6,360 38
1828	2,017,600	.32	6,456 32
1829	2,087,350	.32	6,679 52
1830	2,033,500	.44	8,947 40
1831	2,181,700	.31.8	6,581 78
1832	2,264,050	.32	7,244 96
1833	2,263,050	.36	8,146 98
1834	2,212,750	.35.5	7,855 26
1835	2,215,900	.35.5	7,866 44
1836	2,321,750	.34.5	8,010 04
1837	1,862,750	.50	9,313 75
1838	1,848,950	.44	8,135 38
1839	1,892.300	.44	8,326 12
1840	1,971,500	.50	9,857 50
1841	2,029,800	.43	8,728 14
1842	2,077,000	.46	9,554 20
1843	2,094,300	.45	9,404 35
1844	2,143,600	.50	10,718 00
1845	2,373,800	.62	14,717 56
1846	2,528,700	.72	18,406 64
1847	2,594,100	.63	16,342 83
1848	2,708,300	.56	15,166 48
1849	2,810,200	.56	15,737 12
1850	3,077,100	.70	21,539 70
1851	3,186,300	.82	26,127 66
1852	3,294,500	.76	25,038 20

Thus it appears, while the property in town has *not doubled*, taxation has increased *four fold*. It should also be remembered, that the highway, county, district, and religious taxes, usually amount to as much as the town tax. The amount of taxation in the town is not less than *ten dollars annually* on each *thousand dollars* of property.

This table has been compiled with care, and will afford to the curious inquirer the best possible index of the progress and the management of the concerns of the town. It should serve as an admonition to the citizens to keep their *expenditures* within their *means;*—a lesson of late too little regarded.

strive to imitate their example. How can you better show yourselves worthy of your parentage?

Here, where once grew the *blueberry* and the *alder*, and the *frog* and the *turtle* tuned their notes without annoyance, now spouts the *steam engine*, rolls the *railroad car*, and resounds the *busy hum of industry* of every description. Here the gushing fountains pour out resources inexhaustible through the *tannin* from the bark of the mountain. On the hills made fertile by the skill;—on the plains enriched by the toils;—on the meadows reclaimed by the art, of those who first landed on these forbidding shores, will ever be found rich mementos of their wisdom and their worth.

Though, in your coffers, the pearls of the Indies, or the glittering sands of California, may not abound, still, while the unfaultering hearts and strong arms of *freemen* are yours, no danger need be feared. The combined power of learning, liberty, and law, will be your *ægis of protection* in every emergency.

In conclusion, allow me to cite the following beautiful lines:—

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot, than all the rest.

There woman reigns,—the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the thorny path of life.
Amidst her walks domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth*, be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
Oh thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home."

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DANVERS:

A POEM.

BY ANDREW NICHOLS.

INTRODUCTION.

DANVERS, loved name, my native place,
The dearest land on the broad face
Of Earth, to me,—around thee cling
Lov'd memories,—of these I sing;
Lov'd legends, which my youthful ear
Drank with delight,—and here, yes *here*,
I've tasted all the various sweets,
Which man in his life's journey meets.
Here too I've suffered, mourned, and shed
The tears of grief, o'er loved ones dead.
Committed to thy bosom lie
All of the dearest that could die,
And through their graves, I farthest see
Into a blest futurity.
O Danvers! how can I forget
A gem like thee so richly set,
By all life's holiest powers enchas'd,
And in my very heart encas'd.
How can I then thy call refuse,
The residence of ev'ry Muse,
That has, with song, my pathway cheer'd,
And doubly to my soul endear'd
My home, sweet home, so full of charms,
O how the thought with rapture warms!
Yes home, sweet home, I've never known,
Except in Danvers, as my own.

O Danvers, Danvers, proud am I,
Who hold thee in esteem so high,
On this *Centennial* Jubilee
Thy Laureat and chief bard to be.
Yes proud, tho' trembling now with fear,
Lest I disgrace a theme so dear ;—
Lest hands benumb'd by age and toil
The sculpture of thy beauties spoil.
And yet it seems so meet that they,
Who in thy service have grown grey,—
Who've loved thee longest, known thee well,
Should on this day thy story tell,—
Tho' not to risks of failure blind
I dare essay the task assigned.

I.

What need is there that Danvers' sons should roam ?
Has the broad earth a good not found at home,
By those who ne'er have wandered ? Still they go,
On other lands their labors to bestow !
Yes, go, moved by benevolence to give
To others more than they from them receive !
Well, let them go, the sons of other soils
Fill well their places here, and take the spoils
By them abandoned !—cultivate her fields,
And feast on dainties which old Danvers yields !
We bid right welcome to our homes and hearts
All who bring here their industry and arts,—
Rebuild waste places, or ope places new,
Give zest to social life, good men and true,
Who will the bounds of useful works extend,
And act the parts of brother, helper, friend.
None greet with purer joy this festive day
Than these adopted citizens, who say
' Danvers to us has proved a Mother dear ;
' Life's richest banquet we have tasted here.'

And ye, self-exiled children, who have come
T' embrace your Mother in your dear old home,
Welcome, once more, into her outstretched arms ;
O has she not for you still peerless charms ?

Say, have you elsewhere in your wanderings found,
Of heartfelt joys a more productive ground ?

II.

What son of Danvers can unmov'd survey
The scene before us, and the prospect round,
The moving panorama, bright and gay,
Forest and pasture, tillage and meadow ground,
Houses and workshops, factories and barns,
And an industrious people busy there !
Comfort and thrift the roving eye discerns,
With peace and plenty nestling everywhere ;
Railroads and steamers, which facilitate
Progress in all that's pleasing, good, or great,
Give to the people here ubiquity,
Unknown in ages past, and set them free
O'er a wide field of usefulness to roam—
Work many miles abroad, yet live at home ;
Schoolhouses, where the intellect acquires
Strength to fight nobly the battles of life,
Churches, soul-lifting to Heaven, whose spires
Point to a rest from earth's sorrows and strife.

Or if alone upon the landscape, we
Bend all our thoughts, how beautiful and grand
The varied prospects, various scenery,
Of hill and dale, brooks, lakelets, sea and land ;
Those large morains,* our mother's swelling breasts,—
Full of refreshing springs of water sweet ;—
Those fertile plains, yon broken rocks where rests
Volcanic power—its ancient work complete—
These, by the lights which science o'er them throws,
Teach morals, wisdom, and ideal arts—
As rich as fam'd Parnassus' mount bestows,
Or classic realm to favored bards imparts ;
Yes, Beauty here her countless forms displays,
Her rainbow-tinted, glorious, changeful rays
Present an everpleasing panorama,
To recreate us thro' life's painful drama.

* Hills formed by the diluvial drift.

To aid our moral culture 'round us here,
The graves of honored ancestors appear,
Scattered on every side o'er hill and dale,
Telling, to thoughtful souls, a most instructive tale.

III.

The past returns, the present disappears,
Old Time rolls backward nearly twelve score years;
Dense forests fill these vales, those hill tops crown,
Rills, brooks, and rivers send their waters down
An unobstructed tribute to the sea,
And wild herds graze on fertile hill and lea.
Here lives the Indian, nature's savage child,
Fierce as the panther, as the roebuck wild,
Housed in wigwams, simple structures these—
The frames are poles, or small straight sapling trees,
In circles, or in squares, fixed in the ground,
Their tops with strips of bark together bound;
With mats or bark well cover'd, tight and warm,
Shelter'd by forest trees from sun and storm;
A bull-rush mat a side hole covers o'er,
Which is at once a window and a door;
A central fire, by which their food they cook,
And a top hole to give egress to smoke.
Around this fire, when chilled by Winter's cold,
In skins or blankets wrapp'd, the young and old
Sleep, work or game; feast, smoke, dance, paint or sing,
Prepare to hunt or fight; and hither bring
The spoils; here squaws, pappooses, guests repose,
Warriors and captives all together doze.
But many a wigwam now a ruin lies;
The yellow plague, which Powow's art defies,
Has Massachusetts warriors swept away;
Their thousands down to hundreds are reduc'd;
Cold, cold, the ashes on their hearth-stones lay,
Their bows unstrung, their traps and nets unus'd.*

* In 1612–13, the Massachusetts Tribe of Indians, which had previously numbered 3000 warriors, was so reduced by the "yellow plague," that thereafter it consisted of 300 men only, besides women and children.—*Gookin's Historical Collections*, 1654.

IV.

I sing of ancient times, when sires of ours
First sought a home upon these pleasant shores;
So pleasant now, but when they first came here
A howling wilderness, cold, dark and drear.
O why did those, who had been bred in ease,
Defy the dangers of uncharted seas,
And throw themselves, and all they dearly prized,
Upon a scheme so wild, so ill advised?
They had no home in England; ruthless war
On all their rights, which were worth living for,
Had so reduced them to despotic thrall,
That their free souls were all that they could call
Their own. No home! for unmolested, they
Could not enjoy the privilege to pray
Their God to bless them; nor themselves employ
In acts of worship, the soul's highest joy,
Such as their conscience did of them require,
And which alone could save them from the fire
Unquenchable. No home! tyrannic power
Had plac'd its spies in their most private bower—
No home! the hearth which cheered their early years,
Was desecrated then by blood and tears,
And e'en their fathers' venerated graves
Rebuked them with—'How can our sons be slaves?
'It was in vain we shed our blood to free
'The land from papal thrall and prelacy,
'If you succumb beneath the galling chain
'Imposed by upstart Popes, and prelates vain.'
No; 'twas a homeless, persecuted band,
Who sought a home in this then savage land,
A place of rest where they might sheltered be,
Beneath their own dear vine, and fruitful tree.
How trifling all the ills of outward life
To inward conflicts, and the spirit's strife!
They felt this truth, 'tis not by bread alone
Man lives and makes life's benefits his own;
But every word, each providence of God,
Is to the soul its most nutritious food.

Beneath God's seeming frown there ever lies
A hidden good, which trusting souls may seize
And find support. This well the pilgrims knew,
Their history proves the cheering doctrine true;
And it proves also, that to earnest souls,
In whom faith all their energies controls,
God gives sure conquest. But conquest may be
A blessing or a curse, may bind or free.
God gives eternal principles, and then
Leaves their employment to the choice of men.
Good principles may be by men abused,
Yes, faith in God in Satan's service used.

V.

Lo! yonder bay is plough'd by unknown keels,
Her parting water a new impulse feels;
Where heretofore nought save the light canoe
Of Indian floated, or some raft of trees,
A noble ship comes slowly on, her crew
Right hardy children of the stormy seas,
And numerous passengers now throng her deck;
With throbbing hearts and watery eyes survey
The wood-crowned headlands, every creek inspect;
And look admiring 'round the spacious bay!
The cannon utters its terrific voice,—
The wild beasts startled to their coverts flee,
Echo returns their shouts, no other noise,—
No human beings on the shores they see!*
They land; they settle, that is, houses build,—
With battle axe, the forest trees assail;—
They plant in virgin soils, before untilled,
Maintain close walk with God, their sins bewail,
And sternly meet, with an unflinching mind,
The evils of their lot, their enemies—
Sickness, death, devils; deeming them designed
To try their faith, and make them strong and wise.
Death decimates their ranks, disease consumes
Their strength, but to their steady purpose true

* A letter from one of the first settlers states this fact.—*Mass. Hist. Coll.*

Their task postponed, returning strength resumes,
Or other hands th' unfinished works renew ;
So toil'd and suffered our forefathers here.
How all their hardships do their names endear,
Or should endear to us, inheritors of all
Their toil has purchased, or their valor won—
Freedom from bigot's rule, from tyrant's thrall,
The skill and power to conquer, or to shun,
The dreaded evils that beset our race,
Between the cradle and its resting place.

VI.

Our Puritan ancestors start from their graves,
And lo ! now before us appear,
As when, wafted over the Atlantic's waves,
They planted a colony here.

In separate groups the old emigrants come,
In feelings and objects the same,
To enjoy their religion, establish a home,
God's laws re-enact and proclaim.

So grave is their object, how can they be gay,
Or give to frivolity place ?
Pilgrims and strangers, not long here to stay,
Their wealth and their staff is God's grace.

For their God is to them a stern reality,
Almighty to help in their need,
Omniscient, their out and in goings to see ;
Omnipresent, to teach, guard and lead.

They too have a Devil most horribly great,
To seduce, to deceive, and destroy ;
Who, if not permitted to ruin the State,
Could greatly disturb and annoy.

Surrounded by heathen to bless or to kill,
Their lives in their hands day and night,
With musket, hoe, axe, they go out on their hill,
To make clearings, plant, or to fight.

With good Scripture language each tongue well supplied,
Most effective, sound orators, they
Think, teach, work, or fight, as they stand side by side,
Always ready for deadly affray.

Av'rice and bigotry too find a seat
By the side of more liberal views;
For freedom of conscience death ready to meet,
Yet the same boon to others refuse.

Roger Williams from Salem is driven away,
Mrs. Hutchinson smirch'd and defam'd;
Quakers and witches are hung; woful day!
With sorrow remember'd and nam'd.

Yet in spite of their blue laws, the lasses will eye
Their beaux upon Sabbath and fast;
And beaux will exchange with them glances tho' sly,
Which must make impressions to last,

Till the blest consummation of oneness for life—
Till death shall the smitten ones part,
Till forgotten th' relation of husband and wife,
All the long-cherished wealth of the heart!

In spite of stern synods, some people would think
For themselves, and their notions proclaim;
Tho' warden or tythingman threaten or wink,
And church *canons* at them should aim.

Hence Quakers may hang, Anabaptists may flee;
But heresy's seed, widely sown,
Will spring up and grow, aye, become quite a tree,
Ere it to the watchmen be known.

The Quakers, by martyrdom strengthened, sit down,
Non-resistant in Brooksby,* resolved to enjoy
Their rights God-defended, in this hostile town,
The gospel of peace to proclaim, their employ.

* An ancient name for South Danvers.

And Quakers among us are walking to-day,
Who believe all-sufficient their old simple creed
To live by and die by, and so they well may,
For theirs is the Gospel of Jesus indeed.

See Foster at college, commanded to write
On the rite of Baptism a theme ;—
The heretic-Baptists to turn to the right—
From their baseless delusions redeem.

The subject he studied, and straightway became
A convert to dogmas he could not refute ;
And doctrines believed in, he dared to proclaim,
How little soever old friends it might suit.

He preach'd them at home, and upon Skelton's Neck
A church was soon gathered, which cherishes now
The tenets he taught, and still holds in respect
His name,—and his creed is their covenant vow.

Still people would think, read their Bibles, embrace
Other doctrines than those we have named ;
Deacon Edmund,* with new-fangled views of God's grace,
Universal salvation proclaim'd.

It found little favor, his converts were few,
When he with his forefathers slept.
Still the seed he had sown died not, the plant grew,
Reproduced till it thousands accept.

Unitarians, Methodists, Catholics here,
And *comeouters*, act, think as they please ;
All of every name, who are pious, sincere,
The reward win of piety, PEACE.

Minds, morals improved by sectarian strife,
Draw strength from the battle of creeds.
Let all live together, embellishing life
With the charm of beneficent deeds.

* Edmund Putnam.

The Pilgrims, we know, were not always exempt
From the vexatious promptings of sin;
They sometimes were angry, and looked with contempt
On humanity's dictates within.

In neighborhoods, feuds, I am sorry to say,
Were sometimes long cherished by law;
Where rights oft contested, and tiresome delay,
On purses did cruelly draw.

And no less on morals, religion, and peace,
Without which enjoyment is not;
When vengeful and angry emotions increase,
Duty, piety, love are forgot.

But let us not dwell on their errors; 'tis well,
If they teach us like errors to shun;
Let their virtues excite us to stand by the right—
Guide our feet in their foot-prints to run.

VII.

The PURITAN—there's in that name
Much that must ever rev'rence claim
Of all mankind—especially
Of people struggling to be free.
Bred amid scenes of cruel wrong,
He grew pugnacious, firm and strong;
He was not yet entirely freed
From his ancestral heathen creed,
'That death in battle gains for all
Admission into Odin's hall!'
Hence heroes are, by honor's laws,
Deemed saints, however bad the cause
In which their bloody wreaths are gained,
If by some sov'reign power sustained.
Somewhat Judaical, too, he took,
For his life's law, the Holy book,—
But from it rules of conduct drew
To suit his own peculiar view

Of duty,—ruthlessly pursued
His enemies in bloody feud;
And such peculiarly deemed he
Agents of his arch-enemy.
Witches and wizards.—What, forgive!
Moses forbad that such should live.
And such not doubting he had found
Encumbering God's holy ground,
He hung them up;—an insane fury
Possessing priest, judge, sheriff, jury!
And other crimes I need not name,
Which mortal ne'er committed, came
To be adjudicated here,
And innocence with conscience clear,
In some few cases, suffered on
The gallows. Sad, most sad mistake,
Which should be pondered well upon
Until the gibbet, like the stake,
Be banished—all machinery
Life to destroy, be done away,
And human life be valued far
Too high to take by *law* or *war*.
Yet was the Puritan sincere,
Truth was to him than life more dear,
For truth, or what he thought was such,
He could not sacrifice too much;
Ease, country, kindred, all were nought
Compared with the high good he sought;
Hardship and danger evils light
Compared with compromising right,
And conscience by obedience to
Whatever despots bid him do.
Statesmen of ev'ry age, this trait
Should study well and imitate.

VIII.

In olden times, the people here
Were chiefly tillers of the ground,
A calling to which most severe
Labor attaches;—but makes sound

The body, and it schools the mind
In honest purposes, and where
Men till their own lov'd lands, we find
A noble yeomanry, who are
The firmest pillars of the State,
The purest patriots of the land,—
The stronghold of religion, great
In all that can respect command.
Here plastic clay the *potter* turned
To pitcher, dish, jug, pot, or pan.
As in his kiln this ware was burned,
So burned the patriot in the man
Into persistent shape; which no
Turning could change back into dough!
It might be broken, ground to dust,
But ne'er made ductile as at first.
Here coopers wrought—housewrights a few,
Tanners, who all were *curriers* too;—
Shoemakers, and some tailors, who,
From house to house news-bearers went,
Making, where'er they chanced to go,
A joyous day; for while intent
On fitting small clothes, coat or shoe,
Some thrilling tale they told unto
Ears thirsting for the strange and true.

The blacksmith's shop did oft dispense
With iron wares, intelligence—
Food, recreation for the mind,
Which civilized, improved, refined.
The mills, too, in those early times,
Were *schools*, wherein much more was taught
Than simply grinding corn;—there minds
Some clue to useful knowledge caught.

Well, well do I remember when
Our millers were distinguished men,—
The honor'd Colonel Hutchinson,
Foster, and Deacon Gideon,*

* Gen. Gideon Foster and Deacon Gideon Putnam, Esq.

Than whom this town, in worth or fame,
Few nobler as her sons can claim,
Oft serv'd their mills, as faithfully
As elsewhere, *Freedom*, *Liberty*.
And did not boys, who weekly went
To get their corn made meal, intent,
Receive from millers such as these
Impressions that would make them wise,—
Whose influence would never cease
To check false pride and save from vice ?

The clergy, too, made reverend by
Their office, and the dress they wore ;
By band and surplice. O how high
Above their flock these shepherds soar !
Yet preachers of humility,
And humble too allowed to be ;
Assuming dignity, that they
Might wield a salutary sway,
O'er minds forever prone to bow
To rank, to pomp, to empty show ;
To whom this truth is seldom known—
" Where least of state, there most of love is shown."

Schoolmasters, too, were oft austere,
They ruled by birch and not by love ;—
Men of great courage, using fear
As the chief instrument t' improve
The minds and hearts of docile youth—
To drive them to the Fane of Truth !
Fear, fear, which has in every age,
From every stand-point on life's stage,
From pulpit to primary school,
Been used the multitude to rule,—
At best is a debasing power
Fitted the intellect to lower,
Rather than elevate. The soul,
Unless praise, courage, hope control
Its destinies, must ever be
Sinking in helpless misery.

O preacher, teacher! 'tis by love
God rules, in mercy rules above.
More and more like him strive to be;
From every fear your pupils free.
By love alone excite, persuade
To duty, calling to thy aid
Whatsoever things are true,
Of good report, just, honest, pure.
These with untiring industry pursue,
Discard the rod, your scholars' *love* secure.

IX.

One hundred years ago, or more, I ween,
Fashions, unlike the present here, were seen,—
Less luxury in diet, habitude, and dress;
More industry, and nerve-ache vastly less;
Greater exposure to the sun and air,
Fewer pale cheeks;—consumptions far more rare.
One hundred years ago, the spinning wheel,
Hatchel and cards, the loom, the old clock reel,
On which her daughters and the serving maid,
From morn till night, far sweeter music made,
To thrifty housewife's ears, than now proceeds
From thrum'd pianos, and wind-fretted reeds,
Vibrating, whistl'ing to the nervous touch
Of amateur performers, overmuch
Luxuriating in the lap of ease;—
Feasting on dainty sounds,—sweet melodies,
Which neither fit the head or hand to wield,
In life's great battle, either sword or shield;
But leave the helpless, enervated thing
We call a *lady*, subject to the sting
Of every puny insect that she meets;—
Robbing her life flowers of their choicest sweets.
Music, however good, was ne'er designed
To be the daily task of woman kind;—
To take the place of labor, which alone
Can give the nerves a sound, right healthy tone;—
Can give the cheek the glowing tints of beauty,
And fit the body for a mother's duty.

To some, 'tis true, rare faculties are given
To lift, by song, th' enraptured soul to heaven ;
Excite to love, soothe pain, or banish care,
To fire the soul heroic deeds to dare :
To such, let music be their daily food ;
'Go, follow Nature,' is a maxim good.
But, few can hope, by modulating wind,
To make themselves resemble Jenny Lind ;
Nor can the mass of lower crust, or upper,
Expect by song to win their daily supper ;
Which to win somehow, we must hold to be
The very essence of morality.
God ne'er intended that an idle hand
Should waste the plenty of hard toil-till'd land.
To eat the fruit of the well cultur'd tree,
By others planted, and not truly be
Planting for others, is a shame and sin,
And no one guiltless is, who rests therein.

X.

Old Time rolls backward, we have said, and lo!
Danvers, as 'twas one hundred years ago,
Appears before us. Let us walk around,
And see what's doing on this well-lov'd ground.
We, if you please, will first direct our steps
Unto the mansion of 'Squire Daniel Eppes ;
An old farm house, two seven-feet stories high,
A lean-to on behind, a spacious chimney too,
Which ten feet square at least must occupy ;
A lesser space would never, never do!
A well-stock'd barn, and a good well near by,
Which, with its curb, crotch, sweep, pole, bucket, all
Is picturesque, and quite poetical.
Near by is seen a winter-sweeting tree,
Destined, in after-times, renowned to be
Parent of apple orchards, widely fam'd,
And for our town, the Danvers Sweeting nam'd.
Here in armed chair, before a cheerful fire,
Writing, or reading, sits the worthy 'Squire ;

Beside him sits his consort, plump and fair,
Sewing or knitting in her cushion'd chair—
Their comely daughter Mary carding tow,
Large heaps of rolls her strength of muscle shows,
And that her cards she has learn'd well to play,
Good proof is given by her work to-day.
The younger Daniel's robust consort too
Is doing much, and still has much to do;
In every task she takes an ample share,
Altho' the loom is her peculiar care.
Obedient to her feet, her hands, her eyes,
The treadles move, slaie swings, and shuttle flies;
The growing web beneath her magic sway,
Strip'd, check'd or damask-draper'd, each day
Gives joyous promise, to the inmates there,
Of raiment fit, and good for them to wear
On all occasions, through the coming year;—
Better than *boughten* stuffs, tho' not so dear.
Her oldest son is winding quills,—one more
Plays with the kitten on the chamber floor,—
Now spins his top, now turns the swifts, or reel,—
The busiest urchin of the commonweal.
But now the day is closing upon all,
One runs, obedient to her duty's call,
To milk the cows; another, o'er the fire
Hangs the good kettle, sifts the yellow meal,
And as the flame does lovingly aspire
Around the cauldron, stirs the pudding well.
Upon another trammel hangs a pot,
Containing good bean porridge, piping hot,
From which the 'Squire his ev'ning meal will make,
In preference to the fare the others take.
The second Daniel comes, *all over tow*,
With the last bundle of well-swingled flax,
His winter's hardest task accomplished now;
His face, to beam with gladness, nothing lacks
Save a good washing, which is quickly done;
As quick, a change of raiment is put on;
And the Town Clerk of Danvers takes his chair
And bowl of pudding, with a graceful air;—

Pats his boys' heads, as they beside him stand,—
Meets his wife's look of love with smile as bland,
Greets his sweet sister, as, with busy broom,
She sweeps the floor, and sets to rights the room ;
Observes her nervous movement, and suspects
That she some wooing visitor expects.
Their evening meal is gratefully enjoyed—
Around the table, busily employed,
All hands are seated, and the book or pen,
Sewing or knitting, is resumed again.
A rap comes on the door ;—Lo ! Mary's face
Cover'd with blushes indicates a case
Not yet develop'd. To the kind "*Walk in*,"
Door opes—voice enters, "Mr. Eppes within ?
I want to see him." Mr. Eppes goes out
To see who 'tis, and what he's come about.
There learns, by stammer'd words and bashful look,
John Osborn wants to marry Mary Cook ;
And that the banns should duly published be ;
But, until published, kept most secretly.
Another rap. Blushes again spread o'er
Sweet Mary's face now deeper than before ;
In, Mr. Proctor, a young neighbor, drest
In Sunday-suit, comes as an evening guest,—
Bows to the ladies,—shakes hands with the men,
Says, "Spring-like weather's come,"—and then
Sits down, coughs chokingly—essays
To speak,—hems,—awkwardness displays
In posture,—sits uneasy,—answers slow
Some questions asked him,—simply yes or no ;
Until assur'd by meeting their kind looks,
That he at least is among friendly folks,
He talks of farmers' prospects,—sheep and kine,—
Oxen and horses,—and prolific swine ;
How best to plough his lands, and how manure,—
How right good crops to cultivate, secure ;—
Until the evening, wearing fast away,
Suggests the question, how long will he stay ?
But why does Mary silently retire,
And in the best room kindle up a fire ?

Now Proctor bids the family good-bye,—
Meets Mary in the entry, but O why
Goes he not out directly, but till late
Holds with the buxom girl a *tete-a-tete*?
Experienced lovers might perhaps explain,
How moulding into oneness are the twain,—
A process by life's richest feelings blest,—
Feelings, which cannot be by words exprest,—
Or to the sagest human mind made known,
Till by experience they shall be his own.
No further then into their doings pry,
Which are too sacred for the public eye.
One word of caution only will I add
To the pert damsel and the thoughtless lad.
Indulge in no flirtations; they destroy
The power to relish life's most luscious joy;
Those only wedlock's highest bliss can know,
Who on one object all their love bestow;
When once you've fix'd your choice, O never, never,
Indulge the thought that you can change it ever.
Hark, do I not a whisper'd murmur hear,--
'O call you that a picture of the past?
'If so, it often has been copied here;
'I've known one like it made since April fast!
'Yonder the couple sit, who now are feeling
'All the fresh rapture of young love's revealing.'

XI.

Next, to the Village Church let us repair,—
A queer old sombre structure, nearly square,
With a four-sided roof, surmounted by
Its own epitome, a square belfry,
In which a little bell, securely hung,
Is by depending rope in broad aisle rung;
With "lime and hair," side walls are overspread,
But there's no plaster'd canopy o'erhead;
There naked timbers meet the vagrant eye,
And ornamental posts, in number four,
Depending from the lofty tower on high,
Point threat'ning downwards to the central floor:

On one side of the aisle are seats for men,
And on the other, seats and a sheep pen
For good old women. There to warm their feet
Was seen an article now obsolete,—
A sort of basket tub of braided straw,
Or husks, in which is placed a heated stone,
Which does half-frozen limbs superbly thaw,
And warm the marrow of the oldest bone ;
Side galleries, too, there are for boys and men,
And women young ;—a cock-loft negro pen,
Where the degraded slave might sit and hear
Truths, which the bondsman's sinking heart might cheer ;
Beneath the pulpit is the deacons' seat,
Where faces shine with piety replete ;—
Reflect the lights, which from the pulpit fall,—
Reflect and send them to the hearts of all.
Good parson Clarke, in pulpit preaching there,
Gives full two hours to sermon and to prayer ;
And the long psalm, by lined-out couplets sung,
The tune more model'd by the nose than tongue,
Made a protracted meeting in cold weather,
More penance-like than pastime altogether.
The morning meeting o'er, good boys and men,
Who cannot well go home and come again
To worship in the afternoon, repair
To Mrs. Cross', and eat luncheon there,
Which they have bro't from home ; but buy and sip
A mug of toddy or of well-spiced flip ;
Some gingerbread or biscuit ;—thus they give
Some compensation for what they receive,
The room that holds them, and the fire that warms,—
Cozy asylum, full of quiet charms.
Here the long sermon well they criticise,—
Discuss the various topics which comprise
The lore of village farmers,—get the news,
And useful knowledge seek, acquire, diffuse.
Albeit, rev'rence for the holy day
Puts all light thoughts and vanities away.
By girls and women too the noontime's spent
At Mrs. Dempsy's, who is well content

To gather round her fire the shivering dames,
For they bring with them what will feed its flames.
Here as they pack away their bread and cheese,
They give imprison'd thoughts a free release,—
The current scandals of the day con o'er,
Despatch the old, and manufacture more.
The little bell now calls them in again,
To shiver two hours more in seat or pen;
Then some on foot go wallowing thro' the snow,
  Two on one horse, or many in a sleigh,
To their dear homes; whose firesides warmly glow,
  And supper waits; there sanctify the day.
And to confirm their faith in their own ism,
Read Bible, Psalm-book, and the Catechism;
And thus secure a week's supply of good,
Hard to digest, tough theologic food.

XII.

Another scene a gathering shows,
  Of people from some miles around;
Why, why are timber, boards and chips
  Strewn all about their meeting ground?

Why? Do'n't you know that Mister Smith
  Has bidden them, to help him raise
A new frame-house, in which he hopes
  To spend the remnant of his days?

And all have come, men, women, boys,—
  And, lo! the timbers briskly move,
And in the framework meet, embrace,
  United by compulsive love.

Once, twice, the merry raisers pause
  To take of drink each man his dole,—
The work is all complete, except
  The putting on the ridge its pole.

This the workmen cannot lift!
'Send up a bottle filled with rum,'—
They drink,—it operates a charm,—
The timber to its place has come.

And on that dizzy ridge-pole high
Th' excited climber boldly sits,
The bottle swings, and, 'mid hurrahs,
Dashes that bottle all to bits!

While thus were occupied the men,
The women have a table spread
With cider, cold ham, fish and cheese,
Doughnuts, baked beans, and good brown bread.

All to this table now repair,
And of this cold collation eat;
And story tellers, too, are there,
To furnish forth a mental treat.

Among them, witty parson Holt,
With old Jo Smith, in stories vies;
The first deals in embellished truth,
The latter, in romantic lies.

A ring, a ring,—some wrestl'rs now
Athletic skill, strength, prowess try,—
Some run and jump, some dance and sing,
And close the day right merrily.

XIII.

A husking. Heaps of gathered corn,
Long rows of lads and lasses gay,
Old men, boys, maids, gay or forlorn,
Intent on mingling work and play.

Sweet cider goes around, and flip
Makes bright eyes sparkle brighter still,—
The joke, loud laughter, and the song
The scene with jocund noises fill.

A red ear, got by roguish swain,
  Gives him the right to seize and kiss
Each blushing maid, unless repulsed
  By smutty ear, or sturdy miss.

The old men, garrulous, relate
  To youngsters, of old times a tale ;—
Husks rustle, stalks and corn cobs crack,
  Mirth, love, and jollity prevail.

The labor done, the festive board
  Is for the hungry huskers spread ;
The supper o'er, the elders all
  Their well-known pathways homeward tread ;

While the young folks on Pompey call,
  And gladly make a longer stay,
The supper-room becomes a hall
  Well filled with spirits young and gay.

Horsehair to catgut Pomp applies,
  And, grinning much, his iv'ry shows,
With foot and body keeping time,—
  The dancing stream of pleasure flows.

No grand cotillions brought from France,
  No waltz or polka then they knew ;
But good old-fashioned jigs and reels
  They lustily could shuffle thro'.

XIV.

The spinning bee together calls
  Th' artificers of thread ;
And a right merry time have they
  As they the pedals tread.

The humming wheels, the merry chat,
  Songs, riddles, and what not ?
Beguile the time,—till, flax all spun,
  The supper in is brought.

Then come the beaux and fiddler too,—
A merry scene ensues,
Which even into icy hearts
Can warmth and love infuse.

Then there is old election day,
To ev'ry child so dear,
Which crowns the charms of flow'ry May,
And gladdens half the year!

And can it be that scenes like these
Will soon no more be known?
Years, actors, fashions, frolics, all
Gone, gone, forever gone!

Well, other fashions, follies, fun
These pastimes will replace,
And triflers never lack the means
To spend their day of grace.

XV.

On by-gone pastimes no more lines I waste,
But to some biographic sketches haste
Of sons of Danvers, known on hist'ry's page,
Who've left their mark upon the passing age,
Asking indulgence for omissions, while
I in prosaic cataloguing style,
Bring to remembrance a few honor'd names,
Who have on us this day peculiar claims.

John Endicott and his descendants brave,
Some on the land, some on the rolling wave
Of commerce borne,—in ev'ry useful art
Have battled nobly, acted well their part.

John Proctor, he who was for witchcraft hung,
On this occasion must not go unsung;
Is it unnatural to suppose that he
Was gifted with the gift of prophecy,

As death approached ; and, looking down his line,
Saw his descendants live, and life resign ;—
Saw all that has transpired, or will transpire,
In Salem, Danvers, till consumed by fire ;
Or buried deep, 'neath mountains overthrown,
All that now lives, or is, shall be unknown ?
Condemned in prison, on his pallet lying,
The good man moaned, in agony of prayer,
' Upon the gibbet must I soon be dying,
' The felon's shame without his guilt to share ;
' O God, why is it ?' Banishing the gloom
Exceeding glory lighted up the room ;
An angel stood before him, and a voice
Cried, ' Fear not, mourn not, but be glad, rejoice,
' That thou art worthy thus to have been tried,—
' Worthy to die, as thy dear Saviour died,
' In innocence,—rise, come with me,
' Thou shalt God's goodness in the future see ;
' Deluded men thy body kill,—but shame
' Is theirs, not thine. To thee immortal fame
' Shall be accorded. Let thy conduct brave
' Check the delusion, and thy consort save.
' Yes, wife and offspring from the grave redeem,
' God a kind Father is, however stern he seem.'
With these kind words he took me to the hill,
Where soon I must my destiny fulfil ;
And there the future opened to my view,
Proving that all his words were strictly true :
Dark clouds of error slowly rolled away,
And hill and dale in truth's bright sunlight lay.
I saw restored my desolated home,
And to its cradle a new tenant come ;
Who, by his little acts of filial love,
Does from his mother's heart its wo remove.
For, when it rises with o'erwhelming sway,
That little prattler wiles her grief away ;—
And when for me her scalding tears are poured,
That little urchin smiles, and, peace restored,
Is nestl'ing in her bosom ;—ne'er before
Knew I an infant's archangelic power.

Time flies ;—that wife lies buried by my side,
Each son has to the altar led his bride ;
They too have passed thro' scenes of joy and grief,
And from life's cares have found in death relief.
Their children's children,—a wide-spreading stream
Of human life, have come and gone ;—a gleam
Flitting in vision o'er my dazzled sight,
Now less distinct, now full of life and light.
One of majestic form among them all,*
Of stoutest frame, and stalwart mind withal,
Was formed, 'twould seem, armies to train and lead.
In youth a soldier,—yet thro' life, indeed,
A man of peace, in peaceful scenes employed ;
A farmer's life he honored, and enjoyed
To good old age ;—and when the "*drop serene*"
Shut from his ardent gaze each sunlight scene,
Light still was on his mental vision poured,
Thro' other mediums, and much knowledge stored
Up in his mind ; a treasure, which may be
Perhaps his solace through eternity.
But other scenes and things before me pass,
As in what seems a true prophetic glass—
The anti-witchcraft people get the day,
Send parson Parris and his imps away.

I see and wonder, how for principle
The ever-ruling concentrated will
Of a few people, can and will maintain
Their rights assailed, and greater freedom gain,
From every effort made to put them down,
By church or state, by mitre or by crown.
With what great care they guard their precious State
'Gainst French and Indians,—perils small or great ;
'Gainst adverse tenets springing up to bind,
In chains of error, the immortal mind ;—
'Gainst Power-Prelatic, from which they had fled,
And from whose scourge they yet have much to dread ;—
'Gainst Power-Despotic, watching for its prey,
And always ready to snatch rights away ;—

* Johnson Proctor, who died November, 1851, aged 86.

Against each other's avarice and guile,
Which can a brother cruelly despoil,—
Yet 'mid these toils and pains, condition hard,
'Gainst bear and panther, flocks and children guard ;
Labor for bread, churches and schools to plant,
Provide with foresight wise for every want ;
Yet, 'mid these cares and constant labors, find
Time t' improve the heart, to educate the mind,—
To cherish social virtue, and make home
A lodge, to which the holiest pleasures come ;—
A temple, where their God may worshipped be,
With pure devotion, without pageantry.
The followers of principle, they go
Where'er it leads, be it through joy or woe.
Their friends are *its* friends, and as enemies
They treat all, who that principle despise ;
Be that despiser parent, wife, or son,
They should be sacrificed, and it is done !
The friend, that yesterday was held most dear,
To-day apostate, banished from their sphere.
The crown of England, next to God adored,
Is trod in dust, dishonored and abhorr'd ;
Because that crown their principles assails,
All its time-honored prestige naught avails.
Without remorse, the glittering bauble spurned,
Their hopes are now to a republic turned.
And that republic, should it not secure
The people's rights, must meet the people's wrath.
Bits, freeborn spirits will not long endure,
Tho' golden bribes strew thick the prescrib'd path ;
Th' elected, who, to principles shall prove
False, will not long retain th' electors' love ;
Unless corrupted all the people be,
Scorn must pursue the guilt of treachery,
Nor cease pursuit, until, beneath a mound
Of infamy, the traitor's corpse be bound ;
The higher his great intellect may soar,
Deeper he sinks, despised and hated more.
So falls New England's once most honored son,
The talented high-tory Hutchinson ;

So Arnold falls. Other bright names I see
Paling their glory,—false to Liberty!
Brighter by contrast, Freedom's martyrs rise
And shine as stars forever in the skies.

Inur'd to war, and all its dire alarms,
They worship, work and sleep upon their arms.
Their foes to meet, in parley or in fray,
To treat or fight, at all times ready they;
Believing God would all their efforts bless,
Their deeds are mighty, and crown'd with success;
Wide-spreading as prophetic eye can see,
Grows, GROWS the Empire of the Rich and Free.

In all the wondrous movements I have named,
For Danvers' sons an ample share is claimed
First to resist their king in arms;—lo, they
Frighten his troops from their good town away.
And when a second visit they propose,
In arms, they Leslie at North Bridge oppose,—
Beyond their borders meet the coming foes;
And when, upon that memorable day,
When blood first flow'd in fratricidal fray
At Lexington, among the first to meet
And harass Britain's troops, on their retreat,
Were *Danvers boys;* who sixteen miles had run
To strike for freedom: and 'twas bravely done.
But of their number, seven never more
Will fight their country's battles. In their gore
Their bodies sleep,—their deathless spirits live,
A sterner impulse to the war to give.
In a momentous cause,—first sacrifice,—
Their fame and influence with that cause shall rise
And spread, till tyranny shall die,
And all mankind enjoy true liberty.
On ev'ry field where victory was won,
The sons of Danvers stood by Washington,—
In action and in suffering bravely bore
Their part, until, the bloody struggle o'er,
They home returned, to win, by arts of peace,
Respect and honor, dignity and ease.

Danvers, perhaps, will long more noted be
For thrift, strong arms, stout hearts, and industry,
Than for distinguished geniuses, who there
First see the light,—first breathe the vital air ;
Or for distinguished literary men,
Who move the world by power of tongue or pen.
Yet not entirely destitute of these.
For artists, there the eye prophetic sees,
Of whom their native town may proudly boast,
Smith, Nichols, Poole. Of poets too a host,
Whose gems not less effulgent are, I ween,
Because they shine by the great world unseen.
Nor shall the least of these miss his reward
Because Fame's book may not his name record ;
The orgasm and th' afflatus are his own,
Although the pleasure be enjoyed alone !

* * * * *

One hundred sixty years pass quickly by,
And a grand pageant meets the gladdened eye.
Danvers a town a century complete,
Her sons and daughters all have met to greet
Their mother on her birth-day, hear her story,
Count up her jewels and exalt her glory.
Each form of costume of that hundred years
Again upon some living bust appears ;
And living beauties walk the streets arrayed
In bridal robes for great-great-grandmas made.

The ancient and the modern, side by side,
Together walk, or in procession ride.
The Arts and Artizans, in grand array,
A cent'ry's changes and improvements show.
The Fire department makes a great display,
And sixteen Public Schools a grand tableaux.
There fifteen hundred "*buds of promise*" greet
Admiring thousands ranged along the street.
Five bands of martial music fill the air
With melodies sweet, racy, rich and rare.
Flags, pennons, wreaths of evergreen and flowers,
O'erarch the streets and decorate car-bowers,

'Neath which some scene of other days is shown,—
Some ancient fête to modern eyes made known ;
Some olden workshop with its clumsy tools.
Thus in strong contrast placed the old and new,—
Modern and ancient teachers with their schools ;
Ancient and modern witchcraft-workers too.

Now to the church the multitude repair,
There listen to oration, hymns and prayer.
Proud may I be, for I distinctly hear
The voice of my descendant, loud and clear,
Defending me, and dealing stunning blows
On Cotton Mather, in heroic prose !
Now to the children's tent, a lovely show,
The gaily-costumed, happy children go ;
There drink iced water, eat fruit, pie or cake,
Listen to cheering homilies,—partake
Of all the joys of this great jubilee,
By them the longest to remembered be.
Next to a mammoth tent,—the festive board,
With an abundance of good dishes stored,
Moves the procession, and, all seated there,
Discuss the viands, and delighted share
The mental treat, which they, by speech and song,
And music, to the sunset-hour prolong.
No wine is used or needed,—water, now,
Is all the wine that best carousals know,
And festive scenes no longer end in rows,
Or friends at parting bid farewell with blows.
And for this great reform much praise is due
To sons of Danvers, who, to duty true,
Have bravely battled in the Temp'rance cause,
By precept and th' enforcement of good laws.

* * * * *

XVI.

John Putnam and his sons before us stand,—
A host to people and defend the land.
Methinks I see the reverend patriarch now,
Prophetic fire is burning on his brow.

He sees, as other seers see,
Dimly, his great posterity.
Out from his loins agoing forth
To east, to west, to south, to north,
In strength and beauty lands to till ;—
To exercise mechanic skill ;—
Shine in the senate,—bravely wield
Their weapons on the battle field ;—
Benches of justice fill with fame,
In pulpits win a rev'rend name ;
In med'cine and its kindred arts
To act right skilfully their parts,—
In commerce, on the mighty deep,—
Command her ships, her treasures keep.
In short, wherever enterprise
Seeks wealth or wisdom, Putnams rise ;
Among competitors contend
For honors, wealth, or man's chief end.
Here now flowers, leaves, and fruit we see
Abundant on the Putnam tree ;
And so prehensile are its branches grown,
They make the fruit of other trees their own.
Yes, circulating now through Putnam veins,
Is all the blood of Holten that remains.
And yet my muse would not presume to say,
To other stocks it does no tribute pay.
Indeed, it has been known to soften Flint,
To harden into Stone, and by the dint
Of vital chemistry to give Goodale
A spicy flavor, and on Towns entail
A host to be supported. Turn to Page,
And write its history on the passing age ;
Or change to Cole, to Black, to White,
To Brown, to Green, or glad the house of Knight.
And to it humbler names may doubtless trace
Some great improvement in their lineal race.
Rich Putnam blood is in the market still,
Look round, young friends, and purchase it who will !

Next to the Putnam, lo, the Osborn tree
Lifts high its branches, spreads its foliage free.

Deep-rooted in the soil of Danvers,—long,
Long may it grow, more graceful, branching, strong.
In every public deed, or town affair,
Osborns have figured in for a full share.
To acts of which we now most proudly feel,
They gave their labor, set their hands' seal,—
For the good things around us clustering now,
Much we to them and others like them owe.
But 'tis, perhaps, impossible to say,
Of many Osborns, which one, on this day,
Deserves our highest eulogy; for none
Is high above his fellows seen alone.

XVII.

Of Danvers-born, no one in lucky hour,
Ere reached so high a pinnacle of power,
As Doctor Holten. None so long and well
His country served. Of none our annals tell
So rich a story; none has carved his name
So high upon the monument of Fame.
'Twas not so much to a superior mind,
As 'twas to manners affable and kind,—
A heart from which the milk of kindness gushed,
A love, which all the evil passions hushed,—
A reverence for religion, and the laws
Of liberty, fraternity,—because
He made all others in his presence feel
Themselves respected and respectable;—
Because he seemed to all their frailties blind,
To love and rev'rence all of human kind,—
That we ascribe his honors. Such a life
Of quiet glory in an age of strife,—
The peaceable supporter of a host,
Whose daring battles are our country's boast,
Is worth our study. Eloquence profound,
Persuasive, silent, in which thoughts abound,
Although unspoken,—eloquence of looks
Was his. Of wisdom he lived many books,
But none he wrote; nor has he left behind
A printed picture of his active mind.

He no descendants left his name to bear.
Where are our Holtens? Echo answers, where?

Here let us pause, and one short moment dwell
Upon the honored name of John Kettell;
A father of the town,—a father too
Of the shoe manufacture,—music's son,—
The village chorister,—to nature true
He touched a chord in others' hearts, that won
Applause and honor. He left sons, but they
Shone bright a little while, then passed away.
And of their children only one remains,
To whom the sire's cognomen still pertains.
Cases like these prove the old saying true,
"Shadows we are and shadows we pursue."
The like of us, perhaps, may soon be said,
All our most cherished hopes and longings dead!

Of Captain Page much might be said in praise,
The patriot-valor of his early days,—
His industry and enterprise,—a life
With all domestic, social virtues rife;
So full of deeds by every heart approved,
Can be remembered only to be loved.

Of Caleb Oakes, it may be truly said,
No better man lies with our honored dead.
A widow's son,—sole architect was he
Of his own fortune, character and fame.
As the reward of honest industry,
To him, unsought, wealth and its influence came:
And these were valued only for the power
They gave, to aid some useful enterprise,—
To save from want and sin the suff'ring poor,
Or say, to downcast and despairing souls, 'Arise,
'Battle again for all the goods of life,
'Up boldly! be a hero in the strife.'
He of religion no profession made,
But liv'd the thing, and gave material aid
Its ministrations to extend, where'er
They needed were to edify and cheer;

Without regard to Shibboleths of sect,
Treating all modes of faith with due respect.

His Son, a genius rare, eccentric,—blest
Or cursed with nerves, which never let him rest;
But urged him onward with resistless force,
In a high moral, scientific course.
Lover of Nature, in her every phase,
She veiled no beauties from his searching gaze.
Air, ocean, earth, with teeming wonders fraught,
Rich treasures to his mind unceasing brought,
Alike the winter stern, or blushing spring,—
The summer's heat, or autumn's offering;
Long as New England's Flora clothes her fields,
Or the White Mountains choicest blossoms yields;
Or the Idæan vine its berries bear,*
Or robes of gold our hills in July wear;
Long as, on ocean's strand, the pearly shells
Reveal the depths, where unseen beauty dwells;—
So long shall William Oakes' remembered name
Honor his birthplace by his world-wide fame.

The Flints, surcharged with manhood's 'lectric fire,
Have done good service to the state and town,—
Struck the hot spark, and bid the flame aspire,
Which burnt the cords, which bound us to the crown
Of England,—gave us courage to be free,
To struggle for and win our Liberty,
For this, a Flint pour'd out his precious blood,
Which went to swell Stillwater's crimson'd flood.
Nor will we fail another Flint to name,
Who, as shipmaster, won both wealth and fame;

* An allusion to his discovery of the Vaccinium Vitis Idæa in Danvers, a rare plant in Massachusetts.

A letter from the White Mountains, the present season, notices Wm. Oakes as follows:—"One of the most singular and mysterious spectacles is Grand Gulf, or, as it is now called, Oakes' Gulf. It is named for the late William Oakes, the Botanist. Wherever a rare flower blossoms in the whole range of this mountainous country, from Alton Bay to Cherry Pond and Israel's River, the name of Wm. Oakes is familiarly spoken. His old guide showed me where he used to collect his mosses and lichens, and all his Alpine specimens of plants, in preparing a Flora of Alpine species—specimens so intrinsically valuable to his own exhaustless thirst for botanical discoveries, which were no where else to be found in any place nearer than Greenland."

Who, being captur'd by French picaroon,
Retook his ship, and brought her home alone;—
In later life bade farewell to the seas,
And spent his days in dignity and ease,
With dearest objects, and affections warm,
Within the bounds of his lov'd, well-till'd farm.
Or as a legislator, neighbor, friend,
His life devoted to life's noblest end,—
An end, which peace and consolation brings
To dying men, and peacefully he died,—
Leaving his blood to run in veins of Kings,
Extinct and lost to every name beside.

The name of Felton, too, by many here,
In reminiscence must be held most dear.
One, our Town Clerk for twenty-eight full years,
A Selectman as long,—and for fifteen,
A Representative,—among compeers
Highly respected, must have been, I ween,
Worthy a place in our centennial song,
Worthy a place in hearts, that well him knew,
For friends ne'er met him but he kept them long.
For his was humor, wit, and wisdom too.
His manners gentle, his affections strong,
In Nature's quiet gifts surpassed by few.

XVIII.

To paint the elder or the younger Shove,
As seen in life among us, is above
My skill artistic; much, yes, much I fear
My charcoal sketch preposterous appear.
The elder sits, as oft he sat of yore,
Upon the step or threshold of his door,
Watching each stranger passing through the street;
Whom he with nod or fitting phrase would greet:
"How art thou, friend? Methinks I've seen thy face
Somewhere before, but can't recall the place—
Where from?" "From Leicester." "Leicester? let me see.
I know some people there,—one Magery."

"Yes, sir, I know him well." "How does he speed
In business now?" "I do not know, indeed;—
Some say he's getting rich, and others say,
They guess he'll fail yet, some unlucky day."
"Well, if he fails, I think my debt secure;
If not, I know well how to make it sure.
What brings thee hither? some old friends to see?
Or other business? May be, I might be
Of service to thee." "Paper, sir, I sell."
"I'd like to see thy paper, friend, right well."
"Here, look at this,—'tis twenty cents a quire.
A discount by the ream,—the price was higher;
'Tis foolscap, the best quality, trimm'd neat."
"Yes, yes—but I prefer a wider sheet,
So that in one straight line write this I may,
For received value, promise I to pay
Squires Shove—yet, I will try to make it do,
If thee'll take leather for a ream or two."
"I want no leather." "Well, then, thee may go;—
Thee lives in Leicester—Leicester, let me see,
What party rules there?" "Pure democracy."
"Calls thee that stinking party, pure? Farewell—
The next election we will whip thee well."
Here comes a man whose note has long been due,
Who gladly would have shunn'd this interview,
But dared not do it. "*Well, friend, come to pay*
That little note?" "I cannot, sir, to-day."
"*I'm sorry for thee. What the plague dost thou*
Do with thy money? Can thee tell me how
Thee spends it?" "'Tis but little money that I get,
I've made some losses, been unfortunate;
Money comes slow to single-handed labor:
Oh, how I wish ten thousand dollars mine."
"*I wish they were, I'd like to be thy neighbor.*"
A great debater he in politics;—
Could meet and foil an adversary's tricks
By tactics most peculiarly his own.
He couch'd severest satire in a tone
So mild, that words of harshest import were
But the melodious whisperings of air.

Once, overmatched by him in argument,
A kid-glove politician, to affront
Him, said, "You are a *tanner*, I believe,"—
"*Y-e-s—but can curry, too, as you perceive.*"
As a friend *faithful*, as a neighbor *kind*,
Parent indulgent, in charities behind
None of his times. His garb, sectarian, sat
Loosely about him, and his broad-brimm'd hat
Assum'd a figure, which the more precise
Might deem discordant with the Quaker guise.

Such was the father, but his nobler Son,
Who higher honors, but less money won,—
Whose service, purse, great heart, and faithful hand,
Were ever at a needy friend's command;
Of social life, the ornament and soul,—
A man, indeed, in every station whole;—
How shall I paint him? Wise, astute, sincere,
And yet not faultless. Who is faultless here?
Frailties he may have had,—a little pride,—
"But e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;"—
A manly beauty his, in form and face,—
Most winning in his manners, full of grace,—
In all his movements, gentleness and love
Mark'd the demeanor of the younger Shove.*

XIX.

A jocose set of worthy men,
In good old times, at Skelton's Neck
Were ready for a frolic when-
Ever to fun they could direct
Their joint observance. Captain Page,
A Pindar, Fowler, Cheever, and
Others who were their peers in age
Always right ready to engage
In every good word, work, or sport;—
The fathers they of Danvers-port.

* Hon. Jonathan Shove, who died Sept. 4, 1847, aged 54, in the meridian of life and usefulness, universally lamented.

Long, long may their descendants be
Worthy their names and ancestry.
Here, too, th' eccentric Skidmore dwelt,
Whose ready wit, keen, unrefined,
Was sure to hit its mark, be felt,
And leave its tickling sting behind.
A true comedian genius, who,
Had he been trained to walk the stage,
With habits all comedian too,
He'd been the Matthews of his age.
His power is not exhausted yet,
For often, now, the laugh will rise
Excited by old Skidmore's wit,
Recited from old memories.
A patriot, too, his drum he beat
In three wars at his country's call.
Beating the onset, not retreat,
He came victorious out of all.

XX.

Among the living,—and long may he live
T' acquire the means most lib'rally to give
Impulse to objects noble as his soul,
And to exert o'er great events control
Such as is given but to very few
Of human kind,—is one we knew,
A native Danvers school-boy,—need I name
George Peabody, a London banker;—fame,
Wealth, power are his,—yet, lov'd and honor'd more
For just discrimination in the use
And application of his ample store,
Than for its vastness. Gather and diffuse—
His motto. Unto him, we trust, 'tis given
To show how rich men may get into heaven.

* * * * *

Here in our midst we have our honored Poor,
And Blacks, that often are preferr'd before
The Whites. Although good democrats we are,
Kings, Princes, Lords, our civic honors share.

Of Kings, with deep emotion one I name,
Dear, dear to ev'ry heart his worth and fame,
Daniel P. King,—who now among us here
Does not to grace this jubilee appear.
Though we as yet can hardly realize
His spirit gone to mansions in the skies,
Ne'er to return to earth,—to longer fill
The place assigned him by the people's will.
To him, this day, no monument we raise,—
Silence and tears now best express our praise.
The recent lost shall long remembered be,
And better eulogized next century!

Next century! O'erwhelming thought! O where
Shall all be *then*, who now are active here?
And what will *Danvers* be?—a city?—or
A town destroyed by earthquake, vice, or war?—
God only knows. Enough for us to know
That virtue leads to peace, and vice to woe,—
That sloth and dissipation steal away
A people's strength, and bring on sure decay,—
While industry, sobriety and lore,
Save and augment, of all good things, the store.

* * * * *

Let every generation strive to be
Greater and better than their fathers were;
So make and educate posterity,
That they more nobly live—more bravely dare—
Shrink from no duty—fear no tyrant's nod—
And offer purer worship to their God.
So shall improvement in all useful arts,—
In whatsoe'er to human souls imparts
Wisdom, strength, beauty,—*onward*, *upward* move,
Till all be rapt in everlasting *love*.

DANVERS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Separation of Danvers from Salem, and its existence as a distinct Municipal Corporation, was celebrated by the citizens, in a spirited and patriotic manner, on Wednesday, the 16th day of June, 1852, under the direction of a committee of arrangements, appointed by the town at a legal meeting holden at Granite Hall on Monday, the 22d day of September, 1851.

At this meeting, the subject of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the separation of the town of Danvers from Salem being under consideration, it was

Voted, That a committee of nineteen,—five to be selected at large and one from each school district,—be chosen, with full authority to make such arrangements, and adopt such measures, in behalf of the town, as in their judgment shall be most appropriate to the occasion.

COMMITTEE AT LARGE.

Fitch Poole, Ebenezer Hunt,
Andrew Nichols, John W. Proctor,
Rev. Milton P. Braman.

FROM THE SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

No. 1. Robert S. Daniels.	No. 8. Sam'l Brown, Jr.
" 2. Samuel P. Fowler.	" 9. Joseph Brown.
" 3. Aaron Putnam.	" 10. Leonard Cross.
" 4. Albert G. Bradstreet.	" 11. Francis Baker.
" 5. Nathaniel Pope.	" 12. Miles Osborn.
" 6. Moses Preston.	" 13. John Page.
" 7. Francis Phelps.	" 14. Gilbert Tapley.

A sum of money, not to exceed five hundred dollars, was subsequently voted by the town, to be applied by the committee to the objects of the proposed celebration.

The committee appointed Dr. S. A. LORD, Chief Marshal of the day, who selected for his Aids, Messrs. Augustus Towne and John B. Peabody.

The day was oppressively hot, but the rain of the preceding day had laid the dust, and the air was bland and clear. From an early hour in the morning, vehicles of all descriptions were pouring in from the neighboring towns, crowded with men, women and children, while each train of cars brought in its myriads; and by the time the procession began to move, the spacious avenues were lined by a moving multitude of happy people, and the windows of the dwellings radiant with beaming eyes and smiling faces.

The route of the procession was ornamented by flags of all nations, streamers, triumphal arches, bearing inscriptions, and decorated with evergreens and flowers. The Lexington Battle Monument was handsomely ornamented, and numerous houses displayed chaste decorations. Just at the dividing line between Salem and Danvers, a lamb was placed over the doors of W. Sutton's and F. Poole's stores on either side of the street, one representing Danvers and the other Salem. Salem asks Danvers—"How old are you my child?" Danvers replies—"Only one hundred years, mamma." Danvers asks Salem—"Will you please to come to my birthday party?" Salem replies—"With the greatest pleasure, my dear." The streets along the route of the procession were crowded with delighted spectators, who, during the whole morning, had been pouring in from other towns to witness the celebration.

The procession was formed about 10 o'clock, and proved to be the great feature of the occasion. When put in motion it was nearly a *mile and a half long*, and embraced in its various divisions a most interesting, graphic, and truthful portraiture of the manners and customs of their ancestors; and by way of contrast, a representation of the progress and resources of the town at the present day.

First in order came the escort, consisting of the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry, with the Salem Brass Band, under command of Capt. White. This corps came out with full ranks, and presented a fine military appearance. The Salem Light Infantry politely furnished a color guard for the occasion.

The Danvers Fire Department next followed, a noble body of men, nearly four hundred strong, in gay uniforms, and with two full bands of music. The Chief Engineer of the Department acted as Chief Marshal, assisted by two of the Firewards as Aids, and fourteen mounted Marshals, appointed by the several companies.

JOHN V. STEVENS, Chief Marshal.

STEPHEN OSBORN, Jr., } Aids.
EDWIN F. PUTNAM, }

Engine No. 2. MOSES CHAPMAN, CHARLES INGALS.
" " 3. HENRY BUSHBY, Jr., ALFRED WARD.
" " 4. EDWARD BLANCHARD, SAMUEL KNIGHT.
" " 5. CHARLES A. DEARBORN, DENNISON W. OSBORN.
" " 6. SAMUEL STAPLES, NATHAN SHAW, Jr.
" " 7. DANIEL J. PRESTON, SAMUEL WELCH.
" " 8. ROBERT DANIELS Jr., WILLIAM SUTTON, Jr.

First in order came "General Scott," No. 2, of Tapleyville; this company was dressed in fire hats, plaided sacks, and black pants, and mustered forty-eight, under command of Capt. Calvin Upton. Their "machine" was drawn by six black horses, and was tastefully decorated. Next came "Torrent" No. 3, Capt. Philip L. Osborn, forty-five men; uniform, red shirt, white pants with black bottoms; this engine was drawn by three bay horses, and appeared to advantage. "General Putnam," No. 4, of Danvers Plains, Capt. Allen, followed; they mustered forty men, and were attired in plaided frock and black

pants; they carried a banner, on which was "General Putnam. I never surrender." This engine also appeared well. Bond's Cornet Band, of Boston, came next in order. "Eagle," No. 5, Capt. W. S. Osborn, followed, and appeared with forty-three men, dressed in tasteful and neat white jackets, trimmed with red, and black pants; their engine was drawn by four splendid cream-colored horses, and the engine was beautifully decorated. "Ocean," No. 6, of Danvers Port, Capt. Welch, came next, and had thirty-five men in the ranks, dressed in white shirts, black pants, and Kossuth hats; this engine was drawn by two roan horses. "General Foster," No 7, Capt. Calvin Pierce, came next, mustering thirty-one men, attired in red jackets and black pants; this company carried a banner, splendidly painted, in front representing the great fire in the square, and on the reverse, "General Foster Engine Company, No. 7, 1849." This engine was drawn by three gray horses, and on the "tub" was a portrait of the old General, whose name the engine bears. By some misunderstanding this company did not go the entire route of the procession. Next came Felton's Salem Brass Band, in a new and neat uniform. "Volunteer," No. 8, Director Littlefield, with forty-one men, followed, dressed in red jackets and black pants; this "tub" was drawn by six black horses, and was splendidly decorated.

Next came the civic procession, preceded by Chief Marshal Lord, and his Aids, Messrs. Towne and Peabody, with the following gentlemen as Assistant Marshals:—

M. T. Dole,	Charles Dole,
George P. Daniels,	Edward Stimpson,
Ira P. Pope,	Theodore Poole,

George M. Teel.

The following Marshals were appointed to preserve order at the Church:—

Charles Estes,	John W. Hubbard,
Isaac B. Cowdry,	Asa Noyes.

The civic procession, consisting of invited guests, reverend clergy, committee of arrangements, orator and poet, and town authorities, rode in open barouches; and among the former we recognized among others, His Excellency Gov. Boutwell; Hon. Amasa Walker, Secretary of State; Hon. C. W. Upham, Mayor of Salem; Judge White, of Salem; George G. Smith and Joseph B. Felt, Esqs., of Boston; Rev. J. W. Hanson and Daniel Nutting, Esqs., of Gardiner, Maine; Hon. John W. Palfrey, of Cambridge; Hon. Robert Rantoul and Rev. C. T. Thayer, of Beverly; Hon. A. G. Browne, Rev. Drs. Flint and Emerson, Charles M. Endicott and A. Huntington, Esqs., of Salem; Hon. A. W. Dodge, of Hamilton; Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury; Rev. Israel W. Putnam, of Middleborough; Rev. C. C. Sewall of Medfield, Hon. Lilley Eaton, of South Reading, and many others.

Among the invited guests also rode several persons in antique costumes, who represented notable characters of Danvers long since deceased. One of these was old Master Eppes, who, after a Rip Van Winkle sleep of many years, awoke in perfect astonishment at the

progress of things since his day. He held in his hand one of the ancient school books, and in the peculiar twang of his time deprecated the absurd radicalism in the modern system of education.

Next came the antique section of the procession, which was a most extensive and unique exhibition of the kind. First came a representation of an old bachelor of ancient time, in the person of a sturdy individual on foot, in cocked hat, flowing wig, knee breeches, &c., who walked alone in his glory. He was followed by the "Putnam family," in a carriage filled with the farming and household utensils of that notable lineage, of which "old Put.," of wolf memory, is but one of the many illustrious citizens of that name who were born in Danvers. The carriage was attended with a large delegation of the modern race, dressed in the antique costumes of their ancestors, and hard at work in their various avocations. As the carriage passed along, one was grinding corn after the primitive fashion; others were spinning, weaving, &c. We were informed that the various implements and dresses exhibited on this occasion were the genuine relics of their ancestors, that have been preserved as heir-looms in the family. Then came several of those curious old chaises, such as we see in prints of one hundred years ago, with harnesses and horses that must certainly have been in their prime as early as the revolutionary war. These chaises generally contained a lady and gentleman, the perfect counterparts of the establishment, in which they appeared greatly to enjoy the morning air. Then followed a carriage with four seats, and drawn by two horses, which, with its occupants, was a very curious specimen of the antique. An Indian, mounted, with full trappings, came next, and was followed by a "Blind Hole Shoe Shop, of 1789," with the workmen busily employed after the rude fashion of that time. Then came a huge block of granite on a platform, from which workmen were hammering out a mill stone, for which purpose Danvers granite has been for many years celebrated. A pottery shop, with the apparatus of a hundred years ago, in full operation, came next, and was followed by a band of music.

THE SCHOOLS.

The pupils of the several Public Schools, numbering in the whole 1500, came out in full strength, led off by the Georgetown Brass Band, and presented a most beautiful feature of the procession. We cannot expect to give, by description, any adequate idea of the ingenious and admirable designs they displayed. This large body of children, in holiday array, could not fail to call out exclamations of delight from every spectator. The committee of publication are enabled to give the following particulars, which have been mainly furnished by the teachers of the several schools. There are fourteen school districts in the town, with from one to three schools in each. There are also two High Schools, one in the north and the other in the south part of the town, which have, since the celebration, received from the school committee the names severally of HOLTEN and PEABODY, in honor of the late Judge Samuel Holten and our fellow-citizen George Peabody, Esq., now living in London. They are therefore described under those names in the following account.

This interesting part of the pageant was marshalled under the direction of the following gentlemen :—

Sylvanus Dodge, Chief Marshal.

Jeremiah Chapman,	J. W. Snow,
Edward W. Jacobs,	Geo. Tapley,
Augustus Varney,	Albert J. Silvester,
Alden Dempsey,	Loring Dempsey,
Jas. P. Hutchinson,	Abner Mead.

Gilbert A. Tapley.

Peabody High School.

The High School of the South Parish, numbering forty pupils, under the charge of Mr. Eugene B. Hinckley, next followed, and elicited the highest encomiums for the admirable skill and taste manifested in all its representations.

With the exception of the first and last carriages, this part of the procession was intended to illustrate ancient times, and to contrast them with the present. It was headed by a young man on horseback, bearing the banner of the school. He was followed by two young ladies and one gentleman, besides the teacher, all on horseback, and dressed in the full costume of the eighteenth century.

Then came the first carriage, containing the Queen of the Season, with six attendants, appropriately dressed in white, and wearing evergreen wreaths, with spring flowers interwoven. The queen wore a floral crown, and a light wreath hanging from the right shoulder, and falling carelessly upon the left side, and bearing in her right hand a wand or sceptre. The carriage consisted of an oval platform, from which rose six pillars, supporting a canopy of like form. The platform, pillars, and arched roof were entirely covered with evergreen, making a perfect "greenwood bower."

The next carriage represented Marketing in the olden time, and was occupied by a venerable couple, whose looks and actions plainly indicated that they were of the few "who have come down to us from a former generation, whose lives Heaven had bounteously lengthened out that they might behold the joyous day." The carriage,—to say nothing of the horse, for we always feel a degree of delicacy in speaking of contemporaries; besides, he was so far removed from the carriage as to have little claim to description on the same page,—the carriage was an object of interest to antiquarians, and led us all to doubt one of the axioms of the philosophers; for while the memory of man and even tradition itself runneth not back to the time when it had a beginning, it gives unmistakable evidence that it will speedily have an end. There was a goodly display of onions, potatoes, apples, &c., indicating the treasures within; while, from the little box in front, appeared the pail of eggs, and at its side the jugs, designed to receive in exchange the sweetening for coffee and the sweetener of life. In conspicuous places, also, the riches of its freight were emblazoned with chalk, in orthography which showed (to the regret, no doubt, of Dr. Stone and others) that the phonetic system was known to the "fathers," another proof of the wise man's sad proverb, "there is nothing new under the sun."

Next came an ancient Quilting Party. Eight ladies, dressed in the prim and proper style of the eighteenth century, cap-a-pie, not omitting the pin-ball and scissors hanging from the apron belt, were busily en-

gaged in completing the quilt; while, in one corner, sat the old lady, whose time seemed about equally divided between her knitting work and snuff box. The ladies were not all old, and the love of display, which we are sometimes inclined to look upon as characteristic of our times only, finding little room for manifesting itself in the puritan cut of the sleeve, the white kerchief, and the scanty skirt, was forced to take a higher place, and looked forth in no equivocal manner from the massive puffs of hair which surmounted their demure faces. It was rather invidiously remarked, too, that it could hardly have been accidental, that eight pairs of high-heeled satin shoes should have been so conspicuous, although the ladies were all seated. Most of the dresses were not only representative of a former age, but were true relics of the olden time, which have fortunately outlived their first possessors, and serve to connect the present with the past.

Then followed the Beaux and Belles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, a group consisting of two couples, one in the fashionable dress of 1752, and the other in that of 1852. The cushioned hair, the rich flowing brocade dress, the wrought high-heeled shoes, the monstrous fan, the strait-backed but richly-carved chair; the knee and shoe buckles, the short breeches, the ample coat, the powdered wig and cocked hat, reminded one strongly of the portraits of "lang syne's sons" and daughters, and formed a striking contrast to the more showy but less expensive dress of the opposite couple.

After these, came a busy company engaged in the various domestic employments which were the peculiar occupations of the ancient household. Carding, Spinning, Reeling, and Lace-netting were all in lively and successful operation. The linen wheel also stood in its own corner. Nor must the old cradle be forgotten, in which, no doubt, has slumbered the embryo genius of many a beloved and distinguished son of New England. Within its oaken sides, too, have been seen the early manifestations of that restless energy, which, though troublesome in childhood, is admired in the man, and which has given brilliancy and success to the Yankee career. From out its gloomy depths, far back in the shadowy past, have proceeded, in discordant tones, those voices that, in later days, proved mighty in council and debate, and whose thunders shook the king upon his throne. You would know that none but a Puritan had made it,—so square and heavy its panelled sides, so strait and unbending its posts; and one could not help feeling that, in its turn, it must have helped in giving form and character to the minds that had been pillowed in it,—at once the emblem and the nurturer of an unbending race of men.

A large carriage followed, in which it was the design to show, in contrast, the Past and Present, as exhibited in the schoolroom, and all the appurtenances. A large map was suspended in the middle, entirely separating it into two rooms. The front room presented a rough and altogether comfortless appearance. On the backless bench were seated the luckless wights who were being "educated" and "instructed," with the "Slate and Rethmetic" before them. On the other side of the room, sat the "Master," in all the restrained severity of a Cromwell Roundhead. On the table at his side lay the indispensable and only school apparatus, the clencher of every argument, the unraveller

of every scientific knot, the elucidator of every principle, the enforcer of every precept,—the rod,—good for doctrine, reproof, instruction, and correction. As it lay there in repose, a man of the present age would see in it only an emblem of the pliancy of the youthful mind, and the sprightly buoyancy of youthful spirits. But the youthful spirits opposite evidently put a different construction upon the matter, as the stereotyped tenor of countenance and the chronic shrug of the shoulders stoutly witnessed. *They* knew, as well they might, that its lessons were not merely emblematic, but eminently practical; that its influences were never silent, though always touching. They knew, too, by experience and "bobservation," as the sprightly nigger Sam would say, that the present quiet was only the repose of conscious power, the fearful eddy of the air that forebodes the awful tempest.

The blank side of the map, forming one wall of the room, was a fitting type of the child's mind when first committed to the master's forming hand. A more appropriate representative of that mind and character at graduation, might be found in the marred and mutilated desk cover, whereon successive generations had carved, in the impressible pine, the creations of their untutored imaginations.

The other room was fitted up with handsome modern desks. The well defined map formed the wall at the head of the room, and in front, at his table, sat the teacher, with globes and a telescope at his side, representative of the expanding range of study in our schools of the present age, and the vastly multiplied and improved facilities for communicating knowledge. The whole room was made to have a cheerful and inviting air about it, in striking contrast to the headachy look of the first room. We saw no implements of school warfare here, and were reminded of Sprague's prophetic line:

"To martial arts shall milder arts succeed."

The carriage bore the motto which was quite naturally suggested: "Let there be light; and there was light."

This carriage gave rise to many philosophic reflections, but we forbear to record them here, since history is only the philosopher's textbook, and not the commentary.

Lastly, came the Gleaners, a little company of misses neatly and properly dressed, each wearing a broad white hat, and bearing on one arm the fruit of her labor.

Holten High School.

The High School in the North Parish appeared in two carriages, each of which was trimmed for the occasion with evergreens. The advance carriage was the "Hector," bearing most of the ladies dressed in white, and wearing on their heads turbans of pink tarlatane, with long veils. In this carriage were two banners, one having the arms of the D'Anvers Family, and the motto, "History is our lesson to-day;" on the reverse,

"We are grateful for the Past, and we will labor for the Future."

The other, bearing the name of the school, and the motto,

"*Φιλοτοφία Βίου Κυβερνήτης;*"

on the reverse, "Scientia lux Mentis."

In the next carriage was most admirably represented a Trial for Witchcraft—the court and its officers in full costume. The Chief Justice, Cotton Mather, Rev. Mr. Burroughs, and other historical characters, the witnesses, &c., were enacted to the life. Dr. Mather was rather surprised on finding himself introduced to the Rev. Mr. Braman, the present pastor of the church at "Salem Village," but with dignity and courtesy he greeted the reverend gentleman, who, on his part, extended a most hearty and cordial salutation, with his wonted humor. The Judge and Mr. Burroughs went through the same ceremony with characteristic gravity.

After this interruption the trial proceeded, the several witnesses, Eleazer Keyson, Samuel Webber, Ann Putnam, and Goodwife Sarah Viber testifying, in the strongest manner, to the guilt of the accused, who was of course convicted, and put under the custody of the Royal Sheriff, whose scarlet coat and official staff rendered him a prominent figure at the trial.

This school is under the care of Mr. A. P. S. Stuart, and forty-two pupils took part in the representations.

School District No. 1 is situated in the south part of the town, joining Salem, with which it is connected by Main Street. In this district is located the Lexington Battle Monument, the Danvers Bank, Methodist Meeting-house, Southwick's large Tannery, and the principal burying-ground, where now rest many of the earliest and most valued citizens of the town. This district was the home of Gen. Foster, the greater part of his life; of Dennison Wallis, Edward Southwick, Squires Shove, William Sutton, Major Sylvester Osborn, Mr. Ward, and Dea. Fitch Poole, Ebenezer Shillaber, and Oliver Saunders, as well as others whose lives of usefulness have done much to give a character of enterprise and worth to Danvers. Some notoriety has been acquired abroad on account of this being the place where Elizabeth Whitman sojourned and died, (better known to romance readers as *Eliza Wharton*,) and pilgrimages are still made to her grave, the mutilated headstone bearing ample evidence of the ravages of these relic-seeking and lovesick votaries.

The schools in this district were under the care of Mr. Thomas B. Hinckley, Miss Sarah H. Burt, and Miss Elizabeth E. Winchester. The number of scholars furnished to the procession was two hundred and ten, one hundred and sixty of whom were dressed in Turkish costume. The boys were attired in blue tunics and white trowsers, with scarfs and turbans, each carrying a glittering scimitar; the girls, in blue waists and white skirts, with Turkish head-dress.

The schools represented in this part of the procession were the Grammar, Wallis, and Primary, each accompanied by its teacher. The order of arrangement was as follows. First came the Grammar school, at the head of which was borne a banner inscribed with the No. of the district to which it belonged, followed at a short distance by another, bearing the Wallis school motto, "Dennison Wallis, our Benefactor." Then came another, with the inscription, "True merit our only claim to distinction." Next came a carriage, thatched with evergreen and decorated with wreaths and flowers, con-

taining "buds of promise" in their holiday dresses, accompanied by their teacher. From the back of this carriage was seen a gentleman of the olden time, who, judging from the expression of his countenance, was evidently regarding, with a troubled mind, the changes wrought in dress and habits of life by the lapse of years. There was also among the pedestrians one old gentleman, who evidently belonged to a former age, and who, though "in the world, was not of the world."

There are three schools in District No. 2, under the care of Mr. E. B. Lear, Miss Sarah A. Osgood, and Miss Lydia A. Tilton. This district comprises what was formerly called Skelton's Neck, afterwards New Mills, and now Danvers Port. It was formerly the residence of Gov. Endicott, and within its bounds the famous old PEAR TREE, which tradition informs us was planted by the Governor, still flourishes, and the fruit of its *third* century is annually plucked by his descendants. Col. Hutchinson, of revolutionary memory, was born in this district. Here is a Post Office and Railroad Station, and two Churches, Baptist and Universalist.

There were one hundred and fifteen pupils from this district, who came in a building which was intended to represent a schoolhouse, and was appropriately trimmed with green branches and various kinds of flowers. It was drawn with its immense load by a noble team of eight gray horses, each bearing on his headstall a miniature American flag. This beautiful team was gratuitously furnished by Mathew Hooper, Esq., an enterprising and public spirited inhabitant of the district.

The girls wore white dresses and millinett hats trimmed with evergreen. The boys had dark jackets, white pants, and palm-leaf hats trimmed with evergreen and flowers. On a banner was inscribed, "SUBSTANCE NOT SHOW."

The school taught by Miss Sophia C. Appleton, in District No. 3, (Putnamville) followed in a carriage drawn by two horses, which were decorated with evergreen and flowers. The carriage was also arched with birch boughs, and bore a banner inscribed, "PUTNAMVILLE, DISTRICT No. 3."

The boys were dressed in blue sacks, white pantaloons, and palm-leaf hats trimmed with evergreen. The girls wore white dresses, with millinett hats, with wreaths of flowers. The whole number of scholars in attendance was thirty-seven. This district is the birthplace of Gen. Moses Porter and Hon. Elias Putnam.

The school in District No. 4, the birthplace of Gen. Israel Putnam, also came in a carriage trimmed with evergreen, and drawn by two horses tastefully decorated. Banners were borne with the following inscriptions:

"OUR KOH-I-NOOR,"
"FROM THE BUSH."

The boys of this school were uniformly dressed in green jackets and palm-leaf hats. The girls also wore palm-leaf hats with wreaths. This school was under the care of Miss Mary A. Wilkins, and forty scholars attended.

The schools in District No. 5, the home of Judge Holten and Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, where is located the Village Meeting-house, and where Rev. Mr. Parris formerly lived, and the Witchcraft delusion originated,

came next in three carriages, which were trimmed with evergreen and arched over with foliage. They were well filled with happy-looking masters and misses, the whole number being eighty-four. The first carriage bore this inscription, "We come from Salem Village;" the second—"Descendants of the Witches," and the third—"The child is father to the man." These schools were attended by their teachers, Miss Sarah F. and Miss Ann Jeanette Emery.

School District No. 6 is in the central part of the town, the former residence of Master Daniel Eppes, and is known as the place where the Royal Governor, Gen. Gage, was encamped with his troops, previous to the Revolutionary war, to overawe the colonists. His head quarters were at the old mansion now standing, called the Collins house.

The school in this district, under the care of Miss Harriet Felton, made a fine appearance. The children connected with it numbered about fifty. First in order came a vehicle containing the boys, who were intended to represent Robin Hood's archers, each boy having in his hand a bow and arrow. Their dress was white pants, green tunics, and straw hats, with a wreath of evergreen. On their banners were the following: In front—

"No. 6. Incorporated Nov. 17, 1800."

In the rear—

"Bend the bow and wing the dart,
Let it reach each foeman's heart;
But the enemy must be
All that's bad in *you* or *me*."

Next came the girls belonging to the school. They were intended to represent Flower Girls. They were dressed in white, with a wreath of flowers around their hats, and each one having a bouquet in her hand. Their carriage was roofed over and densely covered with hemlock boughs and evergreen, interspersed with flowers of every variety and hue. For their motto they had the following: "Flowers are types of innocent childhood."

"Flowers that bloom for a season.
Flowers that bloom forever."

There were also two other vehicles connected with the district,—one contained some of the older girls dressed partly in antique style; the other was a very ancient sleigh, owned by one of the inhabitants of the district, in which were four girls dressed in ancient costume. Dresses of brocade silk and damask, high-heeled shoes, bonnets of ancient style, and a beaver hat ornamented with plumes, comprised a part of their attire. As it was the custom of the original owner of the sleigh to have a black servant for a driver, they procured one of the same race for their driver, an old horse, an ancient string of bells, &c., were all intended to represent a *sleigh-ride* in 1752.

The school in District No. 8, the place where Gen. Foster spent the last part of his life and where he died, was represented by sixty scholars, who attracted much attention from their lively and animated appearance, the magnitude of their carriage, and the novelty of its team. The carriage was of great size, arched with birch trees, and trimmed with evergreens and flowers, the sides being festooned with oak leaves. A banner, trimmed with evergreen and roses, with the

name of the district, was borne at each end of the carriage, one of which had the following inscriptions:—

"*I can't*"—never accomplished anything.

"I'LL TRY"—has done wonders.

INDUSTRY.

On the other banner were the following:—

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

STRIVE TO IMPROVE.

PATIENCE. PERSEVERANCE.

The carriage was drawn by a team of six pair of fine looking oxen, which were well managed by their young drivers. The cattle were gaily decorated with miniature flags, evergreens and flowers.

The scholars were uniformly dressed; the boys in brown linen sacks and blue sashes, straw hats trimmed with blue ribbon, and white pantaloons. The girls wore blue waists, white skirts, and white pasteboard hats, trimmed with wreaths of flowers. The merry voices of these young people were often heard from their leafy bower, in lively cheers and jocund school songs, as they were drawn through the streets.

This school is under the charge of Mr. W. F. Gile.

From District No. 10, in West Danvers, under the care of Miss Harriette Proctor, the number of scholars that joined the procession was fifty-seven, riding in three carriages, trimmed with evergreen, and drawn by two horses each. They were escorted to South Danvers by a cavalcade, consisting of about twenty young men, uniformly dressed in Kossuth hats and white pants, former members of the school. The first carriage contained the boys composing the school, wearing hats and epaulettes made of evergreen and roses, with scarlet sashes, accompanied by two of the descendants of the Salem Witches, attired in a costume of by-gone days. On the banner borne by these lads was the following inscription:—"COMMON SCHOOLS. THE TREE OUR FATHERS PLANTED WE WILL NOURISH AND PROTECT."

In the next carriage were twelve little boys and girls, dressed in white, accompanied by their teacher, wearing wreaths of roses, with bouquets in their hands. The carriage bore the motto—"FLOWERS ARE THE ALPHABET OF ANGELS."

In the last, came the girls of the school, with dresses of white, pink hats and jackets, each carrying a fancy flower basket, and singing on the route a variety of school songs. Their banner was a representation of a rainbow. Underneath was the following:—

"The rainbow promise gives
That future years shall brighter be."

The whole number of scholars in the procession from District No. 11, was one hundred and seventy. There are in this district three schools, Primary, Intermediate and Grammar. The boys of these schools, numbering about ninety, were dressed in the Grecian costume, consisting of a white frock with a black belt, a toga or cape, fastened at both shoulders, and extending to, and fastened around, the wrist of the right arm; long white hose; low shoes; and a blue cap, of conical form, the upper part hanging upon the right side of the head. The girls' dress consisted of a white waist and skirt, and a white hat

adorned with wreaths. In front of the Greeks, were two scholars representing, in costume, ancient and modern physicians In the centre of the Greeks of the Grammar School was a group of Highlanders. The scholars of this school bore a banner, upon the folds of which was inscribed, "Knowledge is power"; the Highlanders one, with the motto, "Scotland! there is music in the sound"; and the Intermediate had for their motto, written partially in hieroglyphics, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Between the boys and girls was a carriage with a platform, upon which Hydropathy was represented. This carriage was tastefully ornamented with wreaths and flowers, and bore on each side the words, "Give me Niagara and I will cure the world." The care and adroitness which the Doctor manifested in wrapping up his patient, convinced the multitude that he was skilled in the science which he represented.

A second carriage contained a representation of the Spiritual Rappings. Upon the platform was a stand, from which an iron rod passed to a boy underneath, who worked the stand agreeably to signals given by the operator on the top. Upon each side of this carriage was inscribed, "Modern Witchcraft; call and investigate."

In the rear of the Grammar and Intermediate, was the Primary School, drawn in a truly splendid carriage, having seats arranged in the form of a pyramid. From the centre of the upper seat arose a tree, which was rendered truly beautiful by being adorned with roses. The motto, "We are a happy band," appeared among its branches.

There are four teachers employed in these schools. Charles E. Bradford, teacher of the Grammar School; Miss Sarah Safford, assistant teacher of the Grammar School; Miss Julia A. Page, teacher of the Intermediate School; Miss Catherine L. Wiswell, teacher of the Primary School.

This school district is situated in the south part of the town, which was formerly called Brooksby, and afterwards the Middle Precinct. Here is the principal Post Office, Hotel, Warren Bank, the large Bleachery, and extensive Glue Works of Walker & Upton, the Peabody High School, and four of the five churches of South Danvers. Here also is the junction of the South Reading, the Essex, and the Lowell Railroads, and their several Stations.

This district was the residence and birth place of Zachary King, and his numerous descendants, among whom was Hon. Daniel P. King. It was also the birth place of Gen. Gideon Foster, and George Peabody, now of London. It was the residence of Rev. Mr. Holt; and the school was formerly taught by Master Benjamin Gile, the teacher so much celebrated for his eccentricities, as well as his excellencies, and who caused to be inscribed the following words on his grave stone, as his most honorable epitaph :—

"I TAUGHT LITTLE CHILDREN TO READ."

District No. 12 came next, and presented more variety, and evidences of at least as great taste and ingenuity, as any which preceded it. Great credit is due to the principal teacher, Miss A. J. DeMerritt, and to those spirited inhabitants of the district who assisted in the preparations, for the beauty and variety of their part of the show. It

was in this district that some of the youthful days of the Philosopher Dr. Bowditch were passed, and the house where he lived is still standing. Rev. Daniel Poor, D. D., Missionary to Ceylon, was also born here. Here is the Monumental Cemetery, and the spot long known as the "Pine Tree," a famous landmark in ancient times.

There were one hundred and twenty in the procession, who were led off by a gentleman, in full attire of a Hussar, with two military attendants. Then came a Potter, manufacturing the *Danvers China-Ware* as he passed along. After him came the brave Minutemen of 1775, Capt. Foster as their leader, all being dressed in the costume of '75. The minutemen were followed by a Quaker and Quakeress of one hundred and twenty years ago; also five young ladies and a young gentleman, in costume from one hundred to four hundred years standing.

Next came a representation of Dr. Bowditch, in a vessel, with his globes, quadrant, sextant and compass, with four naval officers,—a banner, on one side of which was painted the cottage of Dr. Bowditch, with these words, "THE HOME OF BOWDITCH." On the opposite side, "HE WHO HAS ADDED LAURELS OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH TO HIS TOWN OR COUNTRY, DESERVES TO BE GRATEFULLY REMEMBERED."

Old Dr. Parr and his Lady, in an ancient chaise, were represented, and both bore marks of extreme old age. Next came a banner, borne by three lads in Italian costume, with this inscription:—

"From the clime of song and sun,
From the banks of Arno's river,
Italia's fair daughters we come,
With Floral offerings hither."

Following the banner were fourteen young misses, as Italian Flower Girls, dressed in white muslin, with baskets of flowers on their heads, singing as they passed along. A pony and chaise, with a miniature man, in costume of olden time, with two young misses.

Then followed a Turkish tent or harem, with the grand Sultan and his family, which consisted of four wives and eight children, in the full dress of the in-door costume; the Sultan quietly enjoying a smoke from his chibouk as he passed along, while his wives were as happily engaged with the smaller Turkish pipes.

Three carriages were decorated with evergreens, flowers and banners, in which were placed the floral procession.

There was also a large carriage, in which were represented the mothers and daughters of a century ago. One was spinning—another combing flax—another carding—one at the foot-wheel—another mending—one reeling yarn—another knitting—all in ancient costume, with furniture of ancient date. This was the fourth scene in the procession.

It was a source of much regret that the services of the junior teacher, Miss Lucy A. Colby, could not be commanded, on account of ill health. Her heart was, however, so much in the undertaking, that her fine poetical talent was put in requisition, and in her sickness she dictated to an amanuensis an *original hymn*, which was sung by her pupils in the procession.

The principal school in District No. 13 is under the management of Mr. A. G. Webster. The whole number of scholars connected with the school under his charge was fifty-six, only forty-six of whom appeared in the procession. The costume worn by the young ladies consisted of a white dress, green sash, and foundation muslin hats, broad rims, trimmed with a wreath of evergreen, resting on the rim and nearly concealing the crown. That of the young gentlemen was white pantaloons, dark cloth spencers, and cloth caps, surrounded with a wreath of oak leaves. The carriage was drawn by a pair of gray horses, and was very neatly trimmed with small trees and branches, slightly arched at the top; they were placed about fifteen inches apart on the sides, and the branches were woven together near the top in the form of an arch, between each upright, all of which were very neatly interwoven with evergreen and studded with roses. In front of the carriage, and elevated above it, a banner was suspended, bearing the inscription, "No. 13 GRAMMAR SCHOOL." In the rear of it, a small national flag was suspended from a staff.

The Intermediate School, Miss Martha C. Putnam, teacher, appeared with forty scholars. The carriage was trimmed with evergreen, and drawn by two horses. The girls were dressed in white, with white muslin hats.

The Primary School, Miss Harriet M. Putnam, teacher, with twenty-nine scholars. The carriage was similar to that of the Intermediate School.

Both schools carried banners, designating the number of the district and name of the school.

This district is in North Danvers, and in the centre of the principal village called the "Plains." Here is a Post Office, Hotel, the Third Congregational Church, the Village Bank, and the Holten High School. The Walnut Grove Cemetery, a beautiful and romantic spot, is on its borders. This district is the present residence of Hon. Judge Samuel Putnam, and was the former residence of the late Hon. Elias Putnam, to whose sagacity, public spirit and energy, this village owes much of its prosperity. It was also the residence of Col. Jeremiah Page, and others who have done much for the credit and honor of their town and village.

Last in this division of the procession appeared the children of No. 14. This district is in the flourishing village of Tapleyville, the seat of Mr. Gilbert Tapley's extensive Carpet Factory, and a Post Office. The girls were tastefully arrayed in blue tunics, Gypsey hats, and white dresses, and the boys in straw hats and white pants, numbering about one hundred and twenty. They were seated upon a showy and somewhat unique carriage, built in the form of a cone, of which the base, or lower tier of seats, was about 16 feet across. Above this, arose four other tiers, surmounted by a circular platform, upon which two of the larger boys were stationed, at an elevation of about sixteen feet from the ground, supporting a splendid banner, on one side of which was the inscription, "Tapleyville, No. 14"; and on the other, the device of a budding rose tree, with the motto, "FIRST THE BUD, AND THEN THE BLOSSOM."

The carriage was carpeted throughout, by the generosity of the

gentlemanly proprietor of the carpet establishment in this vicinity, which added much to its comfort and adornings; while the miniature banners, that floated in the breeze, the music, that lent its cheering inspiration, and the myriad of happy faces, that adorned the car, seemed strikingly illustrative of one of the mottoes with which it was inscribed, "THE GOOD TIME HAS COME, BOYS"; and the appropriateness of another, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL," was readily appreciated by all who "were there to see."

The two rural districts, No. 7 and No. 9, were not represented in the procession. They are situated in the west part of the town, the former having been the residence of the late Hon. Daniel P. King, and Giles Corey, of Witchcraft memory. In a remote corner of this territory and partly in No. 9, is that romantic region known as the "Devil's Dishful," and on a stream flowing through it from Humphrey's Pond, is a large manufactory of hosiery and woolen goods. No. 9 is the least populous district in town, and joins Lynnfield. Its territory is level and the scenery pleasant. It borders on that beautiful sheet of water formerly called Humphrey's Pond, but more recently "Suntaug Lake," about half of which belongs to Lynnfield.

After the Public Schools, came a gay-looking chariot, called "Lady Essex," containing about fifty young misses, the pupils of the Private Schools of Miss Sarah B. Peirce and Miss Mary Ann Chase, both of which are located in District No. 1.

The young ladies of the former school wore green hats with wreaths, white dresses and green sashes. Those of the latter, wore white hats with wreaths, white dresses and pink sacks.

Their vehicle, which was built for the accommodation of large sleighing parties, made an elegant and imposing appearance, mounted on wheels, and drawn by a fine team of six black horses.

Next after the schools, came a Cavalcade of Young Men, well mounted, under the direction of the following Marshals:

WALTER S. FAIRFIELD, Chief Marshal.
FRANCIS A. OSBORN and JOSEPH JACOBS, Jr., Aids.
Assistant Marshals.

THOMAS E. PROCTOR,	OSCAR PHILLIPS,
EBEN. SUTTON, Jr.,	CHARLES C. POOR,

NATH'L P. SYMONDS, Jr.

A second Cavalcade of nearly 300 horsemen, led by the Mounted Band of the Boston Lancers, terminated the grand programme of the pageant. This Cavalcade was under the marshalship of the following gentlemen:

FRANCIS DANE, Esq., Chief Marshal.
JOS. S. HODGKINS, and WM. J. C. KENNEY, Aids.
Assistant Marshals.

JOS. F. DANE,	C. A. GARDINER,
WM. A. DODGE,	HENRY C. POOR,
JOHN A. LORD,	H. O. WILEY,
CHARLES PAGE,	D. C. TIBBETTS,

GEORGE PRESCOTT.

After great exertions on the part of the Chief Marshal and his assistants, the streets were so far cleared of the multitude of people and vehicles, that the procession was put in motion. Moving down Main street, it countermarched at the Salem line, near the Great Tree, and on its return passed through Holten street, at the junction of which with Aborn street, it passed under a noble triumphal arch. Passing Aborn street into Washington street, it went through another beautiful arch, thrown over the latter street near the residence of David Elwell, Esq., and continued to the Monument, which was tastefully dressed with flags, and then passing up Main street, turned into Central street, marching the whole length of it, and countermarching, reached the Old South Church about noon. The School procession here turned up Lowell street, under direction of their marshals, and proceeded to a large tent provided for their accommodation. The remainder of the procession entered the Church, where the address was to be delivered.

The Church being filled and the assembly quieted, the exercises took place in the following order, viz. :

1. Voluntary on the Organ.
2. Invocation, by Rev. James W. Putnam.
3. Anthem.
4. Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. James Fletcher.
5. Prayer, by Rev. Israel P. Putnam, of Middleborough.
6. Original Hymn, by F. Poole.

Father ! to Thee we raise
Our hymn of grateful praise
In long arrears !
We sing thy blessings sown,
In all our pathway strewn,
And ev'ry kindness shewn
These Hundred Years.

Where once the Indian trod,
The House to worship God
Its altar rears :
We at its shrine appear,
Whose Fathers worshipped here,
In faith and holy fear,
These Hundred Years.

Upon this native soil
Our fathers erst did toil
In hopes and fears :
We love their pleasant vales,
The hill sides and the dales,
The legends and the tales,
These Hundred Years.

We love our verdant hills,
The gently rippling rills
Delight our ears ;

We love the blood that runs
In veins of noble ones,
The Fathers and the Sons;
These Hundred Years.

How many a stricken heart
Has felt Death's keenest dart
With bitter tears!
In his cold arms have slept
The friends our hearts have kept,
The loved ones fondest wept,
These Hundred Years—

Oh, God! we know how brief
Our life of joy or grief
To Thee appears.
Compared with Thy FOREVER!
How short the space we sever,
To be recovered never!
—A Hundred Years.

Our Father! may thine hand
Still bless the beauteous land
Our love endears—
In falling—pray restore us,
In blessings hover o'er us,
Make glad our path before us,
A Hundred Years.

7. ADDRESS, by John W. Proctor.
8. MUSIC, by the Band.
9. POEM, by Andrew Nichols.
10. PSALM, selected from a collection in use 100 years ago, "Faithfully translated into **English Metre**; For the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints in Publick and Private, especially in *New England*."

PSALM LXVII.

To the Musician, Neginoth. *A Psalm or Song.*

GOD gracious be to us, and give
His blessing us unto;
Let him upon us make to shine
His countenance also. Selah.
2 That there may be the knowledge of
Thy way the earth upon:
And also of thy saving health
In every nation.

3 O God let thee the people praise,
Let people all praise thee;
4 O let the nations rejoyce,
And glad O let them be.

For judgment thou with righteousness
Shall give thy folk unto;
The nations that are on the earth,
Thou shalt them lead also.

5 O God, let thee the people praise,
Let people all praise thee,
6 Her fruit abundant by the earth
Shall then forth yielded be.
7 God ev'n our own God shall us bless,
God bless us surely shall:
And of the earth the utmost coasts
They shall him reverence all.

11. Prayer, by Rev. F. A. Willard.
12. Old Hundred—sung by the whole congregation.
13. Benediction.

The extreme and oppressive heat of the weather and the lateness of the hour, (nearly 3 o'clock,) rendered it expedient, in the opinion of the Committee of Arrangements, to omit a part of the Address, which had already occupied about an hour and three quarters.

The Poem of Dr. Nichols was also omitted. This was a subject of general regret, and the inhabitants subsequently, at a full town meeting, unanimously and with much enthusiasm requested Dr. Nichols to read his poem publicly, at some convenient time. To this request he kindly acceded, and the poem was accordingly delivered by him, at the Universalist Church in the South Parish, to a large and highly interested audience.

The vocal music at the Church was of a very high order, being performed by a large and efficient choir of nearly two hundred voices, under the direction of Mr. Benj. Lang.

After the conclusion of the exercises at the Church, the procession of ticket holders to the Dinner was formed, and proceeded to a large canvas pavilion, which was erected on the Crowninshield estate, in a fine airy position, near Buxton's Hill. This spot was kindly tendered to the use of the Committee by Hon. F. B. Crowninshield.

EXERCISES AT THE TABLE.

The procession, which had entered the pavilion under escort of the Military and Firemen, soon occupied the tables, which had been spread for 1200 persons. After the guests had taken their places, the fact was formally announced by the Chief Marshal to the President of the day, Rev. MILTON P. BRAMAN. The President then called upon the Chaplain, Rev. Israel W. Putnam, of Middleborough, a native citizen of Danvers, who invoked a blessing.

The feast of good things on the table having ended, the intellectual repast* was commenced by the President, whose introductory remarks

* The speeches at the table are not given in the precise order in which they were delivered, and in some instances remarks, intended to be made, have been furnished at the request of the Committee, by guests who were prevented from speaking by want of time.

were exceedingly brilliant and happy, and were received with great enthusiasm. To be fully appreciated they should have been heard.

After calling the assembly to order, Mr. BRAMAN said :

The inhabitants of Danvers have, for a considerable period, looked forward to this day with pleasant anticipations ; and as the time approached and they became more engaged in preparation for the event, it acquired in their view a more absorbing interest. It is the first Centennial which Danvers has witnessed ; it is the last which the present inhabitants will be permitted to enjoy. They have not spared pains to contribute to the interest of the occasion. They are anxious that it should gratify all whose hearts beat with emotions of regard for their native town, and all who have been pleased to assemble from other places to unite with them in the entertainments of the day. They hope that it will be long remembered by those in younger life with pleasure and benefit ; and that those who are now children and youth, when they shall become old, shall revert to it as one of the bright spots of their early years.

Allow me to congratulate the assembly, on this beautiful and brilliant June day, on the interesting exhibition which has been witnessed ; on the instructive performance to which we have listened in the house of worship. Permit me to extend a cordial greeting to numerous strangers who have honored us with their presence, and to thank those distinguished visiters who have so kindly responded to our invitations, and from whom we expect such rich additions to the pleasures and advantages of the celebration. When men high in office and eminent for talent are willing to turn aside from public and important engagements to afford their presence and speak words of wisdom and sympathy on such occasions, they are not acting inappropriately to their distinguished position in the community. It is one of the ways in which they may very much promote the public, patriotic and useful ends for which talent and station are conferred upon them.

The importance of such celebrations can hardly be overrated. They tend to supply materials for the general history of the country. The history of a nation is the collected result of the account of its several component parts ; and the more minute and graphic the delineation of the incidents which compose them, the wider basis they afford for general history, and the more freshness, spirit and fidelity do they breathe into its pages. What is it that gives Macaulay's history so much of its wonderful fascination and value ? It is not merely the brilliant and glowing style with which he clothes his ideas, but the industry with which he has explored ancient and local records, and transferred their smallest details to his own narrative ; the manner in which he has caught the spirit of the times on which he writes, and reflected their very "form and pressure." He has reproduced the past by the clearest illustrations, and caused its characters and transactions to pass before us as in dramatic representation. He is greatly indebted to such records as correspond with those productions which owe their origin to our centennial occasions. So are all good historians. Many years ago, the library of a celebrated German Professor was procured for Harvard University. He had been employed on a history of the

United States, which was left unfinished at his death. With German industry he had made a large collection of American authorities to assist him in his work. I have seen in that library centennial discourses of some of the most inconsiderable towns of New England; discourses in the form of old sermons, *smoked* and *dried*, as if the better to preserve the facts which they contained.

It has been the fault of general histories that they have been *too general*. They have been too formal, stately, grave. They have not descended enough among facts of less notoriety and magnitude. They have not gone down into the depths of private life, and "caught the manners living as they rise." They have therefore been less faithful representations of past ages, and much less extensively read.

We want occasions that shall give birth to such performances as those to which I have alluded. They turn the attention of municipalities to their own history. They seize facts that are passing into oblivion. They transcribe recollections of those aged persons whose memories will soon cease to retain their impressions. The history of New England has been greatly enriched by these commemorations. They realize a grand idea of Political Economy—the subdivision of labor. Towns, districts, and individuals are employed in collecting materials. It requires time, industry and research to prepare historical notices of quite limited subjects. To recover ancient dates, to obtain an exact statement of facts long since transpired, to gather up from various sources the detached and scattered items that belong to any one topic, is a work of plodding toil. I recently asked Mr. Savage whether he had completed his preparation of a new edition of Farmer's Genealogy, a work of three or four hundred pages, which I knew he had been engaged some time in revising. "Oh no," he replied, "it is only seven years since I began."

"History," it has been said, "is philosophy teaching by example." *Our* history is much more than that. It is Christianity teaching by example. It is the theory of the Rights of Conscience teaching by example. It is high-souled Patriotism teaching by example. It is the idea of Social Advancement teaching by example. It is the spirit of Republican Liberty and Equality teaching by example. It is the theory of an approaching day of Millennial Happiness and Glory for the race teaching by example.

With the exception of the history of revealed religion and the introduction of Christianity, ours is the most important and encouraging that ever unrolled its pages to the eyes of oppressed and suffering humanity. It holds out the light of hope to every other nation under heaven; it is to the political world what a sun rising in the West would be to the natural world, before which the light of the present sun should grow dim, and whose broad disk should fill the concave of the heavens.

The history of this town has its importance and interest as a portion of that of New England. It is connected with the earlier history of Massachusetts, and with that great struggle by which our Independence was achieved. We believe that the inhabitants have not lost those traits which distinguished their ancestry; that some of the old Puritan love of religion and religious liberty lingers here; that the same patriotic blood flows in their veins which was poured out so freely in the

first and subsequent battles of the Revolution ; and, if ever they should be called again to vindicate their liberties, the young men would go forth with as much courage and alacrity, to engage in mortal strife, as those whose names are perpetuated by yonder monumental granite.

We hope that as the citizens of the town turn their eyes more intently upon their history, and commune with the spirits of their religious and heroic fathers, they will catch a new inspiration, and that they will attach themselves, more firmly than ever, to those institutions and elements of strength, which have given them their New England character and prosperity.

The town has not grown so rapidly as some others in the Commonwealth ; but it has gone forward with a steady, quiet, vigorous growth, till it stands among the most considerable towns in the State. Our motto is, "*Onward.*" We have an appropriate name, whose signification is indicative of progress.

The name Danvers is compounded of the two words "De" and "Anvers." We have been informed to-day of the origin of the application. I have had a curiosity to ascertain the meaning of the term. It is well known to many that Anvers is the French pronunciation of Antwerp, a once flourishing city of Netherlands, and still possessing magnitude and importance. By the kind assistance of Mr. Sibley, the Assistant Librarian of Harvard, I have been directed to an old geographical folio, in which the signification of the name is discussed. The opinion of the most judicious antiquarians is there stated. Aenwerp, from which Antwerp is derived, is an old Flemish word denoting addition, accession, progress. The waters of the river Scheldt, on whose banks it is situated, carried down a large quantity of alluvial material, which they deposited on the site of Antwerp, and laid the foundation of the city. The soil on which it stands is *added* to the natural soil—thence the name. It was applied to us with a kind of prophetic intimation. We accept it as our motto, and as indicative of our condition. Addition,—gradual, steady addition,—like the deposits which a river makes of the soil which is diffused through its waters,—a rich addition, as all alluvial soil is known to be. Addition to our agricultural resources,—addition to arts and trade,—progress in resources, wealth, industry, enterprise, virtue, humanity, the spirit and principles of religion, and every element that contributes to elevate, adorn, and bless a Town, State, and Nation. The river of our prosperity, which flows down from the past, continues to make its constant, silent deposit of the selectest materials, enlarging, deepening, enriching the foundations on which we hope to stand till the end of time.

There is one respect in which we claim not only to have made a great advance, but to stand before the age.

I refer to the great subject of Demonology and spiritual communications. Whatever there is in spiritual manifestations, either by rapping or turning over tables, that is supposed to indicate progress in this world or the other, *we* can exhibit an account of phenomena which surpass them all. We are a hundred and sixty years in advance of all these manifestations. The people of "Salem Village" had communications with spirits in 1692, and, according to received accounts, spirits much more powerful than indicate their presence now. They could not only

rap floors and ceilings, but rap shoulders and knuckles, and inflict the most grievous wounds. They could not only turn over tables, but fly through the air without wings. The people of Danvers have had such spiritual wonders passing among them that they have little or no taste for these modern exhibitions. They look down upon them as inferior imitations. Their reputation is so high in these matters, and their point of progress so far ahead, that they can afford to stand still and wait for the age to come up. But you may be assured that if ever they should see fit to take up this subject again, they will throw every thing that now appears into the shade. They will exhibit spirits which will not only turn over tables, but will capsize the White Mountains, and rap loud enough to be heard across the Atlantic. They hope that they shall not be unduly pressed to make developments in reference to this matter; but if they are driven to extremities, and called upon to vindicate their equality to the progress of the age, they will not shrink from the effort, and will throw all the glory of the age into the shade, by reason of the "glory that excelleth."

They have the means of doing this, of which the public are not generally aware. On the grounds which I occupy, stood, formerly, the house of Rev. Mr. Parris, in which Salem Witchcraft commenced. There is a rose-bush which stood in the garden, or front yard connected with the house, and which I think grew there in 1692. And my reason for the belief is that it gives evidence of being possessed of extraordinary powers of vitality. It has been cut down by the scythe in all stages of the moon, and when the signs of the almanac were all right; it has been repeatedly ploughed up; but it will live on—it grows as vigorously and blooms as beautifully as ever. I have no doubt that it is bewitched—that is, as much bewitched as any person or thing ever was bewitched. I had cut off a slip which I intended to exhibit, but unfortunately have lost it. The audience need not have been afraid of it; I am not a *medium*, and have no means of calling its latent virtue into action. The bush I suppose to be a reservoir of witch fluid, which the inhabitants have only to find means to bring into operation, to make such awful demonstrations as would surpass all former fame. They have no mischievous designs at present, but will be ready to put down all rival pretensions when the exigency requires it. In the meantime, instead of making any further progress in demonology, they will turn their attention to more earthly matters.

On this occasion, which closes the first century of our municipal existence, it is natural to recur to what has transpired within that period. It is among the most eventful centuries which have elapsed. When this portion of Salem was made a district, Washington was only twenty years of age, and has acquired all his transcendent and immortal fame since that period. The man who wrote the Declaration of Independence was a lad still younger. Scarcely more thought was entertained of being severed from the mother country and living under this republican government, than now exists in China that that country, in twenty or thirty years, will adopt our political institutions. What a vast change has taken place in the country and world! The century on which we have entered will witness still greater changes. American Republicanism will have diffused itself over Europe. Republics will line the whole coast of dark and degraded Africa. Our ideas and

institutions will have penetrated the depths of Asia. This town will probably be a populous city, sending up its numerous spires to the heavens, and having streets crowded with a busy population.

As we take leave of this day, we look forward with hope, not unmingled with solicitude, to the future. We bequeath to the generations following, of this century, a precious inheritance. We bequeath to them a soil devoted to God by prayer, and baptized into the name of Liberty by Revolutionary blood; and charge them never to alienate from its high consecration. We bequeath to them the graves and memory of most worthy men, whose characters we hope they will ever respect, and whose virtues we trust they will copy. We bequeath to them a religion whose spirit we pray that they may ever cherish, and principles of liberty which we hope will ever burn with unquenchable ardor in their hearts. We bequeath to them homes, which we desire may continue to be adorned with domestic virtue and the richest sources of peace. We bequeath to them habits of industry, love of order, attachment to temperance, privileges and institutions which we implore that they may preserve and perfect with the greatest care. We hope that when the morning of June 16, 1952, shall dawn upon this town, it shall illuminate a religious, free, intelligent, improved, prosperous, happy people.

The first regular sentiment was then announced as follows:—

His Excellency the Governor—Honorably known for the interest he has taken in our Revolutionary history. We hail his presence here as a testimony of his appreciation of the part taken by Danvers in that great struggle for Constitutional Liberty.

Governor BOUTWELL responded substantially in the following terms:

Mr. President:—It is true that I have come here to take an humble part in commemorating the services of your Revolutionary ancestors; and the noble character they bore in the great struggle for freedom, is worthy of all the festivities and pageantry of this occasion.

But it is not to those services only, and the emotions they inspire, that these moments are dedicated. We are carried to Colonial and Provincial times, and remember that a Republic was founded at noonday, in the sight of the world. Uncertain history traces the Roman Empire to a band of robbers, while human knowledge seeks in vain for the origin of the institutions of Great Britian. How fortunate the contrast which America presents! Our humble origin, our slow, but sure progress, as well as present power, all are known. There is neither uncertainty nor mystery in American history.

These municipal anniversaries are important. The orator and poet may preserve minute, though well authenticated, facts, and treasure traditions, which will give life and intelligence to the historian's page.

Each day has its history. All of us help to give character to our day, and are therefore responsible for that character. So of a town. Each of our more than three hundred towns has its history. From the lives and opinions of individual men comes the history of towns; and from the lives and opinions of individual men, combined with our municipal annals, comes the history of states and the nation.

It is not a mistake that we judge a town by its leading or notable men. If a community has produced men of talents, courage, or learning, it is not an idle delusion in the public mind which gives prominence to that fact. We cannot but receive the idea of representative men. Eminent statesmen, orators, warriors and philosophers, are only the leading statesmen, orators, warriors and philosophers of the communities in which they dwell. The native nobility of one man is some evidence of the general, even though inferior, nobility of the race to which he belongs. Many generations and many men contributed to the creation of one Shakspeare; and the fame of one Shakspeare immortalizes a nation. Washington represented the heart, and illustrated the principles, of the American people. It would not be too much to say that he was indebted to his country, and therefore his countrymen may well share the immortality of his name and character.

It is in this view that I have listened to your story of the deeds of the heroic men of Danvers and of the County of Essex. First of all, the fame of those deeds is yours, citizens of Danvers and of Essex; but beyond your claim, though not superior to it, that fame belongs to Massachusetts and to the country. The value of a deed of heroism or patriotism, or of a progressive step in learning or civilization, is local and peculiar at the same time that it is universal and indivisible. When, therefore, you unfold the character of Foster, or narrate the services of Putnam, you speak to us even who are citizens of other counties. But you are not, I take it, confined to the present limits of your town. As Danvers was once Salem, so Salem, for all time, must contribute to the just renown of Danvers. You have an equal interest in Endicott, whose unostentatious worth was appreciated by the whole colony. In the Higginsons, of three generations, whose piety, patriotism, and learning, identified their names with the history of Massachusetts. In William Hathorne, who seemed fitted for every position, either in the council, field, or church. In the Brownes, who were liberal men, and contributed to the college at Cambridge.

But, gentlemen of Danvers, your claim to the public spirit and courage of the one hundred men who marched to the line of danger on the 19th of April, 1775, is first, but not exclusive. So the value you attach to the fact that Putnam was a native of Danvers, arises from the consideration that a republic is jealous of any exclusive appropriation of his bold patriotism and generous recklessness of danger.

In modern times, also, the County of Essex has produced many distinguished men. This occasion, I think, will permit an allusion to two, whose acquaintance I enjoyed. I speak of Mr. King, of Danvers, and Mr. Saltonstall, of Salem. Mr. King was better known to you than to me; but I knew him enough to appreciate the integrity of his character, and his conscientious discharge of the duties of private and public life.

I knew Mr. Saltonstall in the last months—I cannot say years—of his existence. But, sir, I knew him enough to admire and respect the bland simplicity and elegant purity of his life and conversation; and all who knew him appreciated the kind qualities of his heart, to which were added a high order of talents and reputable learning. In

the closing moments of his life, I doubt not he was sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, and approached his grave

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The men and the generations of whom we have heard to-day have passed away. Their deeds live and act—but they rest from their labors.

For you, however, there is a future as well as a past. From 1754 to 1850, your population has increased from less than eighteen hundred to more than eight thousand souls. Production and trade have increased in a greater ratio even.

But let us contemplate, sir, if we can, the condition of this town an hundred years hence, when its inhabitants shall meet to review the deeds of Putnam, Foster, and their associates! They will dwell in a city of thirty, forty, or even fifty thousand people. Salem will contain at least an hundred thousand souls. Great changes will they recount. Great deeds will they narrate. The list of eminent men will be lengthened—nobly lengthened.

And, O, our country, what shall then be thy condition and fate? No harm shall come to thee. Thy flag shall then, as now, wave over the most distant seas, and thy power be respected by the rudest people. Thy territory shall not be limited, but extended; the Union, taking root more and more firmly in the hearts of the people, shall promise immortality; while noble cities upon our oceans, lakes, and majestic rivers, shall rival in population, business and wealth, the most prosperous of ancient or modern times.

In faith let us believe that all then will be well; that the stars and stripes of our national ensign will wave over a free, happy and united people; that liberty to all men will be given and enjoyed; that our commerce will be protected on every sea; and, finally, that one hundred years hence witnesses may be present to testify that America and Americans have not degenerated.

Governor Boutwell concluded with the following sentiment:

The Onward Prosperity of Danvers—May the next Centennial Celebration be enjoyed by a people as richly blessed as the present, and as justly proud of their ancestors.

The second regular toast was in honor of Gov. John Endicott, and his descendants. It was eloquently responded to by WM. C. ENDICOTT, Esq., of Salem, as follows:

Mr. President:—I regret that the sentiment you have proposed should not be answered by some one more worthy than myself. For he who would represent the presence of the great and influential of their time, should have something more than their name to entitle him to respond to their praises.

Old John Endicott is not represented here by any, who have a fame of their own that can claim fellowship with his; and I rise merely to acknowledge the honor you have done his memory by the sentiment you have proposed.

This, sir, is peculiarly a Danvers festival. All the associations of the past and the present, all the history and the incidents of two hundred years, are gathered here to-day; and here, too, are collected, from all parts of our wide-spread land, those who claim a parentage within your fair borders, and those who feel a deep interest in the place and in the people. In the latter class I must rank myself. But, sir, though I cannot reckon it among the accidents of my life to have been born upon your soil, still there is many a tie that places it next in my affections to the spot of my birth; it was here that much of my boyhood was passed. I know every farm-house upon your hill-sides, and every road upon your surface; and amid the sea of faces around me, there are many whose genial lineaments were impressed upon my memory by a thousand little kindnesses, when memory was most impressible. For two centuries my fathers tilled your soil, and beneath it their bones are buried. I claim therefore, sir, if not *of* you, that I am *with* you to-day in interest and feeling.

John Endicott was the first landholder of Danvers. Under a colonial grant in 1632, he took possession of a portion of your soil.

You stated, sir, in your opening address, that the growth of Danvers, during two hundred years, had not been rapid. But, sir, if that stern old Puritan could stand here to-day, and look back through the years that are past, tracing each wave of progress as it has swept over the land, from the time when he rocked Danvers in a cradle, to to-day the fulfilment of its manhood, more, vastly more than his hoping heart ever dared to dream of, would such a vision realize. He would recall it, as he knew it, waving with the original forest, with here and there the sparse and scattered clearing, where the sturdy settler was subduing the wilderness, and making the earth tributary to his wants;—and he would see it, to-day, the home of a numerous, prosperous, and happy people, pouring their active and intelligent industry through all the channels of the useful arts, and celebrating here, with so much thankfulness and joy, the hour of their nativity. The churches that dot your surface would remind him that the great cause of religious liberty,—the great interest of a devout religion, for the better establishment and the lasting maintenance of which he crossed the sea, is as dear to the hearts of the people now as then. And the schoolhouses at every corner, and the bright and joyous throng of public school children gathered here, would tell him, that the system first suggested by himself in 1641, to educate the children of the state from the treasury of the state, is now the established principle of the land. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the results of that system; every one within the sound of my voice has probably been the recipient of its bounty, and feels to-day its influence upon himself.

And such, Mr. President, as he would see Danvers to-day, he would see all the little republics that have sprung from the Puritan stock. The change has been a mighty one for the work of but two centuries, and the brain grows giddy as we strive to estimate the changes of the next. That it has been so mighty, we owe it to the Puritans with all their faults, and to those wise principles of government, morals, religion and law, which they brought here. The start was a good one, the foundation was a strong one,—and if the race be feeble, and the

superstructure weak, ours is the fault. Almost with a divine prescience, they laid the foundations of the state to withstand the shock of ages, as if they knew what a mighty structure was to be reared upon them in the coming time, which would gather within its walls the fugitives from all lands.

Their principles, I trust, are with us still. They recognized no ambition as worthy, but that which ministered to the general welfare; they aimed at the useful alone; they discarded forms, and rites, and ceremonies; they regarded religion not as mystery, but as a reality; they thought all men equal, and recognized no superior but their God. They left no memorials of their greatness carved in marble, or painted on canvas; they reared no temples and no palaces, nor did they seek to revive here the glories of Old England. How unlike in this the other colonists of America!

The Spaniards, with their armies, pierced into the forests of the New World, and wherever their steps have been, they have left turret and battlement, column and spire,—the stern castle, and the stately cathedral with its swelling organ, its statues and its pictures; and the splendors of old Spain were mirrored in the new. And the weak civilization, that struggles for existence in Spanish America, tells the story of their folly.

But, sir, the Puritan left his memorials graven upon a more enduring substance than marble or canvas; he left them stamped upon the character of his posterity. In the love of liberty regulated by law,—in the indomitable energy, thrift, and enterprise,—in the religious sentiment and the moral purpose,—in the wide-spread, comprehensive system of education,—in everything that has contributed to the moral elevation and material prosperity of the people of New England, we read the works of the Puritan. What a charter, sir, is this, for the liberties and the true glory of a nation!

There was a stern utility in all the aims of the Puritan, which deprives life, with us, of many of its graces and refinements; and while we retain their glorious characteristics, let us remember that it is our mission to engraft upon them and to cultivate the love of letters, of science, and of art, and make the land we have inherited as famous for its culture as it is for its progress; and while we strew our path with the monuments of our success in the useful and material arts,—while we level the mountain, and bridge the sea, and make the iron and the steel throb with intelligence, let us strive also to leave behind us monuments of intellectual triumphs, which shall outlast the structures of human hands.

But I am reminded, sir, by my recollection of the history of Danvers, that many of your citizens have labored well and faithfully in the vineyards of letters and science. There is a long list of divines, beginning in the early days of your history, and coming down to the present time, who have found leisure, amid the duties of their calling, to cultivate a taste for letters, and to enrich the literature of the land. You, Mr. President, well represent them here. There was Eppes, known as "the greatest schoolmaster in New England," famous for his classical learning and his genial culture. In later times there was Read, distinguished for the encouragement he gave to science, manu-

factures, and the arts, and to whom, perhaps, the world would have been indebted for the steamboat, if his means had been equal to his ingenuity. Bowditch, too, passed his youth among you, and the burning genius of the boy first gazed with awe and wonder upon the moon rising over your own hills. There is one among you now,—I see him here,—whose humorous and brilliant pen brings laughter and delight to many a fireside, and of whom I will only say that he writes too little. There *was* another, whom many of you doubtless remember,—he was a college companion of my own,—the young, the graceful, and accomplished scholar, cut off in the first bloom of his manhood; he lived too short a life for the world to know him, but the memory of his virtues and his talents is dearly cherished by all his friends.

Pardon me, Mr. President, for trespassing so long upon your attention; the hour is replete with thought and feeling. In conclusion, I would express the hope that your future may be, like your past, honorable, prosperous, and happy.

A sentiment alluding to the former unity and present concord between Salem and Danvers, was responded to by Hon. CHARLES W. UPHAM, Mayor of Salem, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President:—The unity of spirit and the identity of interest spoken of in the sentiment just announced, between Danvers and Salem, secure our sympathy in this occasion. But not these alone. There is a stronger and closer tie binding us together, as the gentlemen of the glee club have just told us. We hold to you a parental relation. You are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. I bear testimony to, although I have not the power adequately to express, the feelings of the people of Salem in the brilliant pageant of this your Centennial Celebration. They are identical with the deep, the tender, the fervent sensibility with which a fond and proud parent rejoices in the welfare, honor, and happiness of a cherished and meritorious child.

Sir, there is much, we think, in the condition and the history of Salem of which our people may justly be proud,—a virtuous ancestry,—a commercial genius, of which all seas and shores have witnessed the triumphs,—memorable events, and great names, shedding lustre on our annals,—unsurpassed intelligence and wealth,—the manly enterprise of our sons, and the far-famed beauty of our daughters;—but above all things else, old Salem boasts of the towns which have risen around her. No Roman Cornelia ever pointed to her offspring with a more glowing admiration than we do to the towns that call us mother.

It is generally conceded that Massachusetts presents as high a social development as any part of our country. Allow me to say, from my own recent experience and very extended opportunities of observation, that no man can have an adequate conception of the culture to which our Commonwealth has attained, without a minute personal exploration of its institutions of education, and of the action of the general mechanism of society over its entire surface. Of this favored State, there is no portion more prosperous or better organized than the old County of Essex. And here, within the precincts of the original territory of Salem, there is a variety and an accumulation of the

elements of true civilization and sure progress, eminently remarkable and most gratifying.

Where on the face of the earth does a purer patriotism burn,—where are braver hearts to encounter danger, or meet death, in the cause of the country,—where a benevolence more prompt to rush to the relief of distress, than in Marblehead?

In Manchester and Beverly there is an admirable union of the virtues and the traits peculiar to an agricultural and a sea-faring population. Topsfield and Wenham are among the best specimens of farming towns. Danvers presents a cluster of villages with cultivated and lovely fields spread out between them; on no spot does the soil return a richer reward to the labor that tills it, and in no farming district does the wealth of the people reach a higher average than in Danvers.

Mr. President, there is an elevated point of view just over your border, in Beverly, known as Browne's Hill. The vestiges are still to be traced of a lordly mansion, reared in the olden time, by a colonial grandee, upon its very summit. The beautiful prospect it affords, and the interesting reflections it suggests, have made it a favorite resort. On the approach of a bright summer sun-set, a scene is spread around it which cannot fail to fill the eye with delight, and the heart with patriotic gratitude. It is nearly all comprehended, as it stretches away, in every direction, to the horizon, in the original limits of Salem,—Manchester, Beverly, Salem, Marblehead, Swampscot and Lynn in front, with the ocean that washes their shores; Middleton, Topsfield, Wenham and Hamilton, with their broad fields, behind; and Danvers, one wide-spread garden, beneath.

In gazing upon this glorious panorama, I always feel, if the most exquisite of poets, in his contemplation of an ancient pastoral life, could not repress the exclamation, Oh, most fortunate of men! how infinitely more are the free and happy people of this favored region called to give thanks to God, for the unequalled blessedness that has fallen to their lot!

Yes, sir, nowhere does the sun shine upon a happier, more cultivated, and more virtuous community, than is included in the landscape encircling that lofty eminence. To those towns Salem gave birth. We defy any city or country to point to brighter jewels.

The sentiment to which I am responding, speaks of Salem and Danvers as one, although divided. This is true beyond the ordinary import of the expression. These two towns have not only always been singularly united in sentiment, interest and customs, but one might almost dare to deny that they had ever been divided at all. To be sure, there is a municipal separation between them, but it is by a line so invisible and ideal that it is no easy thing to find it. A large portion of your population is in one continuous settlement, with no natural boundary or noticeable demarcation from us. I have lived for nearly thirty years in Salem, and been somewhat interested in her affairs, but I confess that I do not know, this day, where Salem ends, and where Danvers begins. It is indeed an imaginary, and some of us hope it will be found a *vanishing* line that separates us.

Mr. President, it is a privilege accorded to parents to find fault with their children, while they will not allow others to do it. If any body

else, an outsider, should bring a charge against you, we Salem people would be quick to resent it, but as among ourselves, in this family meeting, there is one complaint we have to make. Your distinguished orator has had something to say to-day about Salem Witchcraft. Everybody knows that all the rest of the world is equally responsible with us for that delusion; but by a sort of universal conspiracy, the sin is laid wholly at our door. We cannot visit a nook or corner of the globe but the story of the *Salem* Witchcraft stares us in the face. To this we have learned to submit; but for you Danvers people to talk about Salem Witchcraft is a little too much. Why, sir, you were the head and front, source and theatre of the whole affair. It rose and raged and kept its head quarters within your limits. It is *your* witchcraft. And we complain, that by getting incorporated as another town by another name, by assuming an *alias*, you have escaped and left the whole thing upon our hands.

But while you thus adroitly avoid the reproach upon our name, we mean to settle the account by claiming a share of the honors that have gathered around yours. You may talk, if you choose, about Salem Witchcraft; we will boast of Putnam, of the immortal proto-martyrs of the 19th of April, 1775, whose ashes rest beneath yonder monument, and of all that is excellent in your history and condition. They are ours as well as yours. Allow me, in return for the sentiment that has called me out, to assure you, and the community you represent, that Salem rejoices in your prosperity, and is proud of your character, and to offer the following:

Danvers and Salem—No municipal boundaries or legislative arrangements can sever the tie that binds them together.

The PRESIDENT then proposed the following sentiment:

The Memory of Gen. Israel Putnam—As by his strong hand and stout heart he conferred credit and renown on his country, so the virtues and intelligence of those who bear his name confer honor on their native town.

ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq., of Roxbury, spoke in reply to this as follows:

Mr. President:—Though you name me as from Roxbury, I was born in Danvers, and few present have better claims than I to call themselves Danvers men; because my ancestors, for at least two hundred and eleven years, have dwelt upon the spot where I was born and reared.

Those bearing the name of Putnam are numerous. The orator of the day has called them prolific,—and they have been so. Not a tithe of those worthy of remembrance can be named in the short time that properly belongs to me. I had hoped that others of the same name would have been called upon to speak here,—especially one whose age and infirmities forbid his presence with us,—but whose nice discrimination, legal knowledge, and polished pen adorn our judicial reports, and by whom the ermine was long worn, and laid aside unsoiled.* Another, too, I had hoped to bring with me from my present home,

* Hon. Samuel Putnam.

who could speak to you in strains of earnest eloquence, with strong good sense and playful ease. Had he come, the clergyman of Roxbury* would have presented, in his own person, about as good a specimen of itself as the family can now furnish.

In their absence you see fit to call upon me. Nearly fifty years ago I began life four miles north from here,—away up in "The Bush." Secluded there, I knew little in my boyhood of this court end of the town. Once, however,—and it was soon after I began to strut and swell in my first jacket and trowsers,—they brought me down to spend a day at Capt. Sylvester Proctor's. While there, a kind shop-boy led me out for my amusement, and conducted me down to the brook which runs hard by, and there, tying a twine to a stick, and crooking a pin for a fish hook, and turning over rocks to find a worm, he soon equipped me for my first exploits at fishing. And if I put things together aright, and reason correctly, that boy is now receiving a recompense for his kindness to me, as well as for his many other good deeds, in his ample means and ampler disposition to befriend his fellow-countrymen, and adorn the American name, in the metropolis of Great Britain. That boy was our distinguished townsman, GEORGE PEABODY.

Let me return to "*the bush ;*" and running back into the past through my father Daniel, who sits beside me, and on whose head the snows of almost four score winters, spent in your midst, have fallen, and whom *you know ;* and through my grandfather Israel, a man of energy blended with kindness, and "*without guile ;*" through them I reach David, my great-grandfather ; Lieutenant David, an officer in the king's troops, and, as described to me by Col. Timothy Pickering and others, who had seen and known him, "the rider of the best horse in the Province," and foremost among the resolute and energetic men of his day,—much like his younger brother, whose deeds gave lustre to the name. The sisters are handed down to us in the family tradition as remarkable for energy and fearlessness, riding colts, often without saddle or bridle,—and one of them, on one occasion, not dismounting until the colt had carried her into the house and up one flight of stairs. The youngest of that family was *Israel*, the "Old Put." of the Revolution. These resolute and energetic brothers and sisters were true,—but *no more than true*,—to their *parentage*.

Time has thrown deep shadows upon the decade from 1690 to 1700, and it may be that the objects now to be seen there are more of imagination than of true vision ; yet, often while musing upon some few facts which tradition hands down, and the church records partially support, there has appeared, beneath the delusion of a former age and the dust of time, one luminous spot which the intervening generations have failed to mark. There were some deeds unmentioned in the recorded annals of town or church, which will bear bringing out from obscurity to the full light of day.

The records of the church were then made and kept by a full believer in witchcraft. One side of the case is shown with fulness ; the other is to be read and filled up by the light and help of tradition. In the record, (I trust memory for more than twenty years,) the names of Joseph Putnam and Elizabeth Putnam appear as petitioners for a coun-

* Rev. George Putnam.

cil, to try the Rev. Mr. Parris because of his harsh denunciations of those who disbelieved in witchcraft as the work of the Devil. Tradition says that Mr. Parris denounced Joseph Putnam and others as the agents of Satan, and his assistants in promoting the very witchcraft which they professed to disbelieve. It says, also, that Joseph Putnam kept himself and his family armed for six months, day and night,—and that his horse was fed at the door, saddled and with bridle over his head through all that time.

My grandfather Israel, his sister Eunice, and his brother Jesse,* (grandchildren of this Joseph and Elizabeth,) born within fifty or sixty years of the time referred to, and brought up upon the spot, have each repeatedly rehearsed these traditions in my hearing, and all the circumstances known to me tend to support their correctness.

Let me linger awhile upon these few facts, and the known opinions and events of that memorable period,—when the powers of darkness, and of all imaginable evils, were supposed to be working with unwonted diligence and success,—when some unseen but dreaded power was mysteriously contorting limbs,—strangely moving meal-chests and chairs—putting the cow into the small goose-house,—and working other startling things past comprehension; when the powers and perceptions of many persons were strangely enlarged and frightfully exerted,—when *witchcraft* enacted its many alarming feats;—then was a time which truly and emphatically "tried men's *souls*."

When man meets man,—when nation contends with nation,—when one *sees* his enemy and can measure his strength and power,—*then* reason may sit calmly upon her throne, and nerve the heart and the arm of many a *common* man to dare and to do *bravely*. But when the foes are the invisible powers of the air,—when terror and imagination may conjure up a direful enemy from behind each bush or rock by the wayside, from each dark hole in cellar or garret, from out the liquid water or the solid earth, from above, beneath or around,—when the general mind is alarmed and phrensied by the believed presence and agency of innumerable evil spirits,—when the clergy *teach*, when the church *believes*, and the opinion spreads wide and deep through the public mind, that devils are peculiarly busy in deluding and destroying souls, —when witchcraft is treated as a *fact*, in the pulpit and in the halls of justice,—when the bewitched one has but to name the bewitcher, and that bewitcher, on such simple testimony, is sentenced to the gallows, —when all these things, and more than these, conspire to turn the brain and shake the nerves,—then how clear the head that can look through these dense, dark mists of phrensied popular delusion!—how strong and brave the heart that can withstand the mighty pressure, and look with unquailing eye upon all the dangers with which devils and man can confront him! Such heads there were,—such hearts there were. Heroism was there, true and noble; moral courage was there, lofty and adamantine;—courage, far, far higher than that which was needed to lead one into the dark den of the savage wolf.

* This Jesse was a graduate of Harvard, a merchant of Boston, known and distinguished for general intelligence, great urbanity, and a high sense of mercantile honor. A skilful weigher of evidence, and truthful, his narrations (containing many details not mentioned here) are deemed good authority.

The slayer of the wolf,—the unquailing commander amid the dangers of the battle-field,—stands second to none in point of *courage;* and yet, if I read the dim past aright, his father and mother were not second to him. A single word from a bewitched one, naming the unbelieving Joseph as the author of the witchery, and the whole ecclesiastical, civil and military power of Salem would have been set at work for his arrest and execution. Neighbors, relatives, fellow communicants of the church, were his foes; and yet he stood, for six long months, armed, vigilant, resolute, shielded by his own true courage and that God whom he dared to serve in honesty.

The biographers of the General, regarding him only as a Connecticut man, never said much of his parentage. They probably knew little or nothing of it. But he was a hero "descended from heroes;" the son was a new edition of the father, more widely known and read, but not much improved.

The father, though his own deluded age could not see or dared not acknowledge his greatness, and though concealed from the view of succeeding days by the shadows of time, yet seems to have stood firm and unharmed, amid the tempests and torrents of delusion,

> Like some tall cliff that lifts its rugged form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm—
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head;—

calm amid the marvels and terrors of witchcraft, a fit beacon light, it may be, for the present times.

If the modern stories are true, tables and chairs are renewing their antics. It has not been my fortune to witness their leapings and dancings, but credible men say, in all soberness, that they have seen strange things, as marvellous as witchwork. So be it: convince me if you can that they are true, and I will believe them the same kind of operations that so fearfully disturbed the peace of our town in days of old. Witchcraft and spiritual rappings are one and the same; but neither is supernatural,—neither demoniacal,—neither what need disturb even the most timid heart or the weakest brain. Tell me how electricity or any other subtile agent, passing from my brain along the arm, makes my fingers move, and I will tell you how electricity may lift the table without the help of hands. Both are inexplicable,—neither supernatural,—one we see every hour,—the other only at long intervals,—one is the daily sun,—the other an eccentric comet,—both harmless,—aye, both useful,—obeying the laws of a wise and good God, and working out his beneficent purposes. Let the rappings be investigated, calmly, philosophically, and they will be found conforming themselves to the same laws which govern the motions of our fingers of flesh; they may become sources of instruction and valuable consolation. I know not what they are, have neither seen nor heard the wonders, but if it be heresy to disbelieve in them *as the work of demons or evil spirits*, or anything baleful, and if one shall anathematize me because of such heresy, he will find, at least I trust he will, enough of the old spirit transmitted to keep me true to my convictions, and true to the God who rules not only man but all spirits and all agents, whether in realms

below, around or above. At present, I neither believe, nor reject, nor fear. Let the marvels come; let tables, and meal-chests, and broom-sticks fly without visible help; and what is there alarming in that? All will go on in obedience to that God who so long kept hid the lightning's power to go in the twinkling of an eye and write our messages in New Orleans; and through all whose works, both of matter and of mind, are diffused vital germs of progress and *new development.*

Electricity and magnetism are new in science,—new as controllable agents in the hands of man,—but yet have been pervading matter through all time, and have at intervals been working the wonders of demonology. Science may, ere long, find means to make these strange powers common, and train them to good service in lessening the evils and promoting the true welfare of man.

It may have been unwise in me to attempt to throw light into the darkness that shrouds my ancestors, and bring their deeds before you, because you thus are made to see that, as with wines, so with the Putnams, the old are better than the new.

The PRESIDENT then announced the following sentiment, and called upon Hon. JOHN G. PALFREY:

The County of Middlesex—The home of Industry, Enterprise, and Literature. We welcome to our festive board one of her most distinguished sons, whose reputation for learning belongs to our country, but is known far beyond its boundaries.

Mr. PALFREY responded nearly as follows:—

I rise, Mr. President, with some feelings of embarrassment, not for the want of a topic on which to remark, but from the great number and variety which press and crowd on my attention. I can make but a passing allusion to one or two. Let me first say, that his Honor the Mayor of Salem makes claims on you for a share of your ancestral honors on grounds of relationship which appear to me quite paradoxical. The other gentleman from Salem, who has so happily and ably responded to the sentiment in honor of his distinguished ancestors, seems to claim to be among the ancients, and to come from the first settlers of the soil. I am not sure that I can see in the youthful countenance of the gentleman any striking resemblance to the picture of his ancestor, which looks down from the walls of the Senate Chamber. There are some of us who look upon Governor Endicott as among the moderns in New England history. When the vessel which bore the first Governor of Massachusetts was entering the harbor of Salem, she was anxiously watched from the beach by four individuals, styled, in the quaint chronicles of the time, as "Roger Conant and three sober men." The vessel swung to her moorings and flung the red cross of St. George to the breeze, a boat put off for the shore, and, that the Governor might land dry shod, Roger Conant and his "three sober men" rolled up their pantaloons,—or rather those nether garments which we in these degenerate days call pantaloons,—waded into the water and bore him on their shoulders to the dry land. Roger Conant and his sober men had been here a long time, but how long it is un-

necessary to state, but so long that the houses they had built sadly needed repair. Now these three sober men were—Balch, Woodbury, and the third bore a surname* which I forbear to mention, but will only say that it was one which it becomes *me* not to disgrace.

Some allusion has been made here, Mr. President, to the Witchcraft delusion of your ancestors. It is sadly true, sir, that this great delusion existed, yet I think a good word may be said in behalf of the actors. May it not have been that your ancestors acted from high and holy motives, from excessive zeal for what they regarded as God's will? The superstition of witchcraft was the dismal error of the times, and your ancestors, not being wiser than the wisest of their cotemporaries on both sides of the water, had their full share in the delusion. Can any of us say that had we lived in that day we would have seen deeper into things than Sir Edward Coke and Sir Matthew Hale? Yet those sages of the law held the same doctrine on the same subject of witchcraft as the Massachusetts fathers, and expounded and administered it in the Court of the King's Bench. And let me tell you, that in that awfully dark passage of our early history, all is not darkness. In one view it appears lighted up with a lurid, indeed, but with a majestic blaze. If this witchcraft madness has left a peculiar blot upon the history of Massachusetts, it is because of this great difference between her people and that of other communities whose annals bear no such stain, viz., that what both alike professed to believe, the former more consistently and honestly acted out. Deplore as we may the grievous infatuation, still more even than we lament and condemn that, we find cause to applaud the brave and constant spirit that would never quail before the awful delusion that possessed it. It was no less than the powers of darkness that these men believed to be in arms against them. And they did not shrink even from that contest; they feared neither man nor the devil; they feared nothing but God. They imagined the Prince of Hell, with his legions, to be among them, "the sacramental host of God's elect," seeking among them whom he might devour; and they gave place to him "by subjection, no, not for an hour." Set upon by invisible and supernatural foes, they thought of nothing but stern defiance, deadly battle, and the victory which God would give his people. They would have made bare the arm of flesh against the Serpent in bodily presence, could he have put on an assail able shape. As it was, they let it fall without mercy on those whom they understood to be his emissaries.

I cannot close without paying my tribute of respect to the memory of your late distinguished fellow-citizen, the representative of this district in the Congress of the United States. I knew him well. As colleagues in the thirtieth Congress, our public duties brought us into daily intercourse. During our most agreeable and intimate friendship, I felt a growing respect for his sound intellect, his warm patriotism, and his reliable judgment. The faithful and conscientious performance of all his duties as a friend, a citizen, and a statesman, justly entitle Mr. King to the name of a Christian patriot.

Without enlarging upon his many sterling qualities, which have already been alluded to by several speakers, I cannot better illustrate

* Peter Palfrey.

his entire devotion to public business,—which was equalled only by the warm and genial impulses of his heart,—than by relating an incident which is still fresh in my recollection.

On the occasion to which I allude, the House had been occupied for several days in the discussion of an important question of public policy. The debate was now drawing to a close, and the House had remained in session during the entire night. Towards morning I approached his seat, and I observed that he met my salutation with a countenance less bland, and a response less cordial than usual. Knowing the deep interest he had felt in the debate, I naturally attributed his unwonted manner to the fatigue we all felt from our protracted sittings. I playfully alluded to these circumstances, and, in reply, he placed in my hands an unsealed letter that lay on his table, requesting me to read it. I did so. It contained the sad intelligence that a beloved daughter was dangerously sick, and lay, it was feared, at the point of death. Perceiving from its date that it must have been in his possession for considerable time, I inquired why he had not started for his home immediately on receiving it. "I cannot leave," said he, "until the final vote on this question is taken." The vote was taken that night, and in a few hours he was on his way to Massachusetts; but, ere this, the spirit of his child had departed,—his home was desolate,—and he arrived barely in time to attend the funeral.

I will detain you no longer, Mr. President, than to thank you for the kind allusion to me in your resolution, and to express the intense satisfaction I have felt in participating in the magnificent display and interesting festivities of this occasion.

To a sentiment in honor of those citizens of Danvers who have adorned the Bench and the Bar, ALFRED A. ABBOTT, Esq., first Vice President of the day, responded as follows:

Mr. President:—I could have wished that some one worthier than myself, some one of the many distinguished strangers who gladden and grace our festive board to-day, could have been called upon to respond to the sentiment you have just announced. But as you have been pleased to assign this duty to me, I know not how better to relieve my own embarrassment and the patience of this assembly, than by addressing myself at once, and very briefly, to the theme which your sentiment suggests.

Distinguished as have been many of the sons and citizens of this ancient town in other spheres of action and walks of life, few, if any of them, have ever had more signal success or a brighter fame, than some of those who, on the bench and at the bar, dignified and adorned the profession of the law. I propose to allude to three or four names, certainly worthy to be mentioned on an occasion like this, when we may be expected, with a pride neither ill-timed nor immodest, to commemorate all those whose character and virtues have brightened our local annals. And the first name, sir, is that of Samuel Holten,—or, as he is more popularly remembered, *Judge* Holten. He was not bred to the bar, but, at the early age of eighteen, begun the duties of active life as a physician, in which profession he continued with success and

growing reputation for some sixteen years.' In 1768, at the age of thirty, he commenced a public career which ended only with his life, at the advanced age of nearly four score,—a half century of as active and useful labor as was performed by but few men of his times. He was eight years a representative in the General Court, five in the Senate, twelve in the Council, five in Congress as a representative under the Confederation, (of which august body he was chosen President,) and two years under the Federal Constitution. This was his distinguished career as a legislator,—in which, relinquishing entirely his profession and all private business, he devoted himself wholly to the service of his country. A patriot, in times when patriotism was more than a name, few men were so active and influential from the very outset of the revolutionary struggle to its triumphant close. And in the troubled times which succeeded, when the good ship,—an argosy freighted with a world's hopes,—which so gallantly had rode out the storm and tempest of the battle, came nigh to being stranded even on the very shore which was to be the haven of her eventful voyage, this man was one of those whose sober reason, unerring judgment, and calm but stern resolve assuaged the mutinous strife, and conducted the high but perilous endeavor to its successful and glorious accomplishment. Equally distinguished was Judge Holten's judicial career. For thirty-two years he was one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, presiding half of that time; thirty-five years a Justice of the Court of General Sessions, fifteen of those years being Chief Justice of the same; and nineteen years Judge of Probate for the county of Essex. Intelligent and incorruptible, presiding with dignity, hearing with patience, and deciding promptly, his native good sense and great information, joined to a certain natural aptitude for the duties of the station, made him a highly capable and efficient magistrate, and secured him the entire confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens.

Such, sir, is a meagre outline of the man and his services. It is all that the time will allow me to give. But I know that you and all present will sympathize with me as I express the hope that the time may never come when we shall forget this name and bright example of a former day, or fail to cherish and honor its memory.

The next name to which I shall allude is that of one who still lives in our midst,—I mean the Hon. Samuel Putnam. The family to which he belongs is now and always has been a numerous one within our borders, and many of its sons in different professions have acquired far more than a local celebrity. But no one of them has illustrated the family name with a purer life, higher virtues, or juster fame, than him of whom I now speak. After a highly honorable and extensive practice at the bar, in which he developed the powers of a strong mind trained by severe study, and accomplished in exact yet comprehensive learning, Judge Putnam was raised to the bench of the Supreme Court. For more than a quarter of a century did he fulfil, ably and faithfully, the duties of this high station, doing his full part to sustain and elevate that reputation of our Supreme Bench for profound learning and judicial wisdom which has made its decisions standard and indisputable authority throughout the land. Our Reports contain a great number of his opinions, elaborate and rich, than which few are cited with more fre-

quency, or held in higher respect. At length, when the weight of increasing years began to oppress him, Judge Putnam voluntarily put off the judicial ermine, with a rare delicacy and commendable good sense resigning his lofty trust, while yet his mental vigor was unabated, and retiring upon his well-earned and still fresh laurels to the joys and comforts of private life. To pursue the sketch further might seem ill-timed. It is enough to say that our venerable townsman still survives, the ornament and pride of a large circle, surrounded by all

"———— which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

and that the proud regards of his fellow-citizens may well join in the prayer of private affection,

"Serus in cælum redeat!"

The third name, sir, I must pass over quite as briefly,—the name of one who was not a native of Danvers, nor is he now a resident, but who here commenced his professional life, and dwelt among us long enough to attach himself closely to the hearts of our people, and to entitle us to claim him in making up our jewels. I speak, sir, of Rufus Choate,—the lawyer, whose profound learning, acute logic, and honeyed speech have swayed grave judges and led juries captive,—the politician, whose comprehensive statesmanship and graceful oratory have instructed and delighted listening senates,—the scholar, whose varied accomplishments and classic tastes have been the admiration of students and men of letters,—the man of the people, whose genial sympathies have won the hearts, and whose matchless, burning eloquence has ruled the passions, of vast popular assemblies. But it is upon his claims as a lawyer, more particularly as an advocate, that Mr. Choate's fame will and properly should rest. As such, neither American nor British legal biography can furnish many prouder names, of men who possessed equal powers, or whose careers were crowned with such brilliancy and success. It will always be to us, sir, a matter of pride, (nor will he fail gratefully to cherish the recollection,) that this distinguished man here won his earliest garlands, and that the people of Danvers first presented him as a candidate for the popular suffrages, and always sustained him with an enthusiasm which did equal honor to him and credit to themselves. Although of the generation of most of those who participate in our present festivities and yet on the swelling tide of his triumphs, it will not seem indecorous that he should have received thus much of tribute from those who will ever claim the privilege of cherishing his fame with peculiar care.

And now, Mr. President, pardon me a few moments longer while I perform a brief labor of love. It was my privilege to pursue a portion of my studies, preparatory to the Bar, in the office of one who, as was the case with Mr. Choate, was not a native of Danvers, but who, like him, commenced practice here, and for many years was identified with the interests of our people; of one who was cheered by the affections and honored with the respect of many whom I see around me, as he was by the regards of all, both here and elsewhere, with whom he was associated, either in business or social relations; one whose early

manhood redeemed in part the bright promise given by his youth of extensive usefulness and lasting fame, but whom an untimely death cut down at the very threshold of the eminent career upon which he had so hopefully entered. I need not say, sir, that I refer to the late Joshua Holyoke Ward. He was to me more than a master,—he was my friend, and I should wrong my own feelings as well as do injustice to departed worth, did I fail to recall his virtues, and claim on this occasion a tribute to his memory. Mr. Ward was graduated at Cambridge, and pursued his professional studies at the Dane Law School, and in the office of Mr. Saltonstall, at Salem. On his admission to the bar, he opened his office in Danvers, where he remained until his increasing reputation caused his removal to the principal shire town of the county. "A careful, regular, and indefatigable student," his learning and logical powers gave him great weight with the court; while a uniform affability, ready wit, unequalled tact, earnest manner, and eloquent speech, all combined to win for him the favor of the jury and the success of his cause. At *Nisi Prius*, few men with whom he was called to compete equalled him, certainly none of his own age and terms at the bar excelled him. In 1844, Mr. Ward was appointed an associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Striking as had been his success as a counsellor and advocate, his success as a judge was even more marked. Although fresh from those sharp forensic encounters in which he had engaged with such warmth and manifest pleasure, and which are supposed to develope habits of thought and traits of mind not the most favorable for the proper discharge of the judicial functions, and although he was taken away before he had hardly more time than would seem to have been requisite to adjust his robes of office, yet such had been his training, such were his natural powers, his aptness and fitness, that he presented at once a model example of judicial character and excellence, and made and left a broad and shining mark. To quote the criticism of a high authority, "Judge Ward, at the time of his death, was the youngest judge of any court of record in Massachusetts, and had held a seat on the bench for only the short term of four years; and yet it is true of him, that he had lived and served long enough to acquire a reputation which is rarely attained for legal learning and skill, and to furnish a model of judicial exactness and accuracy, of facility in the despatch of business, and of courtesy and impartiality in his intercourse with counsel and all parties in court, which has been acknowledged in terms of striking commendation by the bars of all the counties. * * * * *
As a counsellor and judge, he was remarkable for a quick and ready perception of the points of a case, of the proper application of principles and precedents, and of the bearing of evidence. His views were conceived and expressed with a remarkable clearness; and it was never difficult for him to make palpable, alike to counsel and to juries, the precise state of the law, and the material testimony, on which he saw that a case must turn. In criminal cases he was eminently successful in assuring the counsel, on both sides, that they should have the full benefit of every rule of law, and that exact justice would be dispensed in the mode of conducting the trial. * * * * *
Judge Ward was compelled to terminate abruptly a term of the Munic-

ipal Court, (at Boston,) when he returned home to pass through his last struggle with the excruciating disease which, for several years, had threatened the early termination of his life. It serves to increase our admiration of his judicial career, and especially of the cheerful spirit which he always exhibited, to be thus reminded that the heavy labors which devolved upon him were mostly performed while he was in a state of bodily infirmity, and often under the torture of the most acute suffering." Such, sir, was the professional character of our former neighbor and friend, whose loss is so much to be deplored. Most of you remember what he was in other relations, how active and useful a citizen, how upright and honorable a man, how amiable and attractive in social life; if not, go ask of his brethren, who still cherish with peculiar fondness the recollection alike of his public usefulness and private virtues. I esteem it an especial privilege to have had the opportunity, long desired, of recalling him in this public manner, and of testifying my affectionate regards for the memory of one who was, with more truth than the poet could say,

"My guide, philosopher and friend."

I have thus, Mr. President, in a humble way, in such a manner as my poor judgment suggested, performed the task you assigned me. I have not alluded to some names which perhaps should have been mentioned; I selected those which by common consent towered above all. I can only add that there have been others of the legal profession in our midst, from time to time, of great ability and worth, whose services secured the patronage, and whose virtues won the confidence and commanded the respect of their fellow-citizens. Nor, sir, have I time to dwell upon any of those general reflections which naturally occur to the mind upon such a review as we have had. Certainly here, too, as in everything that relates to our local history, there is good cause for congratulation. Let us hope that the future will be as honorable as the past. Let us, each and all, and those who come after us, so live and act, that when another hundred years shall have passed away, those who then celebrate this day and review the generations which have gone, shall find in the retrospect equal cause for rejoicing and pride.

The next sentiment was—

The Imitative and Fine Arts—These are appropriately represented here by the presence of one of our native citizens, the recollections of whose childhood and youth are *engraved* on his memory. We feel that his fellow-citizens have a right to some of the *proof impressions*.

To this, GEORGE G. SMITH, Esq., of Boston, responded:

I suppose, Mr. President, that, according to custom in such cases, I must take this kind sentiment as calling upon me to speak, and this, of course, I am quite willing to do,—strange if I were not, amid the wealth of incentives which are showered upon me by the scene around us. Unfortunately, however, I do not feel myself exactly qualified to speak, except upon what relates to the order to which I belong. What I have to say, therefore, will be of the Operative, and his relations to this occasion and to society.

What is it, then, which has so built up the prosperity of our native town? What is the secret of her progress in so short a time from what she was to what she is? It is, is it not, the industry, skill, and perseverance of her mechanics? her men of toil? her hard-handed and clear-headed aristocracy of labor? the only aristocracy which I trust will ever obtain, within her borders, either respect or influence.

Why, let us look, sir, at the Danvers of the early part of the present century; she then contained, I believe, something short of 3000 inhabitants; and in the manufacture of leather, for instance,—then, as now, her principal product,—there were, as I well remember, from Frye's mill up the stream, first Fitch Poole's and Ward Poole's tanyards, then Squiers Shove's, then Edward Southwick's, and then Denison Wallace's; and these were all on that road. There was one in the lane, I believe the oldest of all, good old Deacon Poor's, where I have an indistinct recollection of having seen some of the large tubs still remaining, which tradition had handed down as having been for many years the good deacon's only vats. And there were two, I think, in New Mills. As for any other branch of handicraft, excepting the time-honored manufactories of Danvers china, on Gape lane and Southwick's lane, there was really nothing at all, of any extent. To be sure, good old Uncle Henry Buxton had formerly carried on his trade of buckle-making, in a little shop situated, I think, between the last Buxton house and Deacon Poor's; but we never saw any of the products of his ingenuity, for, poor man! his occupation was gone in our day, and had been since that memorable morning when George, Prince of Wales, made his appearance in London streets with shoe *strings*: then *buckles* became unfashionable, and, of course, buckle *makers* were no longer wanted.

The little shop, however, with its closed windows showing that its trade was dead, was an object of great interest to the young America of that day, and I remember we used to look at it with a sort of awe-struck curiosity, arising, I suppose, from our indefinite ideas of the unknown operations formerly carried on there.

But these good, sleepy, Rip-Van-Winkle days, however, had their pleasant side. It was a pleasant place, then, this old town of ours, when there were green fields and shady walks where now are dusty streets and busy factories. I shall never forget the old back way by the pond, with its locust trees, loading the air in the season of blossoms with their honey-like fragrance. And the pond; not as now, but unshorn of its fair proportions, its green banks sloping gently down to the clear water, and bordered with bright rushes and flowery water plants. But these contrastings of what was with what is, missing the old familiar faces as well as the old familiar places, are unprofitable. What is, must be. Let us be thankful, then, for what we have,—in this occasion particularly,—and enjoy it, as God means it to be enjoyed.

To return to our subject. In contrast to what I have described, you have now about forty tanneries in the South Parish and in New Mills, with about 3000 vats, in which are tanned some 150,000 hides per annum, producing annually leather to the amount of perhaps half a million of dollars, and giving employment to hundreds of industrious workmen.

The shoe business, too, has grown up entirely within the last twenty-five years, and adds, perhaps, half a million yearly to the value of your products. I say nothing of other handicrafts consequent on these, nor of manufactories, which would of course greatly swell the aggregate amount and value of industrial results; I wish merely to call your attention to the enormous increase from, say 1804, when your population was between two and three thousand, and the value of your products perhaps $100,000 at most, to 1852, when your population is more than 8000, and the value of your products certainly two millions!

Now this immense increase in amount and value of the products of industry you certainly owe to your mechanics; they have made it all! It may be said, with the aid of capital. True; but who made the capital? How was it made? Was it created by any mysterious process aside from the labor of human hands? Not at all; capital is, and must always be, as much the result of hand labor employed in *some way*, as the building of a house, or the construction of a machine.

The mechanic, then, or rather the operative,—the Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Artisan,—they are in some sense now, and are getting to be more and more, I say, the preponderating and therefore the influential class. Let us take the facts then which prove this growing preponderance of the operative.

In our own country, by the census of 1810,—the only one which as yet has classified the professions,—there were engaged in agriculture and manufactures, more than ninety per cent. of the inhabitants; in England, by the census of the same year, something like eighty per cent.; in France, in 1817, by the estimate of Count Laborde, about eighty-two per cent.; and in the city of Glasgow, in 1831, more than fifty per cent., exclusive, of course, of agriculturists. And judging from what has formerly taken place, this preponderance of operatives has increased rather than diminished.

Now these data would, on merely numerical grounds, settle the question; but there is another element in the influence of this class, which is gradually bringing about changes so important, that the mind grows dizzy when it contemplates their possible, nay their inevitable, results. I mean that ever-increasing intelligence which is continually bringing more and more upon an intellectual level the various classes of society the world over; but particularly in this country. Who can estimate the changes which this simple consequence of human advancement, too much overlooked as it seems to me, is destined to make in the world. We cannot foresee precisely *what* they will be; they will be gradual, no doubt; they may occupy ages, for aught we know, for their full accomplishment: but we *do* know, we *can* foresee, that when the day arrives in which the term "educated classes" shall have lost its meaning, because all classes are educated; when the operative class has all needed knowledge within itself, requiring no aid from any other; then—who can doubt it?—the whole face of society *must* be changed. And, however it may square with our present ideas, sympathies, or prejudices, the fact is nevertheless certain, that in the world's future,—in some shape or other,—the operative *must* be its king.

I beg you, Mr. President, to believe that I do not make these

remarks in any wild spirit of radicalism. I am, in the ordinary sense of the word, no radical, that is, no destructionist. I see far too much of the mischief which untimely theories have done to the cause of freedom in other lands, to broach them here. I believe, in fact, that true progress can go on only under an enlightened conservatism. I believe in God's providence; that he "*governs* this world with gracious design;" and I recognize his hand as evidently in this, to my view, *inevitable consequence* of the law of progress, as I do in everything else.

There is another principle which the operative will come more and more to see; it is this: that his position has been, throughout the ages, precisely that to which his intelligence entitled him. This, I think, history establishes beyond a doubt; and he will naturally conclude, therefore, that, as it has been in the past, so will it be in the future. Suppose, for instance, that the rude serf or mechanic of the Middle Ages, (to go no farther back,) had been entrusted with the power, or enjoyed the consideration, which is the operative's privilege here, and now. What could he have done with them, but sink himself still deeper in the abyss of degradation and sensuality to which his *ignorance* then necessarily confined him. With advancing intelligence, come advancing privileges and respect. Has it not always been so, and will it not always be so? And will not the operative, as he gains knowledge, voluntarily decline to grasp a power, or a social position, which he cannot wield nor enjoy, while he has the certainty that, in proportion as he becomes able to wield and enjoy them, they will,—and, by the law of Providence, naturally must,—fall into his hands? And I look therefore upon this consequence of advancement with entire trust that all will be well. True progress permits no violent uprooting of existing institutions; its march will be gradual,—tranquil. Wiser and wiser will its directors grow, from age to age; and its full consummation will be benevolence and peace.

Now, Mr. President, I am aware that these opinions of mine, founded as I verily believe they are upon sound principles, may, nevertheless, be wrong. I am aware that, as thousands wiser than I am have done, I may have overlooked some element in the calculation, which should entirely reverse its conclusions. But, as the more I think on what I have said, the more firmly persuaded am I of its truth, and, moreover, as I see so much in the scene around me to confirm this persuasion, I must be permitted to hold fast the faith till I am fairly beaten out of it.

I have said that I see much in the scene around me to confirm these conclusions; and is it not so? In what other country, under heaven, could we look upon an assembly like this, convened under circumstances of such perfect social equality? Point me out, if you can, the aristocratic element of this celebration? Look at our good Orator! He belongs to one of the learned professions, you say. True, but his family was not one of the "Robe," as they used to say in France, before the revolution. His good father,—a stalwart specimen he was, too, of our *legitimate aristocracy*,—would have found himself sadly troubled I know by any other robe than his good, old, homespun farmer's frock and trowsers. And my old and respected friend the Poet of the day, whose well-remembered voice has awakened in my soul so many long-buried memories, he will not claim kindred, either, with any other aristocracy than this, I know.

And it is just so with all of us; the scent of the clay, or the shoemaker's wax, or of the tan, or the blacksmith's forge, or the carpenter's shavings, or some taint of the sort, sticks to us all; and are we ashamed of it? Not a whit. We rejoice, do we not, that we come of a stock which was not born, as used to be said of old, merely "to consume the fruits of the earth." We and our fathers before us have been, thank God, producers, and not consumers merely; and "so mote it be," henceforth and forever, amen.

And now, Mr. President, I cannot look upon this scene, redolent of happiness as it is, and fraught with early recollections, with bright eyes "raining influence," and gray heads rejoicing in the glances of love around them, and in the sense of security and peace, without giving one thought to those institutions to which, under God, we owe it all. Our Country, Mr. President; our whole Country! with no North, nor South, nor East, nor West! O for a little old-fashioned patriotism, when we hear her named! O for that spirit which led the young sons of Danvers, in the times which tried men's souls, to brave, at their country's call, danger and death in her service! for less of exclusive devotion to mere party! and for more trust in God, that, without the least necessity for violence, or bitterness of feeling, or extreme measures of any kind, he will, in his own good time, silently and gradually remove all there is of imperfection or wrong, either in our institutions or national character!

Mr. President: I have detained you too long, I am aware, but must throw myself upon the mercy of my fellow-townsmen, and my townswomen also, and endeavor, in some measure, to excuse myself by the remark, that had I not felt the strongest interest in our town, and her concerns and her people, and the influences which have made them what they are, I should not have made so long a speech. I will close with the following sentiment:

The Son of Labor all over the World—Who touches the earth and it becomes food; who smites upon the rude matter and it becomes gold and silver; who lays his hand upon the cotton and the wool, and the rock, and the timber, and the clay, and they become clothing and shelter. May his usefulness in the future be only measured by his intelligence, and his intelligence by the love and respect of his fellow-men.

The PRESIDENT of the day being about to retire, called upon the first Vice President to take the chair. Mr. ABBOTT having left the table, W. L. WESTON, Esq., second Vice President, was called, and upon taking the chair expressed his regret that, by the absence of the first Vice President, the duties of presiding over the assembly had devolved upon him. Although in assuming the station he felt much embarrassment on account of his inexperience in such duties, yet he should rely with great confidence on the candor and indulgence of the company to sustain him in his new position.

It having become known among the guests that a communication had been received from GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., of London, the reading of it was called for. It was preceded by the following sentiment, the announcement of which, and the response it elicited, exciting an intense sensation. The sentiment was—

Our Fellow-Citizen, GEORGE PEABODY, *of London*—Holding the highest rank among Nature's noblemen, and distinguished in the great centre of the Commercial World, he has always done much for the credit and honor of his country, and has remembered, with kindness and affection, the place of his birth. Danvers may well feel a just pride in the successful career of such a son.

JOHN W. PROCTOR, Esq., then rose, and, holding in his hand a sealed packet, read the following letter:—

LONDON, 26th May, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inviting me to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the separation of Danvers from Salem, on the 16th of June, or, if not able to attend, to signify, by letter, my interest in the occasion.

I am very sorry that my engagements allow me to comply only with the latter part of your request.

I should have the greatest pleasure in joining in your interesting celebration there, if possible. The early associations of my life are clustered around *our* ancient town. It was, as many of you know, in a very humble house in the South Parish that I was born, and from the Common Schools of that Parish, such as they were in 1803 to 1807, I obtained the limited education my parents' means could afford; but to the principles there inculcated in childhood and early youth, I owe much of the foundation for such success as Heaven has been pleased to grant me during a long business life. Though my manhood, before coming to England, was spent in Baltimore, (which shares with my native town in my kindest feelings,) I still cherish the recollections of my earlier days, and anticipate, with much pleasure, a visit to the Old Parish, that I may witness the great strides I am told you have been making in wealth and improvements.

It is now nearly sixteen years since I left my native country, but I can say with truth that absence has only deepened my interest in her welfare. During this interval I have seen great changes in her wealth, in her power, and in her position among nations. I have had the mortification to witness the social standing of Americans in Europe very seriously affected, and to *feel* that it was not entirely undeserved; but, thank Heaven, I have lived to see the cause nearly annihilated by the energy, industry, and honesty of my countrymen,—thereby creating between the people of the two great nations speaking the English language, and governed by liberal and free institutions, a more cordial and kind feeling than has existed at any other time. The great increase of population and commerce of the United States,—the development of the internal wealth of the country and enterprise of her people, have done much to produce this happy change, and I can scarcely see bounds to our possible future, if we preserve harmony among ourselves and good faith to the rest of the world, and if we plant the unrivalled New England institution of the Common School liberally among the emigrants who are filling up the great valley of the Mississippi. That this may be done, is, I am persuaded, no less your wish than mine.

I enclose a sentiment, which I ask may remain sealed till this letter

is read on the day of celebration, when it is to be opened according to the direction on the envelope.

With great respect,
I have the honor to be,
Your fellow-townsman,
GEORGE PEABODY.

To Messrs. John W. Proctor, Andrew Nichols and others.

The endorsement on the envelope was as follows :—

[The seal of this is not to be broken till the toasts are being proposed by the chairman, at the dinner 16th June, at Danvers, in commemoration of the one hundredth year since its severance from Salem. It contains a sentiment for the occasion from George Peabody, of London.]

By GEORGE PEABODY, of London :

Education—A debt due from present to future generations.

In acknowledgment of the payment of that debt by the generation which preceded me in my native town of Danvers, and to aid in its prompt future discharge, I give to the inhabitants of that town the sum of TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, for the promotion of knowledge and morality among them.

I beg to remark, that the subject of making a gift to my native town has for some years occupied my mind, and I avail myself of your present interesting festival to make the communication, in the hope that it will add to the pleasures of the day.

I annex to the gift such conditions only as I deem necessary for its preservation and the accomplishment of the purposes before named. The conditions are, that the legal voters of the town, at a meeting to be held at a convenient time after the 16th June, shall accept the gift, and shall elect a committee of not less than twelve persons, to receive and have charge of the same, for the purpose of establishing a Lyceum for the delivery of lectures, upon such subjects as may be designated by a committee of the town, free to all the inhabitants, under such rules as said committee may from time to time enact; and that a Library shall be obtained, which shall also be free to the inhabitants, under the direction of the committee.

That a suitable building for the use of the Lyceum shall be erected, at a cost, including the land, fixtures, furniture, &c., not exceeding Seven Thousand dollars, and shall be located within one third of a mile of the Presbyterian Meeting-House occupying the spot of that formerly under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Walker, in the South Parish of Danvers.

That Ten Thousand dollars of this gift shall be invested by the town's committee in undoubted securities as a permanent fund, and the interest arising therefrom to be expended in support of the Lyceum.

In all other respects, I leave the disposition of the affairs of the Lyceum to the inhabitants of Danvers, merely suggesting that it might be advisable for them, by their own act, to exclude sectarian theology and political discussions forever from the walls of the institution.

I will make one request of the committee, which is, if they see no objection, and my venerable friend Capt. Sylvester Proctor should be living, that he be selected to lay the corner stone of the Lyceum Building. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE PEABODY.

After the announcement of the donation by Mr. Peabody, Mr. Proctor remarked substantially as follows :—

Mr. Chairman—

I scarcely know which to admire most, the *liberality* of the gift, or the *modesty* of the giver. A princely donation like this, for a purpose like this, to a place like this, is no ordinary occurrence. We hear of the donations of *Girard*, of *Smithson*, of *Buzzy*, and of others, in amounts larger than this ; but where is there one, all things considered, that will begin to compare with this ? Look at the *sentiment* accompanying it : "*Education*—A debt due from present to future generations." What more simple ? Still, what could be more expressive ? Look also at the recognition, by Mr. Peabody, of the *Village School*, under the shadow of the steeple of the old Church, where he, and I, and many others present, were first taught to lisp their A, B, C, and see how readily he admits, it was there "he imbibed the principles which have been the foundation of the success, which Heaven has been pleased to grant him, during a long business life." Can there be a higher eulogy than this, upon our New England system of Free Schools ?

When a boy, sir, I knew Mr. Peabody well. Our ages were such that we went to the same school, and developed our physical energies on the same play-grounds. From the first, he was manly and honorable, as he ever since has been. Nothing small or mean about George Peabody. If anything wrong was done, he was the last to be suspected of doing it. I say this, sir, for the information of those of my young friends who seem to think there is something manly in being forward to do mischief ; in being most active in overturning outbuildings, or breaking the windows of retired gentlemen, or disturbing the repose of discreet young ladies. They mistake, entirely, who indulge any such ideas. Peabody never did any such things. While I knew him, he was a civil, well-behaved, trustworthy young man,—and now, my young friends, you see what he has ripened into ;—the first among the foremost of Americans in London ; a nobleman by nature, of rank second to none other.

It has been my good fortune, sir, to have repeated communications from Mr. Peabody since he became a man. As early as 1835, when he resided at Baltimore, the citizens of South Danvers undertook to erect a monument to the memory of those of our fellow-townsmen who were killed at Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775. When we had raised by subscription $700, and ascertained that the structure designed would cost $1000, I advised him of the facts, and received from him a prompt reply, saying that "he was happy to learn that his fellow-townsmen of Danvers were about to do, what had been too long neglected, and that my draft on him, at sight, for whatever might be

needed to complete the design, should be duly honored." The work was completed, and the draft was paid.

Again, sir, when the Church of the South Society, a new structure, that occupied the site of the one that he describes as the "Presbyterian Meeting-House, where the Rev. Mr. Walker formerly was pastor," was destroyed by fire, the Society, with much exertion, having just about completed the same, my friend on my right* joined me in a note to Mr. Peabody, stating the facts,—to which he replied, with an appropriate expression of his sympathies with the occasion, accompanied by a bill of exchange for *fifty pounds sterling*, for the use of the Society.

Such, sir, has been my knowledge and experience of George Peabody, of London. You may well suppose, sir, when I received from him a private note, accompanying the *envelope* that contained the *donation*, with a request that it should not be opened until the company were seated at dinner, because it contained "a *sentiment* of interest to the people of Danvers," that I imagined it to be *a rich sentiment*. I did indeed, sir, so imagine. But I frankly admit, it exceeds my highest imagination.

And, sir, what was peculiarly gratifying to me, the same note, that gave me this information, also authorized me to subscribe in his behalf the sum of *fifty dollars*, towards the erection of an appropriate monument at the grave of our late fellow-townsman, the venerable Gen. Gideon Foster, who died at the age of 96, with a character for industry, honor, and integrity, rarely equalled.

Such, sir, are a few of the acts of this *model of a man*, that Danvers feels proud to call her own. May those, who are still of Danvers, show themselves to be worthy of his bounty. May it be received and managed in a manner most gratifying to the giver. May no local jealousies, or meaner passions, be suffered to enter here. May those of Danvers, in *'fifty-two*, show themselves to be worthy their sires of 'Seventy-Six.

P. R. SOUTHWICK, Esq., here rose and spoke as follows:

Mr. President:—I rise, sir, to pass a slight tribute of respect to that distinguished gentleman whose interesting letter has just been read to us; a gentleman with whom so many of us were familiar in our early years,—whose enterprise and liberality, whose private virtue and moral worth, excite the deepest regard and admiration, not only in his own country but in Europe.

I hope, sir, that you or some other gentleman more familiar with the history of George Peabody, Esq., will favor us with the details of his progress from his boyhood to the high position which he now enjoys, the highest position in the mercantile world which any living American has ever yet reached. I will detain you only by alluding to those traits in that gentleman's character which afforded me and my friends so much pleasure before he left us, and during his residence in Baltimore, and which he carried with him and still retains on the other side of the Atlantic. I will only say of Mr. Peabody's early advantages in

* Hon. Robert S. Daniels.

life, that he owes nothing to the influence of birth or fortune. Though of highly respectable parentage, he claims no alliance to the aristocracy of wealth or power adventitiously bestowed. From his youth, his mind was imbued with sound principles. Early convinced of the value of time, he rightly estimated the importance of improving the opportunities and advantages of education with which he was favored, and we find him early distinguished by those habits of industry and by that purity of moral conduct, which have ever since been preëminent in his character. He has been promoted entirely by his own exertions and merits. At home and abroad, in his youth and in his manhood, industry, decision and perseverance characterize every stage of his life.

I have already said Mr. Peabody enjoys the highest reputation as a merchant. He exhibits the most perfect example of assiduity, sagacity and foresight in his business transactions. Perfectly familiar with the currency of every part of the world, thoroughly acquainted with the resources, the financial condition, and the banking systems of different nations, enjoying the entire confidence of corporations and individuals, his mercantile transactions are confined by no sectional limits, and he extends his operations with perfect freedom and safety in every direction. His judgment is clear, deliberate, and peculiarly discriminating. He regards "punctuality as the soul of business," and never violates the most trivial engagements. His intercourse in his business connection with others is always attended with frankness and candor, and we rarely if ever meet with a merchant of eminence so entirely undisturbed by the jealousy or envy of others. He never exhibits in his business transactions any of those little tricks and concealments which indicate a weak or a dishonorable mind. He holds in abhorrence that meanness of spirit, which, for a little apparent profit, would insinuate evil of another, or even consent, by silence, to a mistaken estimate of his worth. He has none of that jealousy which fears a rival in every person pursuing the same end, nor of that arrogant self-esteem which owns no fallibility of judgment. In all his intercourse with his mercantile brethren he is gentlemanly and respectful, and secures their esteem not less by his acknowledged abilities than by his modesty and courtesy. The free expression of opinion uprightly formed, he believes to be the right and duty of an honest man, and to the exercise of which, by others, he is unusually tolerant. His opinion is of the highest authority, but it is given with so much modesty that he never gives offence even where there might be a difference in judgment. There is nothing haughty or arrogant in his character, and the feelings of respect which his acquaintance excites arise from his dignified deportment combined with native simplicity of manners.

Mr. Peabody's moral sensibilities are exalted and refined; but if any one quality of his heart prevails that acts as a presiding divinity over the man, it is his benevolence. The citizens of his native town, as well as in every community in which he has lived, will never forget or cease to feel the influence of his generous acts. The various acts of his munificence, both public and private, I will not detail to you here. They are already a by-word upon your lips. Although the hand of time may obliterate the pages upon which the gifts of our valued friend

are recorded, we trust that his memory and the objects of his generous care will be cherished till time shall be no more.

The proverbial benevolence of Mr. Peabody prompts him to seek out rather than to shun adversity, and when it is discovered he never "passes by on the other side." His heart is alive to all the tender and generous sensibilities of our nature, throwing the drapery of kindness over the chamber of affliction, and lighting up, by the sunshine of his benevolence, the sky overcast by distress and adversity. In public improvements, in the various efforts for moral elevation and intellectual advancement, or for advancing the interest and comforts of all around him, the heart and hand of George Peabody are readily enlisted. He is the ardent and active friend of social order, and of the substantial institutions of society. To the presence of his benevolent affections he is indebted for that graceful and easy politeness, that unassuming suavity of temper, which are so conspicuous in his intercourse with others, and which so justly and eminently entitle him to our gratitude, and secure for him unrivalled esteem, affection and respect. On the character of such a man as George Peabody we can dwell only with delight and satisfaction. It has no shades; no dark spot, which his friends would desire to conceal or remove; no eccentricity to detract from its merit. His well-balanced mind leads him to right views upon every subject. His acute moral sense has always kept him in the path of rectitude. He possesses honesty that cannot be corrupted, and integrity that cannot be shaken by adversity. His inflexible moral principles are written upon his countenance, upon every word that falls from his lips, and upon every action of his life.

Such, Mr. President, is George Peabody. The town of Danvers ought justly to be proud of that favorite son whose life and character, whose urbanity of manners, and whose mercantile experience, are producing a beneficial influence upon the mercantile character of Great Britain that is entirely beyond a parallel. May his example stimulate all our young men who are pressing forward in the path of high and honorable distinction.

The following sentiment was then given:

Our Fellow Townsman, Sylvester Proctor, Esq.—Venerable for his years and honored for his virtues. It is a proud distinction for him to sit in the seat at our festival designed for George Peabody, of London.

It should be remarked that Mr. Peabody requested that the seat he would have himself occupied at the table, if he had been present, should be assigned to his venerable friend, Capt. Proctor. It was in his apothecary shop that Mr. Peabody learned the first rudiments of trade, and where he passed several years of his boyhood before entering upon the larger sphere of operations, which has given him such a name in the mercantile world. Capt. Proctor was accordingly so seated.

The next sentiment was—

The Historical Department of the Essex Institute—The rich and safe depository of incidents in our local history,—a richer depository is found in the experience and reminiscences of its presiding head.

JUDGE WHITE, President of the Institute, being called upon, responded substantially as follows :—

Mr. President :—At this late hour it will not be expected that I should attempt making a speech. I can do little more than to express my congratulations and my thanks, which I would most heartily do.

Yes, friends and fellow-citizens of Danvers, with my whole heart, full and overflowing, I congratulate you upon the complete success of your great celebration,—a celebration which will form an important era in your annals, and to which the Essex Institute will be indebted for some of its richest incidents of local history. Your honorable efforts to commemorate the virtues and achievements of the founders and fathers of Danvers, have been crowned with all the success you could have desired. Your extended procession this morning was conducted in admirable order, and presented a brilliant and beautiful pageantry to the eye, and, what is more, a most touching spectacle to the heart of every beholder. Its moral associations imparted a dignity to it. The costumes of the fathers brought up at once their self-denying virtues, their holy lives, and brave deeds; and the long array of little children,—those countless "buds of promise,"—carried us into the uncertain future, with mingled hopes and fears, impressing upon us the importance of training them to be worthy of their ancestry. Your interesting and appropriate services in the church left us nothing to regret but the want of time to listen to the muse of the day. And here, at these widespread festive boards, eloquence, poetry and song, wit, humor and joyful feeling have conspired to honor both you and your fathers, and to delight us all.

But especially, and most of all, would I congratulate you, my friends, upon the richest incident of the day,—the noble benefaction which has just been announced,—truly a noble close to a noble celebration. Forever honored be the name of GEORGE PEABODY, your distinguished fellow-townsman of London, for his bountiful gift, and its wise appropriation. Well does he deserve the bursts of grateful enthusiasm which you have so spontaneously given him, and which your children will catch from you. This gift, so appropriated, is in the very spirit of your celebration,—in the very spirit of the fathers whose memory you venerate. The expressed sentiment, accompanying the gift, consecrates it the more entirely, and will the more endear the name of the high-minded donor. That "education is a debt due from the present to future generations," was a fundamental principle with our sagacious forefathers, manifested in all their conduct. To the steady operation of this principle are we chiefly indebted for our choicest blessings. If we value these blessings, let us never forget the means of perpetuating them. George Peabody is doubly your benefactor, by reminding you of your high obligations, and, at the same time, enlarging your ability to fulfil them.

I fully assent to all that has been so eloquently said here in praise of your privileges, your virtues, and your blessings. No people on this earth, I believe, are more truly blest than the people of Danvers, and, I may add, of all the towns within the original limits of Salem. How shall we account for this great and happy distinction in their lot? Very

readily. No people ever had better or wiser ancestors. The founders of Salem, who were the founders of Danvers, were selected from the best men of their day and generation. They were real men of God, and the seed they planted here was the true seed of God. It took deep root, and has borne fruit continually, and will bear it so long as we appreciate its value, and strive to preserve it in the spirit of the original planters. You do well to honor their memory, and to cherish their spirit. This you owe to them, to yourselves, to your children, and to your children's children. All praise is due to you for the generous zeal and public spirit which you have manifested in this splendid, this heartfelt celebration. I thank you most cordially for the privilege of enjoying it with you. And I congratulate you upon the proud satisfaction with which you will look back upon this day, and forward to the approbation of posterity.

I have no time to dwell upon the virtues of our venerated forefathers, or even to name them. Nor is this necessary. They are known to you all. John Endicott, their intrepid leader,—the noble pioneer governor, whose fame will brighten with the flight of time,—is identified with the people of Danvers. He was admirably qualified, by his moral, intellectual, and physical energies, for the grand enterprise to which he was destined by Providence. And he, with his faithful compeers, will be remembered with increasing enthusiasm of gratitude for centuries to come.

I beg leave again to thank you, Mr. President, and the Committee of Arrangements, for the high gratification I have enjoyed to-day, and to conclude with the following sentiment, which is my fervent prayer :

The onward prosperity of Danvers—May the next centennial celebration be enjoyed by a people as richly blest as the present, and as justly proud of their ancestors.

A sentiment, complimentary to the PRESIDENT OF THE DAY, having been offered, Hon. ROBERT S. DANIELS responded :—

Mr. President :—I have listened with deep interest to the remarks of gentlemen who have addressed this assembly. They have done full and ample justice to all those distinguished citizens of Danvers who took part in the stirring events of the Revolution, and in the early part of the century, the completion of which we are now celebrating. Those events, and the character of our townsmen who participated in them, are a source of pride and pleasure to us all. But there are men of more recent date,—men of the present generation, who have been of us, and with us, and some of them now living, whose influence and standing have been of the most elevated and favorable character ; many of them I have had the pleasure to know, and have often been called to act with, in many transactions relative to our municipal and other matters. And, sir, may I be permitted to allude to some two or three of them ?

And first I will say of the *President of the Day* what I would not say had he not retired from his place and from this assembly, that he has discharged the duties assigned him on this occasion in a manner so able and interesting and so characteristic of himself, as to ex-

cite the admiration and entire approbation of all our friends from abroad, and to elevate himself still higher, if possible, in the esteem of his fellow-townsmen. His dignity, impartiality, and ready wit have added much to the pleasures of the day. The deep interest which he has manifested in this celebration has endeared him to all his associates in the preparatory arrangements. And we all hope that he may live long among us, and continue his wise counsels and bright example in the promotion of religion and virtue, and all those traits of character which are calculated to adorn the possessor, and increase the happiness of the human race.

And there is one who was recently with us, but is now gone to participate, as I trust, in higher and purer scenes,—whom we all knew and esteemed,—who was cut down in the midst of his usefulness, and at a time when many of his fellow-citizens were looking forward to his promotion to the highest honors of the State. You must be aware that I allude to the Hon. Daniel P. King. Of a character so pure that the breath of calumny, if ever hurled at him, must have fallen harmless at his feet; of a life so uncontaminated with the evils and temptations with which he had been surrounded during his public life that he secured the esteem and confidence of all his associates, he was a worthy example for the young and ambitious to follow. He served his country and his fellow-citizens faithfully and honorably, and he died regretted and beloved by all who knew him.

And there is one more of our native citizens to whom, under the circumstances of the occasion, I feel at liberty to allude, and of whom my friend* near me has spoken so justly and truly, and that is George Peabody, Esq., of London; and it was my fortune to have known him, and have associated with him in some measure, before he left his native town—not so much, however, as my brother David, who, I believe, was one of his most intimate friends. I recollect George Peabody as an active, intelligent young man, of dignified deportment, tall and commanding in person,—and I ask what has made him what he is? a resident of London, of immense wealth, highly respected and esteemed, throughout the world, for his high sense of honor, his unbending integrity, his public spirit, his humanity, his generosity, and his elevated standing among the merchant princes of the old and new world. There is no one here to-day (and there are but few who have known how he has passed along from our common district schools to his present elevated position) but that would say his character, all the way through life, must have been distinguished for industry, for integrity, for virtue, for honor, and all those characteristics which command the respect and esteem of all persons, of all ages. These are all necessary to a successful business career. Think of these things, young men! You probably cannot all be George Peabodys, but you may attain to a desirable and respectable standing in the community,—and some of you, if you will but adhere to the rules of life, which must have governed him, may obtain wealth and an honorable distinction among your fellow-citizens, and a peaceful and happy old age, filled with a glorious hope of a blessed immortality. What town can point to nobler and higher examples, as incentives to

* Mr. Proctor.

stimulate our young men to a virtuous and correct deportment, than Danvers, when she points to Daniel P. King and George Peabody. May the next centennial celebration find many of your names enrolled as high in the estimation of those who may meet on that occasion as are those of Peabody and King at this time. I beseech you keep them constantly in mind. It is an high aim,—but not beyond your reach.

The PRESIDENT then offered the following sentiment:

The Secretary of the Commonwealth—Known at home as the earnest friend of improvement and progress, and in other countries as the ardent advocate of peace and good will among the nations.

To this sentiment Hon. AMASA WALKER responded as follows:

Mr. President:—In making my acknowledgments for the flattering sentiments you have just announced, allow me to say that I accepted your invitation to be present at this festival with great pleasure. I well knew that the town of Danvers was rich in the incidents of her history, and in the romance of her traditions, and that she had sons of talent and genius by whom the deeds and legends of the past would be ably rehearsed in prose and verse. I therefore expected much, and have enjoyed much; but I did not expect to hear announced at this time such a generous donation as that which you have just received from your distinguished townsman in London. Sir, I congratulate you, I congratulate the people of this favored town on such a valuable gift. That it will confer great advantages on you, I doubt not; that it reflects great honor on the donor, I am sure. It is not the munificence of the gift, great as that is, but the excellence of the object to which it is to be devoted, that makes it such a benefaction to your town, and such an honor to him who gives it. Sir, this generous act speaks a volume of the character and feelings of its author. It shows that, elevated and distinguished as he is abroad, he has not forgotten his early home; that, surrounded as he is by the elegance and opulence of the world's metropolis, he remembers, with gratitude and affection, the friends and associates of his childhood and youth. And more, it shows that he justly appreciates the state of society in his native land, and the wants of the age. It indicates that he has kept up with the progress of events, and knows that popular education, the enlightenment of the masses, the diffusion of intelligence amongst the people by lectures, lyceums, and libraries, is one of the greatest demands of the present time. In this, too, he shows that he sympathizes with the people, and that if he is a British subject, he is still worthy to be an American citizen, for he has an American heart, and republican ideas.

Lyceums, voluntary associations for the extension of useful knowledge, are no longer an experiment; they have become established institutions in our country; they are exerting a vast influence on the public mind, and doing much for the moral and intellectual cultivation of the people. Your friend, Mr. President, judged rightly when he determined that his liberal donation should be appropriated to these excellent objects. In no way could he have conferred greater benefits

on you. In no way could he have impressed himself more deeply or favorably on the youthful mind of the present and coming generations.

Though not an inhabitant of this much honored town, and though neither I, nor mine, may ever receive any direct benefit from this generous act of your friend, yet, as an early and earnest, though feeble advocate of these now useful and popular institutions, I feel myself laid under personal obligations, and am emboldened to call on you, sir, and all who may hereafter be entrusted with the management of this fund, to use the utmost vigilance and fidelity in the discharge of your sacred trust. Let the income be ever judiciously and economically devoted to its appropriate objects. Let nothing be wasted in show, nothing be spent on favorites, nothing lost by neglect. Remember that this fund is not the property of any sect or party, of any clique or coterie. It has been given to the town of Danvers; it is the property of the people, for their use and behoof, forever. So let it be understood and felt. Well appropriated and managed, this fund may be made to produce great and beneficent results, and afford superior advantages to the young people of this town. I hope, sir, they will feel inspired with an ardent desire to avail themselves to the utmost, of the means of improvement thus afforded them.

Mr. President, while, on an occasion like this, our minds are mostly filled with the memories of the past, and the interesting events of the present, it is quite impossible that we should fail to cast a glimpse down the long vista of the future. If the last one hundred years has done so much for human progress and development, how much may we not anticipate for a hundred years to come? At the same rate of progress for the next century, what will be the achievements, what the position of the race in the sciences and arts, in morals and religion, in all that elevates and adorns the social state, on the return of your next centennial? The mind is overwhelmed as it contemplates the future. Progress is the destiny of man. Higher views of duty, nobler aspirations, truer conceptions of the great principles of Christianity, and a more universal practical application of its leading truths, these must mark the century before us; these must harmonize the antagonisms of the social state, and hasten the advent of that day when the spirit of peace, and the sentiment of human brotherhood, "shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea."

The PRESIDENT then proposed the following sentiment:

The Town of Beverly—Our elder sister, and one of Mother Salem's most comely daughters. Her distinguished sons are her brightest jewels.

To this toast, Mr. THAYER responded as follows:—

In justice, Mr. President, to my own feelings, as well as in behalf of my fellow-townsmen, I desire to make some response to the sentiment you have proposed, so complimentary to the place of my residence. For them and for myself, I assure you, the sentiments of kindness and respect it implies are cordially reciprocated. And I am most happy to congratulate you and the people of Danvers on the signal success of this celebration. When I heard it was undertaken, I did not doubt

that here were the ability and public spirit to make it a very interesting and creditable one. But I confess I was not prepared to anticipate all I have this day witnessed. While the external display has been highly peculiar and brilliant, and this wide-spread and bountiful feast has been provided for us, a far richer provision has been prepared for the mind and heart. History and poetry, sentiment and song, sober reflection and facetious allusion, have together and largely contributed to our entertainment and instruction. The various historical reminiscences, the important views, and facts, and events, which have been made to cluster around this town, must have taken the most of us by surprise. They certainly have evinced extensive research and exceeding ingenuity in those who have been at the pains to gather and arrange them. I hope that with the aid of the press, they may be carefully treasured and preserved to inform and delight the present and future generations. They would afford materials for a volume of great value and interest, not merely for the antiquarian, or for those immediately concerned as residents here or in the vicinity, but for all who would learn our origin and progress as a community, and would closely observe the chief elements by which a little one has become thousands and millions, and a small one a vast, mighty, and wonderfully growing nation.

In the sentiment, which alone has induced me at this late hour to offer a few brief remarks, are recognized justly the family relations existing between our neighboring towns, and which constitute them in in the most essential respects one people. They are bound together by the strong ties of a common origin, a common history, and a common destiny. The associations connected with their settlement, with the toils, privations and sacrifices of their ancestors, with the patriotic endurance and exertions of their fathers, with the grand interests of education, reform, progress, religion, are to a large extent the same with them all. They have the same characteristics of intelligence, industry, enterprise, order, sobriety, love of country, moral and Christian worth. The three populations of Salem, Beverly and Danvers—the mother, with the elder and younger daughters, though under different municipalities, are, by location, by facilities of intercourse, by social and business relations, and by the manner in which they run into and blend with each other, substantially one. If united as formerly, they would now form a city of over thirty thousand inhabitants, which would combine within itself as great an amount of beauty and desirableness in position, and of what makes human life most valuable, as any other equally populous city of the land. Something has at this time been said about vanishing lines between this and Salem. And let Danvers be forewarned, that when such donations, as that which has just been announced from her munificent son in London, come pouring upon her, she must expect to encounter schemes of annexation from other quarters beside that of her venerable and loving parent.

Seriously, sir, if we borderers may not claim an equal share with you in that noble endowment, we shall make no ceremony in stepping over your limits, and appropriating to ourselves some of the best portions of it—at least, that which consists of the feelings of pride, admiration and satisfaction with which it cannot fail to be viewed. The

spectacle thus presented is truly an inspiring one. It has a moral beauty and glory. Would that it might have its legitimate effect in prompting others, near to or distant from the places of their birth, to like generous uses of wealth and like splendid benefactions. Its author having, by diligence, talent, high character, and no doubt favoring fortune, risen to opulence and commanding station, has had the wisdom to turn these to ends alike creditable and useful. In a dark hour of misfortune and disgrace he brought them to retrieve and support his country's commercial honor. By a stroke of social policy not less felicitous than bold, he converted a celebration of our national birthday on British ground into an enduring cement of peaceful union between our mother-land and her rebel offspring. To his countrymen abroad he has extended a heartfelt welcome and a cherishing hand, and among foreigners made them at home. He has not unwisely, as so many do, waited to have his superfluous abundance dispensed from a lifeless hand—to cast his bread on the waters when it could return to him no more. He would not die without a sight of the tree or without gathering from the fruit of the tree, which he had himself planted. Not content, too, with cultivating the field immediately before him, and doing the good which lies directly about him, his large and true heart, quitting the cares and whirl of business in the world's great centre, leaving the scenes of his triumphs—of the affluence and splendor which surround him there, where he dwells a prince among princes, a merchant-prince indeed, a prince of right-royal blood—that which flows in the veins of nature's noblemen,—with the beautiful love for the place of his nativity that is akin to the affection for one's own mother, traverses the ocean and comes hither, seeking out the house in which he was born; the humble school-room in which he was early trained; the spot where stood the ancient church in which he was taught to worship God, and from which it is provided with touching simplicity, in the conditions on which the institution he has so liberally devised is bestowed, that it shall not be far removed. That enlarged and liberal heart is with us to-day—in spirit, though not in person, mingling with a ready and thorough sympathy in these joyous festivities, and crowning them with a wreath of princely benevolence;—thus rendering them thrice joyful, and by this golden offering laid on the festive board, and consecrated to good learning with the virtues and graces by which it is rightfully attended and adorned, gladdening the hearts and immeasurably blessing the minds of multitudes of the present, and countless future generations. Such an example, while it sheds lustre on our nature and universal man, belongs to the world. All of us in this community, whence it originated, have a peculiar property in it, which, were it necessary, we should strenuously assert,—of which you could not if you would, though I am sure you would not if you could, have any, even the humblest of us, deprived.

But there is one species of annexation I will engage that we in Beverly will not press. It is that of the fame—be it credit or discredit—which properly belongs here, in connection with the witchcraft of 1692. We are quite content to let that matter stand as it does,—namely, that while your ancestors set it going, ours opposed the first effectual check to it. There are some other facts on which with all

requisite modesty we would pride ourselves, as, that our harbor sent forth the first armed vessel of the revolution, thus cradling the American navy—that with us was established the first cotton factory in this country—that among us, also, was founded the first Sunday School, as that institution now exists, in the United States,—but on no other event in our annals may we dwell with more satisfaction than upon this. The orator of the day has alluded to the circumstances, which were simply these. When the awful tragedy was at its height, Mrs. Hale, wife of the first minister of Beverly, was cried out against as being in league with Satan. Such, however, was her remarkable excellence, that all who knew her felt at once that the accusation was false, the devil being the last person with whom she would be likely to cultivate any friendship or affinity. The eyes of her husband, who had previously yielded to the delusion, were opened to its real nature; and he forthwith composed a treatise, which was published in a small volume, and contributed much to stay the evil. I have in my possession a copy of it, and I know of but one other copy in existence. It is marked with the peculiarities in style and thought of the times in which it was written, but shows thorough investigation coupled with deep conviction and ardent love of truth. It will ever be honorable to his memory, and will reflect lasting honor on the scene of his labors and the spot whence it emanated. And Danvers, notwithstanding she might, in a former age and in common with the rest of the world, have labored under the disastrous eclipse of superstitious terror, was not slow to come out from its dismal shadow, and to avail herself of the improved lights of learning and religion. For her zeal in cherishing her churches and schools, and other means of disseminating knowledge, and high and pure principles, she has long been distinguished. This day, certainly, she stands forth in the clear, genial sunshine of enlightened reason and right feeling, in regard to the delusion to which particular attention has naturally been drawn, and to all kindred ones. It appears to me, that on this point precisely the right key has, both in prose and poetry, been struck. Who shall deny that it needs to be struck with all the force of strong reason and high character, when we behold the many otherwise happy homes, which in consequence of prevailing superstitions and fanaticisms are in deepest misery, and the many otherwise useful members of society and advancing Christians, who are by them doomed to the maniac's cell? I ask leave, then, in closing, to offer this sentiment:

Intelligence and Virtue—The great weapons with which to combat every kind of delusion.

The PRESIDENT next proposed the honored name of NATHAN DANE, which was responded to by the Rev. E. M. STONE, of Providence:—

I thank you, Mr. President, for the very kind manner in which you have been pleased to connect my name with Beverly,—a town in which I spent many pleasant years, and from whose citizens, as I gratefully remember, I have received many tokens of confidence and favor.

A thought naturally suggested by the interesting scenes of this day, is the influence of towns on the character and destiny of a nation. Towns act through individuals. They have their representative men

through whom they speak, and by whom they illustrate the principles they hold dear. Of this class was Hon. Nathan Dane,—a name around which clusters all we venerate in man as a Christian, a Jurist, and a Statesman. On the 27th of December next, one hundred years will have elapsed since he first drew breath in Ipswich, and full seventy years have gone by since he established himself in the profession of law in Beverly. His long and honorable career is well known to the citizens of this town. It is marked by many acts of public usefulness and private munificence. Of his public acts, the most important are those to which your sentiment refers. By the first, the Federal constitution was rendered "adequate to the exigencies of government and preservation of the union." By the second, freedom from involuntary servitude was secured to four hundred thousand square miles of territory, and the interminable West saved from a blighting evil that has so sadly marred the prosperity of other sections of our great and glorious confederacy. The ordinance of 1787 evinced a far seeing wisdom. It marked an epoch in our history, from which freedom dates momentous results. It struck a chord of humanity and civil rights, that will not cease to vibrate until the last link of oppression's chain is broken. It has drawn from the most gifted minds in our land the strongest expressions of admiration. "I doubt," said Mr. Webster, on one of the most intensely interesting occasions of his public life, "whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of a more distinct and marked and lasting character than the ordinance of '87,—and certainly it has happened to few men, to be the authors of a political measure of more large and enduring consequence. It fixed, forever, the character of the population in the vast regions northwest of the Ohio, by excluding from them involuntary servitude. It impressed on the soil itself, while it was yet a wilderness, an incapacity to bear up any other than freemen. It laid the interdict against personal servitude, in original compact, not only deeper than all local law, but deeper, also, than all local constitutions. Under the circumstances then existing, I look upon this original and seasonable provision as a real good attained. We see its consequences at this moment, and we shall never cease to see them, perhaps, while the Ohio shall flow."

In the labors thus eulogized, Mr. Dane represented the sentiment, or rather, I may say, the principles of the town of Beverly,—principles by which her citizens were actuated during the revolutionary struggle, and which are recorded on almost every page of her revolutionary transactions.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Dane, while the ordinance of 1787 was under consideration, to be seconded in his efforts by men imbued with the same spirit; and there comes to my mind, in this connection, the name of one whose important services to the political, social, intellectual, and religious interests of the great West, are yet to be made known. I refer to the late Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D., of Hamilton, the earnest and judicious coadjutor of Mr. Dane, (though not then a member of Congress,) in securing the passage of the ordinance, and to whom, in his own person, and through his honored son, Judge Ephraim Cutler, Ohio is more indebted than to any other man, for

those distinguishing traits which give her a proud preëminence among her western sisters. Sir, the influence of Beverly and Hamilton, through these their representative men, upon the public opinion and present position of our nation, can scarcely be over-estimated, and the debt of gratitude due to them will be as enduring as the institutions of our country. Of Mr. Dane, it is sufficient to add that his highest eulogy is found in the works with which his name is identified, and it is glory enough for Beverly that for more than half a century she could number him among her most distinguished citizens. The period embraced in the anniversary of this day, Mr. President, covers the most important acts in the history of our country,—its resistance of oppression, its struggle for civil freedom, and its triumphant achievement of a name among the nations of the earth. In the stirring events that led on to these results, Danvers took a decided and active part. In the field and in the public councils she had representative men worthy the trust reposed in them, and worthy a place on the roll inscribed with the name of Nathan Dane. Her Fosters and Pages, her Hutchinsons, Putnams and Proctors, and their associates, were men of mark,—men upon whom the lesson at North Bridge had not been lost, and who, at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Monmouth, and other points distinguished for heroic deeds, did good service for their country, and won for themselves an imperishable fame.

Another of her representative men was Judge Samuel Holten, a compeer of Mr. Dane, and a patriot of the Washington school. In the dark hours of his country's peril, in the provincial, and subsequently in the national councils, he proved himself equal to the weighty responsibilities imposed upon him, and by his position and influence contributed much to the glorious consummation in which twenty-three millions of freemen this day rejoice. To show the spirit of the man, and the ready sacrifice he made of pecuniary interest and health for the sacred cause of freedom, I will present a few extracts from letters written while in Congress to a member of the General Court of Massachusetts.

Under date, Philadelphia, March 30, 1779, he says, after speaking of the alarming state of the public finances, "you are pleased to ask me when I think of coming home. In answer, permit me to observe, that when I had the honor of being elected to a seat in Congress, I was sensible my friends had overrated my abilities, yet I was determined to give place to no man in my endeavors to serve my distressed country, and having given my constant attendance in Congress, not having been absent one day since I took my seat, (excepting three days I was confined by sickness,) I now find myself so much engaged, and the distresses of my country so great, that I have no thought of returning till some of my colleagues arrive to take my place, for if the State is not as fully represented as they expect, it shall not be my fault, *though it may be very destructive to my health.*"

Again, June 8, he writes upon the same subject: "It is vain for us to expect that we can carry on the war by emitting bills. We must now all part with a part of our bills or other estate to procure them for public use. You may be assured, my worthy colleagues as well as myself, have been and still are exerting ourselves in this great affair of finance. I am sure you will agree with me in sentiment, *that we*

had much better pay a tenth of our estates, than lose all that is worth living in this world to enjoy."

Again, under date of November 8, on the same theme, he writes, "Our all seems to be at stake, and I fear the good people are not sensible of it.******Your greatest concern appears to be about a new army. My greatest concern is how we shall support the army, &c., &c. But don't suppose I despair of the common cause. No, it is too good and just to despair of. It is the dangers I foresee that makes me press this important matter. I put great dependence, under God, upon the knowledge and virtue of the New England States, and I think I shall not be disappointed."

Once more, writing under date of April 21, 1780, he says, "My engagements are such that I can write you but a few lines upon our public affairs, which are truly distressing. The depreciation of our currency has not only deranged and embarrassed the public affairs, but almost put a total stop to all the movements of our armies. Is the Honorable Assembly really sensible of our situation and their own danger? I fear not. Men, money and provisions are what are so much needed, but the two last give me the greatest concern, for without them it will be impossible for the army to keep together. I can truly say I have met nothing like it since the war. *But don't, my worthy friend, think I despair of the common cause;* no, not if the army disbands, which some think will be the case. My fears are that we shall be reduced to still greater difficulties before the good people will be fully sensible of their danger, and exert themselves accordingly."

One other extract must suffice. Under date of Philadelphia, May 2, 1780, he writes, "As it is not my intention ever to return to Congress, I shall have only to take leave of you, and my other worthy friends at Court, and retire to private life. My constant attendance in Congress, for almost two years, must render it a great relief to my mind to retire, and my friends here inform me they think that unless I lay aside business that requires so close attention, I shall end my days in this city; *but the distressed state of our country has a sensible effect upon a mind like mine, and whatever state I am in, I shall continue to exert myself in the common cause as long as my health will admit, or till our country is restored to peace.*"

Such, sir, was the "upright Judge," whom his fellow-citizens so often delighted to honor, whose wise counsels, while a member of Congress, gave frequent direction to the action of your state legislature, and of whom it has been truly said, "his name will be handed down to posterity with the celebrated names of his cotemporary patriots, crowned with immortal honors."

Danvers, Mr. President, has never been deficient in representative men, through whom a potential influence in forming the character and shaping the destiny of the nation could be exerted. Among these, high on the record of the departed, is inscribed the name of one to whom affecting tributes have just been paid by his Excellency and the gentleman from Middlesex, (Hon. Mr. Palfrey,) and whom it was my happiness to number among my personal friends. Sir, the Hon. Daniel P. King, the noble successor of the noble Saltonstall, was eminently deserving the confidence reposed in him. Faithfully did

he watch over the interests of his constituents, and honorably did he represent their principles in the state and national legislatures. Everywhere he left the impress of "an honest, independent freeman," asking only in all his public acts, "is the measure right?" not, "will it be popular?" His early and lamented death cast a deep shadow upon thousands of hearts, and while memory is true to its office, his public life and private virtues will be held in affectionate recollection.

Honorable is it, sir, to this town, that humanity, temperance, education, and religion which crowns them all, have never failed to find here able champions, faithful expounders and generous benefactors. On all these prominent features of state and national character, Danvers, through her representative men, has left her mark. Her century of history is a history of progress in virtue, intelligence and social refinement. Her patriotism is as true now, as when the drum beat to arms on the morning of the 19th April, 1775. Her past is the pledge of her future; and while the spirit of her departed patriots is cherished, every good cause, every interest vital to the prosperity and perpetuity of our Union, will receive generous and efficient support.

Of the events of this occasion, Mr. President, none will be longer remembered, or will shed richer blessings on the future generations of this town, than that which has this moment surprised and delighted us, and which has been so happily referred to by Judge White. The munificent donation you have announced from your former townsman, for the promotion of "knowledge and morality" among you, is an eulogy upon "the unrivalled New England institution of the common school," and upon his discriminating judgment, to which nothing need be added. It is indeed a "noble benefaction"—the noble deed of one, who, amidst the deserved commercial successes and honors of a foreign land, still remembers that he is an American, and who, turning with fond recollection to the scenes of childhood's home, strengthens, with manly hand and generous heart, the ties that have ever bound him to "fatherland." To say that this act is alike honorable to him and to his native town, is only to repeat a self-evident truth, which this audience have already shown they appreciate. Sir, I would not have failed to witness the breaking of that seal, or to hear those enthusiastic cheers, for all the other rich enjoyments of the day, and that is saying a great deal. It is a magnificent finale to these appropriate festivities; and to the end of time, the name of George Peabody will be enrolled with those "merchant princes" of America who are showing to the world, that they understand the true uses of wealth.

Pardon me, Mr. President, if, before I sit down, I utter a word or two in a somewhat different vein. My friend, the mayor of Salem, has very properly denominated this a family meeting, in which matters purely domestic may with propriety be talked over. It is true, I cannot claim, strictly, to be a member of the family; but that is more my misfortune than my fault. Beverly and Danvers, however, are "loving" daughters of "old mother Salem," and I think I might, by a liberal interpretation of the genealogical tables, prove myself a "distant relative." At all events, I shall plead the privilege of an old neighbor and friend, and "say my say."

I am not ignorant, sir, of the fact, that grave charges have been preferred against the good name of this ancient town. I am tolerably familiar with the traditions of old "Salem village," the "Devil's Dishfull," and "Blind Hole." I recollect that a certain "Lawrence Conant" once played off his jokes on us sober and confiding antiquarians, and that a gentleman, whose name I need not mention, has amused himself, and disturbed the cachinnary nerves of this whole community, by sinking railroads! Now, sir, I am not going to reproach you for these things. Not at all. The spirits of 1692, like those of 1852, had their way of doing things, and men of the present, like men of the past, enjoy fun after their own fashion; and who shall say the former deserved the fate of "goodwife Nurse," until their "manifestations" are satisfactorily explained, or that the latter should be sternly frowned upon until the maxim, "laugh and grow fat," is repudiated? But on family vagaries one hundred and sixty years ago, I shall not dwell. The more recent occurrences to which I have referred, I am disposed to look upon as the poetry of your local history,—embellishments springing, perhaps, from an "excess of activity," as a professor of theology once explained certain youthful propensities, and which a broad charity can readily excuse.

Besides, sir, a volume of good things may be said of your town, that will not require smoking, like the sermons of which you have spoken, to ensure their preservation for the use of a future historian. Of the representatives of agriculture in this Commonwealth, who stands a Saul among them but your orator? Of ploughs, what maker has produced a better than the "Eagle" of your townsman? Of defenders of the much-abused swine against Hebrew and Mahommedan aspersions, who has been more eloquent and effective than one of your fellow-citizens? What fields exhale a fragrance that may well excite the envy of Weathersfield, or draw tears from sensitive eyes, like your own? Who but a Danvers antiquarian, could have recovered the original manuscript of Giles Corey's veritable "Dream," to which we have just listened with so much benefit to our digestion? What other town could have presented so strong attractions to "the greatest schoolmaster in New England," or can hope ever to eclipse the brilliant pageant of this day? Here, your Fowlers are in amity with the feathered tribes, your Kings are all first rate republicans, your Pooles are sparkling and refreshing as when two hundred years ago John Endicott slaked his thirst from the bubbling fountains of this vicinity, and your Popes are more desirous of supplying "the trade" with prime shoes, manufactured from good Danvers leather, than ambitious to wear the triple crown, or to rule the public conscience.

Now, if there are any within the sound of my voice, who are still inclined to dwell in a querulous spirit on the past, I will remind them that this is not the spirit of the hour, and my advice is, that they consign both the spirit and its exciting cause to the Waters of oblivion. As for myself, with these facts and this day's scenes before me, I am ready to join my friend from Salem in a proper resentment of any charge against you that an "outsider," knowing less of your history,

shall hereafter bring. And with this avowal, I close by submitting the following sentiment:

The Town of Danvers—The scion of a noble stock. In patriotic love of country, unsurpassed. In works of humanity and social improvement, always right. In enterprise, honorable and indefatigable.

At the conclusion of Mr. Stone's speech, the PRESIDENT proposed,

The Members of the Legal Profession in Danvers, both natives and residents—They are known as ornaments of the Bar, the Bench, and our highest Legislative Halls.

To this, WM. D. NORTHEND, Esq., of Salem, responded as follows:—

Mr. President:—I would that some individual were present more worthy than myself to respond to the sentiment which has just now been read. I can hardly respond to it without feeling that I may be chargeable with vanity in attempting to speak of the virtues of those illustrious men whose example it has ever been my highest ambition humbly and with unpretending steps to follow. It is sufficient for me to mention the names of HOLTEN, of PUTNAM, and of WARD, and to refer to the transcendent genius and eloquence of him who stands pre-eminently at the head of his profession, and who is so justly entitled to the cognomen of "the Erskine of the American bar." No words of eulogy, which I can utter, will add to the feelings of pride with which the memory of their noble names is cherished in the heart of every citizen of this time-honored town.

And, sir, it is to me a matter of no ordinary felicitation, that I can trace my professional birth to this revered spot; that here, among the generous and noble-spirited men of Danvers, I commenced my humble efforts on the stage of life. As my thoughts revert to that period, I cherish with deep-felt gratitude the recollection of many generous friends, whose influence and kindness assisted and encouraged me in the earlier struggles of my profession. Town of my adoption! citizens among whom I have delighted to dwell! The memory of you is engraven on my heart in lines never to be obliterated.

Spot sacred and rich in proud reminiscences of the past—peopled with descendants from the noblest stock of the Revolution, from fathers baptized in the martyr blood of that heroic struggle—Danvers, ancient, noble, patriotic town, worthy to be commemorated! I reverence the majesty of thy past history. As my memory recalls the records of that history, I think I see before me, as on the morn preceding the "Concord fight," the young men of the village leave their homes, and, with their muskets upon their shoulders, gather together on yonder square. I think I see the venerable form of Parson Holt as he meets them there, and I hear his voice as he urges those youthful patriots, in the name of that religion of which he was a worthy minister and a noble example, to fear not death itself in defence of their country. I see them, after receiving his benedictions, as they march with hurried steps to meet the invading foe. As one after another of those heroic

young men, the flower and pride of Danvers, fall, pierced with many a grievous wound, methinks I hear from their dying lips the patriotic words, "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country." And as the news of their fall reaches this village, and as their friends and the citizens, all common mourners, gather around their bier, I think I see depicted in their countenances, struggling with the tears and sorrow for the noble dead, a feeling of honorable pride that the blood of Danvers was the first sprinkled on the altar of American Independence.

Through the whole of that long war I see recorded proof of the patriotism and bravery of the men of Danvers. With a population of scarcely nineteen hundred, the town gave to the service of the country five companies, comprising over two hundred men. No town of her size and ability did more. And, sir, in June, 1776, in anticipation of the Declaration of Independence, the town voted—

"That if the Honorable Congress, for the safety of the United Colonies, declare them independent of Great Britain, we, the inhabitants of this town, do solemnly engage with our lives and fortunes to support them in the measure."

Sir, the citizens of Danvers were not only among the first to rush to the field of battle and the last to leave it, but, at the close of the war, they were among the foremost in planting deep the tree of Peace, and subsequently in acknowledging the obligations of that great American Magna Charta, the fruit of the Revolution, which was destined to protect the before separate and independent sovereignties on this continent.

And, sir, since the Revolution, there has been no town in the Commonwealth more distinguished for the high moral tone of its population, and no place of its means which has done more for the education of its youth.

But I am admonished by the lateness of the hour that I must not intrude too much upon the time allotted for this occasion; and I will close by expressing a most fervent wish that the great principles and sources of prosperity which have made the town what it has been and now is, may be continued, and that the future history of Danvers may be more glorious even than its past.

To a sentiment in remembrance of former residents of Danvers, Rev. CHARLES C. SEWALL, of Medfield, responded:—

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:—You have been gathering up, to-day, the memories of olden times, and reading the history of Danvers in years gone by. In the memorable portion of that history, which embraces the witchcraft delusion, the name of my ancestor is associated, in many minds, with none but painful recollections. It may seem little becoming me, therefore, to respond to the sentiment just offered by the chair. There is, however, good reason for the belief that the error of Judge Sewall, in coöperating to condemn the witches, was atoned for, as far as possible, by a public, solemn confession, and by an unremitted sense of repentance and prayer for forgiveness; and also, that the wrong he had helped to do your fathers was by them forgiven,—if not forgotten.

In the admirable lectures on Witchcraft, by my friend the present mayor of Salem, it is related that Judge Sewall, "on the day of the general fast, rose in the place where he was accustomed to worship, and in the presence of the great assembly, handed up a written confession, acknowledging the error into which he had been led, and praying for the forgiveness of God and his people." "He also observed, annually, in private, a day of humiliation and prayer, during the remainder of his life, to keep fresh in his mind a sense of repentance and sorrow for the part he bore in the trials" of the witches. And from his own Diary, we learn that his son, Joseph Sewall, afterwards the pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, was the earliest candidate for the pastoral office in the Second Congregational Church in this town.

Besides, sir, I am a native of Essex county—born within sight of your hills,—and have been familiar from my boyhood with the names and the persons of many citizens of this place. Among the pleasant recollections of my early life, is that of an annual visit of my father's family at the hospitable mansion of the venerable Dr. Wadsworth, followed by a regular call upon the excellent Judge Holten. The images of those men are distinctly before me now, and the impression I received of their character and worth will never be effaced. Then, too, the coming of the Danvers farmers to my father's house, on market-days, was an incident strongly fixed in the mind of the boy, and served to make me acquainted with men, who commanded my fullest esteem and respect in after years.

I have passed among you, since, no small part of the best and happiest years of my life. And if, during that period, there were no disposition and endeavor, on my part, corresponding with the kind regard manifested towards me—there were, I believe, no marked indications of any *hereditary* propensity to wound or afflict any, not even the descendants of the witches. Besides, sir, I have it from good authority, that when, in the settlement of its owner's estate, the well-known Collins mansion was at my father's disposal, it had been nearly decided by him to make that our family residence. So that Danvers would then have been my native place, and I should have been able to claim a birthright here to-day. Withal, and aside from these personal allusions, which, I trust, may be pardoned on an occasion like the present, there is no one, probably, not a native of the place, to whom the name and the fame of Danvers can be of greater interest than to me. Here, as I have said, have been spent many of the best and happiest years of my life. Here was the birthplace of most of my children. And there is, sir, a significance in the sentiment you have offered, which touches my heart very nearly, and prompts me most strongly to respond to it.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you for the remembrance of your former townsmen, and assure you that, as one of them, I am most happy to be with you to-day;—to be at home, once more, on this familiar spot, surrounded with so many familiar and endeared friends.

Among the recollections of the occasion have been brought to mind many of the distinguished names and characters, which have graced

the history of Danvers in her earlier and later years. There are others, also, some of them less known to fame, of whom I have personal recollections, and should be glad, were there time, to speak. There are Wadsworth and Cowles,—ministers, whose labors, characters and influence are still fresh in the memories, and indelibly fixed in the hearts of many among you. There are, in private life, the Kings, the Oakeses, the Proctors, the Pooles, the Putnams, the Shillabers, the Shoves, the Southwicks, the Suttons, and others,—men, in whose characters were traits of great worth, and the fruits of whose energy and enterprise, industry and thrift, integrity and benevolence, are thickly spread around you in the high reputation and the general prosperity of the town. But it would ill become me to occupy so large a portion of the few remaining moments of this occasion. I cannot forbear, however, to speak, though but a word, of one whose name and image are freshly before us all to-day, and whose early removal from the world has given birth to a deep and universal feeling of sorrow and regret. I mean the Hon. Daniel P. King.

There were several marked features, both in the public and private character of Mr. King, which render it a grateful duty to commemorate him as you have done, and as others have elsewhere done. They also make it an imperative duty to commend his example frequently to the young and aspiring minds in the community, for their regard and imitation. His high sense of honor, leading him always to preserve self-respect, and to guard against the slightest cause for just reproach from others; his quiet industry and patient labor,—both with the hands and the head; his firmness of purpose and ready obedience to every call of duty; his incorruptible integrity; his generous, and often concealed, benevolence; his love for the place of his birth, his interest in the schools and the churches, his endeavors in every way to promote knowledge and virtue in the community; his love of country, his labors and influence in the councils of the state and the nation; his watchful attention to every measure, which might help to secure the glory of the land, and to further the best interests of humanity;—all these are well known here. And it cannot be too often repeated to the young, that it was by such a course of life, he raised himself to an eminence which commanded universal esteem and confidence, made him an honor to his native town, and a benefactor to his country.

One most striking circumstance in the history of Mr. King has been brought to our notice to-day, by his distinguished colleague in Congress, who was particularly associated with him in the measure, during the discussion of which it occurred. The Hon. Mr. Palfrey has told us that Mr. King remained, for many hours, calmly attentive and faithful at his post in one of the most trying scenes of his public usefulness, whilst his heart was, at the same time, throbbing with the pangs of the most painful intelligence which could be borne to an affectionate parent. So deeply did he cherish the sense of duty to his country and humanity, that he could entirely suppress the emotions of an aching breast, and stifle the utterance of bereaved and wounded affection. Admirable instance of moral firmness, of conscientious adherence to duty, of Christian faith and fortitude. Worthy is it to be inscribed, in letters of gold, on the walls of the representative's hall! Worthy is it

to be held up for admiration before every public man, and every youth in our land! By them who have seen and known Mr. King in his religious life and character, it will easily be understood from what source such calmness and firmness proceeded. Would to Heaven they might be more commonly displayed where like manifestations are needed every day!

I have alluded to Mr. King's interest in the schools and the churches of his native place. I believe, sir, it is only by a similar interest in these institutions, that you can preserve the present, or secure the future prosperity and reputation of this town. In the fitting words with which the President welcomed the guests at this festive board, he brought to our imagination the vast increase and importance of Danvers after the lapse of another century; and significantly asked what shall be the character of her citizens at that day. Sir, I believe it is not too much to affirm that the answer to that question depends, mainly, upon the watchful attention of her citizens now to the intellectual and religious education of the young. I believe it is by her schools, her Sabbath schools and her churches to-day, and for the century to come, infinitely more than by her material growth and prosperity, that the character of the Danvers of 1952 will be determined. Let these institutions be sacredly guarded, and their benefits be diffused to the utmost. Let no narrow views of present policy, or economy, prevent the proper enlargement and improvement of the one, and the steadfast and honorable maintenance of the other. Let every intellect receive the culture and development of a thorough education. Let every heart imbibe the hallowing influences of religion. Let the tokens of a patient industry and a growing thrift, quicken the pulses of them who are about to enter upon the world's labors and strifes. Let the increasing demands of the age, the deep wants of the soul, and the loud calls of humanity and of providence, give to them who are already treading the busy walks of manhood, steadiness of purpose, a chastened eagerness in worldly pursuits, and make them live for higher ends than wealth or fame. Let the memory of the past, and the kindling visions of a future brighter day, be alike an impulse to faithfulness in every trust, and an incentive to progress in every noble achievement.

I had intended, Mr. President, to say a few words in reference to the generous donation, the announcement of which has so delighted and electrified us all,—urging faithfulness to the trust, and the best possible exertions to give effect to the noble purpose of the donor. But I am anticipated by others, and if it were not so, time would not permit. All honor to that noble merchant prince, whose wealth is thus employed for the highest benefit of his race! All honor and gratitude to the man whose heart beats warmly with the recollection of his early home, and with purposes of lasting benefit to his early friends!

Mr. President, allow me, with the heartiest response to your own expression of regard for your former townsmen, to offer the following sentiment:

The Schools and the Churches of Danvers—The safeguards of her present, and the hope of her future prosperity and fame. May they be sacredly guarded and sustained.

The Rev. ISRAEL W. PUTNAM, having been called upon, replied:

Mr. President:—I have been requested to say a word in notice of one distinguished and excellent individual of our town, the late Hon. Samuel Holten.

Although he was removed thirty-six years ago, from the scenes of this world, in which he had acted so important and so good a part, yet I know there are now living, and probably present on this interesting occasion, a few, at least, who had a personal knowledge of his history and character,—for he belonged to their generation or to the one next before them; but there are others here who have not that knowledge. To both these classes of my fellow-citizens, (and I must call all the inhabitants of my native town such,) I would say, that they will find the character of that excellent man faithfully delineated in the funeral discourse delivered by his friend and pastor, the late Rev. Dr. Wadsworth: and I beg leave to refer you, Mr. President, and all here present, to that discourse for the true character of a man whose memory should be cherished with respect and gratitude down to the latest generation of his people.

It appears that Judge Holten (or rather Dr. Holten, as he always chose to be called) was born in 1738, one hundred and fourteen years ago, in Salem Village, now, for one hundred years, Danvers. He was in every respect a youth of high promise; but feebleness of health interfering with his father's destination for him, which was a collegiate education, his attention was early turned to the *healing art*. At the age of eighteen, he commenced the practice of that profession in the town of Gloucester; but soon returned to his native place, where he spent a long life of usefulness in the town, and in various public services of the country.

With all the talents his Creator had given him, which were of a highly respectable character, and with a full share of the zeal of the patriots of our Revolutionary struggle, he enlisted, at the age of thirty, in the cause of his country; and that cause he never forsook in its darkest day. This occasion does not admit of even the briefest review of the faithful services he performed, or of the distinguished posts of trust and honor which he held from the year 1768 to that of 1783, when the great struggle was over, and the independence of the country was acknowledged by the British nation and the world.

His counsels and his services were sought and rendered in the Commonwealth or in the Continental Congress during that whole period; and once he was elected as presiding officer of that patriotic and august body,—the highest seat of honor which his country had to give.

But his public services did not cease when the independence of the country was achieved. He took an active part in the formation of the Federal Constitution; and after it was adopted was for several years a Member of Congress. Twice he was an elector of president and vice president. Many high and responsible offices did he fill in the Commonwealth,—being for eight years Representative of the town in the General Court, five years in the Senate, and twelve in the Council.

When not employed in more public services abroad, he was with great unanimity called to the care of the local interests of the town

and the parish to which he belonged. Twenty-four years he was treasurer of the town, and about half a century treasurer of the parish,—performing all the services of those offices gratuitously, and frequently when the treasury was empty, answering drafts upon it from his own personal resources.

Forty-seven years in all he was in the public service of his country, —always punctual, faithful and devoted to his duties and engagements: and let it be remembered, as the venerable Wadsworth said, that "goodness and usefulness well characterize true greatness."

But the character of Dr. Holten shone with equal brightness in the private walks and social relations of life. Very few, however, of those who knew him intimately are now living to testify to his excellence in these respects. I would only add here that in the dignified appearance of his person, in the condescending and instructive manner of his conversation, and in his whole external deportment, he was at once a model and a monument of the old school of gentlemen of his day.

But I should do injustice to the memory of Dr. Holten if I failed to bear testimony to the highest and noblest part of his character; I refer to his Christian piety. He was a man who revered the word and the institutions of God. He was constant and devout in his attendance on divine worship in public and in private life. He was ever alive to the interests of "pure and undefiled religion," cheerfully bearing a large share in the support of all Christian institutions, and adorning the profession of his Savior's name by a life which exhibited in beautiful consistency the Christian virtues and Christian graces during the whole period of fifty-six years for which he was a member of the church.

If what I have said should have the effect of turning the attention of this generation of the people to a study of the character of Judge Holten, as they will find it delineated in the Discourse to which I have referred, I am persuaded they will not fail to cherish the highest respect for that distinguished and excellent man.

It may not be known *now*,—the coming generations of our town may *never* know, the social, civil and moral worth of Dr. H.; but I think there can be little doubt that his services and his character contributed largely to the prosperity of the town that gave him birth, and that enjoyed nearly the whole of his long and useful life;—contributed to the stability of its institutions, to the extent and variety of its educational privileges, to the order, industry and thrift of its inhabitants, and to the highly honorable position it has taken and is destined to take among the towns of our beloved Commonwealth.

But, Mr. President, I turn gratefully from these views of a character which I could not but love and respect from my early childhood, to the scenes of this joyful anniversary. I love to look around on the grounds and streets and dwellings of this part of the town,—changed greatly indeed from what they were fifty-five years ago, when I first began to see them. I love to think of the venerable men and women whom I knew here in other days,—the Poors, the Proctors, the Osborns, the Kings, the Danielses, the Pooles, and others. I love to go back to my own native parish and think of the Holtens, the Kettells, the Pages, the Nicholses, the Prestons, the Flints, the Princes, and my kinsmen

the Putnams, and others, whom I once knew there. And here, did not delicacy forbid, I would name an honored father,*—not unknown as a useful citizen, a faithful and long-acting magistrate, and a firm supporter of the Christian ministry and Christian institutions. And here, too, I think I shall be allowed to name a son of one of these respected families, who is yet among the living. I allude to my beloved Christian and ministerial brother, the Rev. DANIEL POOR, who is still toiling and praying in heathen climes for the salvation of heathen men. A close and endeared intimacy of forty-five years warrants me to speak freely of him. Many now within the compass of my voice know him well. Others do not Were he here this day no one would need speak for him. Let me say, then, that he was born on this ground, and that here he spent his early days. Yes, and it was here that the Spirit of God turned his youthful heart to love the things of the Heavenly Kingdom; and it was under the influence of that love that he then consecrated himself to the service of his Lord and Master, wherever on the earth it should be His holy will to employ him. It was here, in his very boyhood, (as he used pleasantly to tell me,) that he made his first attempts in literary and theological writing. It was in yonder little valley, almost within our sight, and while in his humble calling he was following his sluggish horse round in the bark-mill, that he composed that regular set of little sermons, which he sometimes showed a friend here, and which I hope he now has with him in India.

But that "chosen vessel" was not destined to be used permanently in a *bark-mill.* A mother's prayers and a father's means soon put him in the way of a classical and theological education. It was my own happiness to be associated with him in both. Soon he became a preacher of the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ, and, thirty-seven years ago, sailed for the Eastern world with her, whom he had chosen as a help-meet in his Missionary work.

We all know, or ought to know, the rest,—his labors there, his recent thrilling visit to his native land, his cheerful return to his heathen home. Toil on, dear brother, thy Master's eye approves thy work, and thou wilt soon hear that Master's voice, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

To the President of this festival I would say, if he was present, I congratulate you on having your lot cast in the good old town of DANVERS. I congratulate you on being the successor of such men as the venerated Clark and Wadsworth in the ministerial office. May it please the great Head of the church to allow you, like them, to finish out a full half century in the holy calling in which you have already spent so great a portion of your life. And, when at last you are about being gathered unto the past generations of the town, may you be allowed to look upon its churches and its people as prosperous and happy, not only in the enjoyment of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, but also in the practical exhibition of the purity and piety of their Pilgrim Fathers.

* Eleazer Putnam, Esq., a worthy man and magistrate, much employed as a surveyor, conveyancer, &c., and for the transaction of legal business in the town.

Mr. Putnam having concluded, the PRESIDENT proposed—

The Annalist of Salem—He has rescued many important facts in our local history from oblivion, for which we owe him a debt of gratitude too great for present payment. He may, however, be assured that it never will be *repudiated*.

This was responded to by Rev. J. B. FELT, of Boston:

Mr. Chairman:—To every coöperator who stands on the isthmus of the present, and rescues some relics of the past from rushing to oblivion, it is next to the approval of his conscious obligation that he hears those of his own day, and especially on an occasion like this, utter language which denotes that his labor has not been in vain.

Sir, our attention thus far has been given chiefly to the men of this corporation. This is both natural and necessary in detailing events of history, because, such is the constitution of society, males are leaders in its prominent concerns. But it is well, so that the balance of justice should be right in the affairs of life, that we sometimes advert to the part which the gentler sex have had in the founding, preserving and advancing communities and nations. May we not, then, be allowed to do so at a time like this, when, more probably than at others, heart meets heart, and the sympathies of humanity flow spontaneously, generously and equitably?

Let us, for a few minutes, look at "the better half," who, between 1630 and 1640, were among the settlers of Brooksby, the Village, and other principal divisions of this town. We behold them, as to their several departures from Salem, for such locations. Grants of land had been laid out for the families with which they were connected. Log cabins for some, till choicer lumber could be sawed, and better abodes for others, were prepared, with furniture less abundant than in our day. Informed that these habitations were ready for their accommodation, they at different dates came to them, part of the way, as supposed, on the waters of North River, by canoes, then extensively used, and the rest on foot. With them, horses and pillions, and other land conveyances, were very scarce. Omnibuses and steam cars, so familiar to our vision, they never saw.

Thus, entering upon their domicils with strong and consoling faith, that whatever might be their experience of weal or woe, it would be divinely overruled for their highest welfare, we cannot but revere and bless their memory, as important pioneers in the great work of employing means for contributing to the promotion of the religious Commonwealth,—the main object for which Massachusetts was settled. In view of the distance between them and their native land,

> "What sought they, thus afar?
> Bright jewels of the mine?
> The wealth of seas,—the spoil of war?
> They sought a faith's pure shrine.
> Ay, call it holy ground,
> The soil where first they trod,
> They have left unstained what here they found,
> Freedom to worship God."

But for the presence, approval and affection of such fair friends, few of the men, who cleared away the long-standing woods of this soil, and

braved the perils of the red man, lurking to be revenged for what he supposed the wrongs of his race; perils of the wolf, bear and other ferocious beasts; of famine and pestilence,—would have had a heart to begin the world anew in such repulsive wilds. But for those of them, who had sufficient strength, even when the sufferings incident to new settlements were experienced; when the miasma of stagnant waters and uncleared lands, scarcity of food and prevalence of sickness, were followed, among themselves and kindred, with more than usual mortality, there would have been few, if any, who, like ministering angels, would have comforted the distressed, given medicine for the recovery of the diseased, whispered truths of Christian hope beyond the grave, prayed with the dying, and commended their souls to the welcome of the Puritan's God. Look at these more than "Sisters of Charity," in the trials which shook the pillars of the colony, and caused the stoutest heart to quail. Among tribulations of this kind, were the perplexed and lamentable controversy with Roger Williams and his followers; the repeated demands of the crown for the surrender of the charter, and, consequently, the prospective subversion of civil and religious liberty, for which the emigrants had put to hazard every other temporal interest; the hostile daring of the powerful tribes of the Narragansetts and Pequods, and the collisions, arising from the discussion of Ann Hutchinson's sentiments and the disarming of her supporters. Other events of similar danger might be cited, enough to aid in the composition of an Iliad, full of stirring, impressive and truthful scenes. To meet them with the spirit of fortitude, and strenuously turn them aside from crushing the barriers of social order and desolating the best refuge of the oppressed, what, of human aid, was more needed, here and elsewhere, than the home influences of virtuous woman, which calm the disquieted temper, cool angry resentment, infuse aspirations for peace, cherish the feelings of forbearance, but, when necessity calls, nerve the arm for noble deeds in defence of equitable privileges? Such was the part of matrons, who were numbered among the primitive members of this community.

Of like tendency was their care for education and piety, the two great sources, whence enlightenment to understand and principle to cherish and preserve the institutions, established by the patriarchs of New England. Beginning with the children at the fire-side and providing for them advantages of instruction at school, they impressed on their minds the excellence of knowledge, and, in process of training, enabled them to perceive the difference between tyranny, which governs to degrade its subjects, and liberty, which controls to elevate its supporters. But these, and all else appertaining to the physical and intellectual properties of our race, they held far inferior to the religious improvement of their descendants. They did not pass over, as a dead letter, the instructions of the company, in England, to Governor Endicott. Does the inquiry arise, what were these? Part of them refer to the Lord's day. "To the end the Sabbath may be celebrated in a religious manner, we appoint, that all, that inhabit the Plantation, both for the general and particular employments, may surcease their labor every Saturday throughout the year, at three of the clock in the afternoon, and that they spend the rest of that day, in catechising and

preparation for the Sabbath." In spiritual harmony with this injunction, another part follows. "Our earnest desire is, that you take special care in settling families, that the chief in the family, at least some one of them, be grounded in religion, whereby morning and evening duties may be duly performed, and a watchful eye held over all in each family, that so disorders may be prevented and ill weeds nipt before they take too great a head." Here, Mr. Chairman, as is well known, was the application of that religious element, which historians of eminence, like Tocqueville, acknowledge to have been as the salt, which has prevalently savored the population of our country so as to keep its institutions of freedom from being cast out and trodden under the feet of licentiousness and oppression. To commands of such vital importance, the mothers of Brooksby, the village and other neighborhoods, did vigilantly and perseveringly look, so that communion with the Father of all mercies in the Sanctuary and around the domestic altar, might be punctually practised, as among the chief safeguards against infidelity and iniquity, and the great promoters of faith and righteousness.

Thus actuated by the highest motives, revealed from the wonderful Code of the Moral Universe, to our fallen race, to employ the best means for accomplishing the greatest good, they had the most suitable preparation for every other concern of their domestic and social circles. In these, though coming far short of perfection, they endeavored to discharge their relative duties, at home and abroad, so that all, with whom they were associated, might be the better and the happier for such a connexion. In this manner, they stamped upon the minds and hearts of the young, soon to take on themselves the public responsibilities of their seniors, principles, which contributed more than the strongest fortifications, the largest and best appointed fleets and armies could, to the permanency of the town and Commonwealth in their spirit, life, purpose and salutary influences.

Every sire, then blessed with such a "help-meet," could he speak from his long resting place, would say to each of his sons, now in the morning of life,

> "Oh! link with one spirit, that 's warmly sincere,
> That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
> Find a soul you may trust, as the kind and the just,
> And be sure, the wide world holds no treasure so rare;
> Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
> The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
> But a star, never dim, sheds a halo for him,
> Who can turn, for repose, to a home in the heart."

Cannot all of us, Mr. Chairman, who have carefully looked over the ground, respond, with a hearty amen, to the foregoing positions? William Hubbard, of Ipswich, in his election sermon of 1676, related, that there was a town, in Germany, called Mindin, because the emperor and several of the neighboring princes, harmonized there, in opinion, on some important question. It will be perceived, that Mindin is from the German mein, dein, or in English, mine, thine, indicating, that clashing judgments of one party and the other, had been brought together and solved into a pleasant unanimity. We know, also, that the name, Danvers, given to this corporation, was so granted in the

lively exercise of kind affections towards a patron. With the atmosphere of these happy examples around us, can we do less, in view of what the primitive matrons of this community did, than freely and fully unite in the sentiment,—

That they were worthy parents of worthy descendants, and, while we gratefully remember the excellence of the mothers, we will cherish the best wishes for the prosperity of the children.

The following sentiment was then announced :—

The Women of Danvers in Revolutionary times—like the staple manufacture of the town—firm, tough and well *tanned*,—but *unlike* it, as they were not to be *trampled upon.*

To this sentiment, SAMUEL P. FOWLER responded :

Mr. President :—I had hoped that some one else would respond to your sentiment, but as no one arises, I will attempt to offer a few remarks. The women of Danvers, Mr. President, have always manifested a great interest in the welfare of their country, and have ever been ready to assist in extending the glory of her arms abroad, and promoting the blessings of peace at home. When their sons were called upon by Governor Shirley, in 1755, to form a company of volunteers to reduce the forts of Nova Scotia, they cheerfully furnished them with clothing and other articles necessary for their comfort. After they were equipped, and about to join their regiment at Boston, these patriotic women of Danvers accompanied the volunteers to the village church, where a long and interesting sermon was delivered by Rev. Peter Clark. His subject upon this occasion was, " A word in season to soldiers."

The daughters of these energetic women were the mothers of 1775, who, prompted by the same love of country, cheerfully yielded their husbands and sons to secure on the field of battle its independence. Some of them, the day after the battle of Lexington, visited the scene of that bloody conflict. Thus, at this early period of the Revolution, were enkindled those fires of patriotism which burnt brightly till its close. But the women of the present day are not called upon to make such sacrifices for their country ; if they were, we doubt not, the same spirit would be exhibited. It is theirs now to adorn and beautify the inheritance so dearly purchased, and by their virtues to increase its glory and prosperity. Upon occasions of public interest, the energy, skill and taste of women are all called into requisition. We are indebted to the women of Danvers for much of the neatness and taste displayed by our public schools, for those oriental costumes and ancient tableaux, which have added so much to the interest of our Centennial Celebration.

In the sentiment offered, allusion has been made to the staple manufacture of the town. Mr. President, Danvers has never been ashamed of her industrious and intelligent citizens, who have labored in the leather business, in all its various branches. She has often presented them with posts of honor and trust, and they in return have always been ready to sustain her interests, and have greatly contributed to her

wealth and prosperity. And may the time never arrive when our sons will be ashamed of this business, or Danvers will have reason to be ashamed of them.

The next sentiment announced was—

South Reading and Danvers—United by bands of iron, but still more strongly by the ties of friendship and mutual good will.

To the above, Hon. LILLEY EATON, of South Reading, remarked substantially as follows :—

I rise, Mr. President, obedient to your call, but not with the intention to inflict upon you a speech. I much prefer to save you from the tediousness, and myself from the mortification, of such an act at this late hour. I cannot, however, forbear to allude to the kind terms of your sentiment, which seems to call upon South Reading for a response, by assuring you that South Reading, and her good mother old Reading, cordially reciprocate the feelings of good will which you now express. They both rejoice in all the bonds of union which attach them to Danvers. They rejoice in the business relations,—those *leathern* cords, which bind them to each other by the ties of a mutual interest ; but they rejoice more, and chiefly, in those ties of friendship and good will which always have, and I trust always will, unite their respective inhabitants. Old Reading recollects the days of ancient times, and the people of former generations. She recalls to mind that from Salem—then including Danvers—from Lynn and from Ipswich, she formerly received the chief and best part of her permanent settlers. She also hopes, Mr. President, that you will not refuse to acknowledge in return, that while she has sent her rivers of population to Ipswich and Lynn, she has also done something by supplying with her little rivulets the villages and "Dishfulls" of Danvers.

If time permitted, I might go into particulars, and ask where Danvers obtained her UPTONS, but from old mother Reading?—and the spirit of enterprise they have infused into your community ought to serve to *bleach* out any specks, if any could be found in her good name, and *glue* us more strongly together.

I might also ask you, Mr. President, where your ancestors, before the Revolution, would have obtained their leather gloves and small clothes, had not WILLIAM POOLE, the leather-dresser of Reading, who was born there in 1726, emigrated to Danvers, and settled down by the side of Strong-water Brook? It was to his ancestor that the earliest settlers of Reading were indebted for the staff of life. JOHN POOLE was the first mill owner in Reading, and from his pond *Pooles* in abundance may be found sparkling all over the broad surface of our country.

I might go on and show you many other instances of family relationship, but my purpose in rising is fulfilled when I propose the following sentiment :

Danvers and Reading—May the *iron bands*, the *leathern cords*, and *friendly ties*, which now exist, continually grow stronger and stronger, so long as the waters run in our rivers or sparkle in the pools.

JOHN WEBSTER, Esq., of Newmarket, N. H., one of the Vice-Presidents of the day, responded to the following:—

The Public Schools of Danvers—Excelsior their motto, their aim perfection.

Mr. President:—It is a source of satisfaction to those of us here present, who claim the old town of Danvers as the home of our childhood, but whose lot in manhood has made them wanderers on the sea, or sojourners by the granite hills of the North, or the sunny climes of the South, to witness the evidences of prosperity and progress which we see around you.

By the unique and skilfully devised procession which has been escorted through your streets to-day, you have exhibited to us, Mr. President, the past in contrast with the present. We have seen the maiden and the matron of olden time, the witches of the past, as well as the witches of the present, the farmer and mechanic of old, with the rude implements of their pursuits, the gentleman citizen, with his long cue and hair, made white by fashion, not by age, the honest quaker, with no hybrid habiliments, the military officer, as much over covered with coat as deficient in his nether garment, the reverend clergyman, his parish then a life estate—all these, in the varied costume of the times, have been called up from the grave, and passed before us;—still more, sir, distinguished and eloquent speakers, here present, have told us of your early history, of your deeds of bravery in defence of our country, and have traced your progress in population, in wealth, in enterprise, in intelligence from the time that was, to the time that is—they have told us of the public interest felt in your public schools, and of their present efficient condition—and, in the words of the sentiment which has now been proposed, that your motto is Excelsior, your aim so high even as perfection. It would have been interesting and instructive, sir, if you could also have brought up from the oblivion of the past the school and the schoolmaster of the olden time, to pass examination before us. It is not for me, Mr. President, to go any further into the past, than is within the knowledge of many others here present—say some thirty-five years ago.

There then stood by the side of the Old South Church a little one-story, one-room schoolhouse, known as Number One, in Danvers. At the time to which I refer, the teacher of this school was a quaint, eccentric, corpulent old gentleman * A broad rimmed hat, on which time had made wrinkles, as well as on the face of the wearer, a dark colored, broad skirted coat, somewhat seedy, while that part of his dress now called *pants* came only to the knees, and were ornamented with a huge buckle, his feet encased in a pair of coarse cow-hide shoes, or, at times, in boots of the same material, which came nigh to conjunc-

* Master Benj. Gile, whose virtues as well as eccentricities are well known to the inhabitants of Danvers. He was a brother to Rev. Dr. Gile, of Milton. After retiring from the office of teacher he was appointed to an office of trust in town, the duties of which he performed with great fidelity. He died April 16, 1834, aged 70, and caused the following line to be inscribed on his gravestone, which stands in the Monumental Cemetery:—"I TAUGHT LITTLE CHILDREN TO READ."

tion with the nether garment, was the usual costume he wore, a fashion somewhat antecedent to the time of which I speak—all which gave him the appearance of a gentleman of the old school. And now, Mr. President, let me introduce you inside the schoolhouse aforesaid. It is a cold, winter morning—a little box cast-iron stove stands near the centre of the room—the seats around bear evident marks of that trait of character, industry—for which your people still maintain so favorable reputation—and true is the saying, sir, that "scissors cut as well as knives," for the side of the room occupied by the gentler sex, is not free from these marks of labor. Well, sir, the master stands at his desk, and the school is opened with the salutation,—*Boys, I am* 10,000 *years old. You see I've got my old coat on to-day, and I always tell you, when you see that you must look out. I hope I shall not have to kill any of you to-day.* The time at which I take you into the school, as I have said, was a cold, stormy morning in winter. The little stove is crammed with wood, and its influence, as the school opens, is only felt in its immediate vicinity. The snow drifts are too high for the girls to be out, and the boys are permitted to cluster round the stove, the usual routine of exercise omitted, and the morning hours devoted to reading the Bible; such of the scholars reading a verse each, alternately, that choose to do so, while others, with the Bible at hand, are playing Pins—*head to points*—and others practising the instructive lesson of *Spin Sparrow*—but, alas! for the lad who has not the right verse in succession, to read, if called to do so by our master; the heavy cow-hide whip rings over the back of the unfortunate one, and a general whispering inquiry, from one to the other, is—*Where is the place?*

In the course of instruction pursued by our teacher, it was a matter of no trifling importance that every one in the class should exactly toe the line or crack in the floor. Failing to do so, as was sometimes the case, it was no unheard of practice of the master to apply his huge shoulders, vigorously, to the one standing at the head, and a good proportion of the whole class were tumbled in a heap on the floor; as you have seen, sir, a skilful player at ten pins, by striking the head one, score the other nine.

In addition to the distinctive names which parents usually give to their children, our teacher had quite a number of pupils that he distinguished by favorite, additional titles of his own. One girl, now the wife of one of your wealthy citizens, was usually addressed *as the girl who came out of the clouds;* one boy was called *Wisdom*, one *Bonaparte*, another *Old Buck*, &c.

Nor were the modes of punishment for school offences any less original, ingenious and impressive. Among these, were standing on the platform with a piece of wood partially split, which was placed across the nose of the offender, the effect of which was something like placing the nose in a vise. This was called wearing the spectacles, after wearing which an hour a boy could, undoubtedly, *see to study better.*

Holding a heavy stick of wood in the hand, with the arm extended perpendicularly, was another method of punishment, and others, still more original, were practised, which I will not take up your time in relating.

The course of instruction was limited to Reading, Spelling, Writing, and Arithmetic, in which latter branch our teacher was wonderfully skilled. Near the close of his administration, which continued several years, the first germ of progress began to be developed, a portion of the parents thinking it necessary their children should be taught English grammar. Murray's Grammar was accordingly introduced into the school as a *reading book*, and this was the method by which we were initiated into this mysterious science, and it may suffice to say—our knowledge of this branch was very soon fully up to the standard of perfection to which our teacher himself had arrived. The schoolmaster of the present applies the screw to develop the boy's brains, he of the past applied the cow-hide to develop marks on our backs. The teacher of to-day is inquisitive, he requires a Why or a Wherefore; the former one never gave offence to *his* pupils in this way.

Well do I remember the fear that filled my youthful heart, at the oft-repeated warning given us to beware and dread the last day,—not of the duration of the world,—but the last day of school term. So impressed was I with the fear of what the cow-hide was to do, that I prevailed on my parents to allow me to be absent on this eventful day, and great was my astonishment, when meeting my school companions after the close, to hear how the day had been passed. The exercises were commenced with a spelling match; two of the elder lads choosing, alternately, the most skilled in this important branch, and so down till rows were formed, facing each other for the battle, the whole length of the room. The crooked and uncouth words of the Dictionary were selected for the contest, and the side, which had recorded against it the most errors, was pronounced the vanquished, and the victors were allowed to hurra, scream, shout, hiss, and stamp their feet and clap their hands, to their heart's content.

After this, all the jack-knives, tops, pop guns, spin sparrows, and other boyish valuables, which had been seized for their several offences during the year, were taken from the depot, the master's desk, thrown on the floor, and scrambled for by all the boys.

Mr. President, I have detained you longer than I intended. The imperfect sketch which I have given is no fancy, no embellished picture of our school, as several I see present, who were fellow-pupils at the time, can bear me witness.

Sir, a distinguished writer has said, "*to interpret the present thoroughly, we must understand and unfold the past.*" The historian, the antiquary are searching the world over, among musty parchments and fragmentary documents, for record of deeds of the past. Should not the school and the teacher of other days be brought up to the light, that our youth may more highly estimate the advantages of the present? Great men are giving the work of their heads and the work of their hands to popular education. Our towns, even those of limited, pecuniary means, are taxing themselves, with no grudging or stinted measure, for this object.

A history of the public schools of New England, their origin, their progress, their present condition, it seems to me, would be no unwelcome volume.

What the record will be of the schools of Danvers at a second centennial celebration, is not for us to inquire. Only let your motto continue to be "Excelsior, your aim perfection."

I close, sir, by proposing the following sentiment:

The Pupils of the Public Schools of Danvers—Let them profit by a comparison of the present with the past, and make the best use of their increased advantages of instruction, always venerating those whose highest ambition it was, to "teach little children to read."

Rev. FRANK P. APPLETON rose, and spoke as follows:—

I am glad, Mr. President, to see that on this interesting occasion the public schools of Danvers have not been forgotten. Perhaps there is no feature of the day more full of beauty, meaning and hope than the long ranks of our public school children. They moved then as the ambassadors, the messengers, from us to the coming generation, those through whom the old men of the next centennial shall know us —the bond between us of the then Past, and those of the then Present —midway over a space we cannot cross. Through them our thought and life shall then speak. Their children telling of what we now do —their life stretching onward far beyond our own. The battle, God grant them faith to make it the victory, of life fast gathering around them. Was it not a touching thought, that of all those unchanged locks and faces, unworn by thought and care, not one could be remembered by the younger lives of the next centennial, other than as with whitened head and time-stamped brow? Was it not a pleasant thought to have, that many of them would then be the venerated and the honored and the gratefully remembered? Yes, they were those, around whom, in their utter unconsciousness, gathered the meaning, the virtue and the character of the second centennial. As children they were all this and more, but as representatives of the public schools, another and weightier meaning lay upon their presence. They spoke of what is to us, and I say it with due thought, of what is without reservation or exception the most pure, most Christian, therefore most powerful institution in our midst, worth all the rest ten times repeated. The most pure, powerful Christian institution in our midst—the Public School; better and stronger than constitution, law or church. Yes, I am sure of that. You may say, without these last public schools would never have been. Be that as it may, here they are, and if thus born it will not be the first time the child has been better and nobler than the parent, and become in turn, guardian, support and protector. Such our common schools now are. The foundation of our future prosperity—the one outward institution upon which all our others must depend, free from party or sectarian rule. Kept sacredly free from all such poison, and the best trait in our New England character is that we, however else we differ and quarrel, join in guarding our schools against these Satans of public and social life. To the public school system I look as the last and best hope for our country and our race. There lies the heart of all republicanism, all true equality, and all free religion. And the more you do for that, the more I solemnly believe you do for God and man, and true duty. It

is a growing power, one whose calm and yet tremendous energy has never before been tried on earth: the great new feature of American civilization. With all its present errors,—for it is just dawning upon us now,—its spirit is right. And if I were to sum up in one sentence the word I would speak to the coming generation, I would say—Be true to Conscience and your Public Schools.

Dr. EBENEZER HUNT responded to the following sentiment:—

The principle of Total Abstinence—It found its earliest friends and warmest advocates among the citizens of Danvers: they will be among the last to abandon it.

Mr. President:—It is with reluctance that I arise to respond to the sentiment just given; not that I am not satisfied of its truth, but because I feel confident that I shall not be able to do justice to the subject. It is not an easy task, especially for one unaccustomed to public speaking, in an after-dinner speech adequately to portray the labors and sacrifices of the early friends of temperance.

The evils intemperance is capable of inflicting on a community have been so often and so ably described, that I shall be pardoned for not touching upon that subject. And yet only those who have already passed the meridian of life know fully what it was and what it threatened to become in the earlier days of the temperance movement. It is difficult for those not living at the time to conceive of the strong hold which the love of intoxicating drinks had taken upon the people indiscriminately. Though fashionable, how constant and how enormous in quantity was its consumption.

Only such can duly appreciate the honors due, and the gratitude which we ought to feel, for those who made the first successful effort to stem the torrent of evil which seemed destined to subvert and overwhelm the social fabric.

As early as the year 1817, if my memory serves me, a society was organized in the town of Danvers, having for its object the suppression of intemperance and its kindred vices. For more than twenty years this society waged an uncompromising and almost single-handed combat against the giant evil. And may we not confidently assert that it is, under Providence, mainly owing to the action of this society, that Danvers, as regards temperance, is among the foremost if not the first town in the Commonwealth?

Active in the organization of this society we find the names of Judge Holten, Rev. Messrs. Wadsworth, Walker and Chaplain, Dr. Torrey, Elijah Upton, Fitch Poole, Eleazer Putnam, Caleb Oakes, Ebenezer Putnam, and Samuel Fowler. These were the early fathers of the society. Associated with them we find the names of younger men, but not less ardent friends of the cause: such as Jesse Putnam, Andrew Nichols, Archelaus Putnam, Elias Putnam, Arthur Drinkwater, Rufus Choate, John Peabody, Alfred Putnam, John Porter, and many others, some of whom, I rejoice to say, are now present, and others, although dead, yet speak to us by their influence and example, urging us to renewed efforts in the cause in which they so faithfully and so successfully labored.

It was no easy task in those early days of the temperance movement to face the frowns of public opinion, to bear the scoffs and sneers of the thoughtless and the indifferent, and to pursue a course so diametrically opposite to the fashion and the prevailing custom of the community in which they lived. It is this consideration that should especially entitle them to our warmest gratitude and thanks.

It would be not a little creditable to these worthies, and to the town, if, when the true history of these events shall be written, it should appear that the *Temperance Reformation*, so called, which subsequently pervaded the whole length and breadth of the land with healing in its wings, at the time of the Washingtonian movement, and which carried in its train joy and gladness to so many hitherto wretched homes,—should have had its origin in the efforts of these early advocates of the cause. However this may be, they can never be deprived of the honor of having organized in Danvers the first *permanent* society for the suppression of intemperance, that, so far as has come to my knowledge, ever existed.

While we cherish the memory of these heroic and philanthropic men, let us be careful to imitate their example. Let us see to it that our efforts are not wanting to sustain and uphold our present anti-liquor law, from which so much is anticipated by the friends of temperance in this and the neighboring states. Let us do this, and the blessings of those that are ready to perish shall come upon us. And at the next Centennial Celebration in Danvers, long after we shall have gone to our reward, our names shall be freshly remembered along with those who have preceded us in the warfare against one of the monster evils of the age, and in meliorating the condition of mankind.

LETTERS.

There were numerous letters received and read, from gentlemen who were unable to be present.

A sentiment complimentary to Robert C. Winthrop was responded to by the reading of a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"Danvers has just reason to be proud of her history. After more than a hundred years of honorable connection with the ancient Town of Salem,—the very *Plymouth* of Massachusetts Colony, where Johnson and Saltonstall and Winthrop landed, and where Endicott lived,—it has now enjoyed another Century of distinguished independent existence.

The annals of the town, during the whole period, are replete with interesting incidents, and with the acts of patriotic men. As the birthplace of the lion-hearted Putnam, it would have no ordinary claim to the regard of us all. But Putnam seems only to have been a type of his towns-people, and the hills and plains of our Revolutionary struggle have borne frequent witness to the bravery of Danvers men.

I cannot forget, too, that you have furnished excellent and eminent men to the ranks of civil life; and it would have given me peculiar pleasure, on this occasion, to have borne testimony to the fidelity and patriotism of your late lamented Representative in Congress, the Hon.

Daniel P. King. But his memory, I am sure, is still fresh in all your hearts, and his fidelity and patriotism require no other testimony than that which he has abundantly impressed on the records of his public life.

I regret, gentlemen, that imperative engagements will not allow me to be with you. I pray you to present my best respects to your fellow-citizens, and my best wishes for the continued prosperity and welfare of the town, and believe me,

With great regard and respect,
Your obliged friend and ob't serv't,

Hon. R. S. Daniels. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

James H. Duncan, M. C., in a long and interesting letter, says:—"I am vividly reminded, while I write, of one,—your late esteemed fellow-citizen and representative, and my colleague,—who, had he lived, would have taken the liveliest interest in this celebration. For everything concerning the interests of his native town, county or state, was near his heart. He was removed to a higher sphere too soon for his country and his friends, but not until he had earned an honorable and enduring reputation and an abiding-place in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

The following toast was then drank in solemn silence, the whole company rising:

The Memory of the Hon. Daniel P. King—His memory is still fresh in all our hearts, and his fidelity and patriotism require no other testimony than that which he has abundantly impressed on the records of his public life

The following toast was then submitted:

The Clergy—In the annals of our town we have had bright examples of all that is profound in learning, eminent in piety, and pure in the private relations of life—those who "allure to heaven and lead the way."

Rev. Mr. Field, who was expected from Troy, New York, not being present, the following letter was read:—

Troy, June 14, 1852.

Gentlemen:—It would afford me the greatest pleasure to attend, in compliance with your kind request, the approaching centennial celebration in Danvers. My duties here, however, will make it impossible for me to be with you on that occasion. That it will be an occasion of deep interest, I do not doubt.

There are many events connected with the history of Danvers that will furnish themes pleasant and profitable to contemplate,—themes that will impart eloquence to the orator and inspiration to the poet, and awaken in the hearts of all who consider them, a love of liberty, of education, and of religion.

To myself, personally, Danvers must ever be a place of the most interesting associations. Having passed there many happy years, in duties that brought me near to the minds and hearts of many of its inhabitants, having been called so often to rejoice with them in their joys and to weep with them in their sorrows, memory must cease to perform its office when Danvers and its people shall fail to have a large place in my thoughts and affections.

Please accept my best wishes for the prosperity of the town of Danvers, in all its interests, and believe me,

Gentlemen, sincerely and respectfully yours,

THOMAS P. FIELD.

The following letter was read from Hon. RUFUS CHOATE, formerly of Danvers:—

BOSTON, May 26, 1852.

Gentlemen:—I had the pleasure to find your letter, of the 20th, on my return yesterday from Washington. It would give me the truest pleasure, for many reasons, to be present at the proposed celebration, and to share in its instructions, its memories, and its hopes,—and I shall certainly be there, if the necessity of attending the Baltimore Convention, and the impossibility of doing so by reason of peremptory detention here, does not prevent me. I wish you all possible success in the services of the day, and a future for Danvers worthy of her history, virtues, and energy. I am most truly,

Your friend and fellow-townsman,

Hon. R. S. DANIELS. RUFUS CHOATE.

Among the toasts was the following:—

Our Representative in Congress—His eloquence has embalmed the memory of those of our citizens who fell at the Concord fight, and we fully appreciate the patriotic motives which induced him to tell in the Halls of Congress the story of their devotion to the cause of Liberty.

In response to this, a long letter was read from Hon. ROBERT RANTOUL, Jr., of which the following is the most material part:—

"Danvers may well be proud of her history. She is one of a group of towns which have done as much for the liberties of the nation and the world as any other equal population on the continent. The self-sacrificing devotion with which, when the Boston Port Bill took effect in June, 1774, Salem sternly and inflexibly refused to profit by the reduction to slavery of others, is worthy to be remembered and imitated forever by that patriotic city, and by the whole North. Elbridge Gerry, of Marblehead, a signer of the old Articles of Confederation, and of the Declaration of Independence, was the chairman of the committee who reported the resolutions adopted April 30th, 1784, determining that the power to regulate commerce ought to be vested in the United States,—which resolutions were the germ of the present Constitution of the United States. It is but a small addition to the glory of such a man, that he afterwards served as Vice President under that system whose corner-stone he had laid. Nathan Dane, of Beverly, was chairman of the grand committee who, on the 21st of February, 1787, reported the resolve calling the convention at Philadelphia to "render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government, and the preservation of the union." The same Nathan Dane was the author of that immortal ordinance which rescued from the withering curse of slavery the broad Northwest,—doing for the territory between the Ohio and the lakes, what Thomas Jefferson had in vain attempted to do for the vast region now constituting Alabama, Mississippi, and the other southwestern states.

"These towns could boast not only the guiding mind in the decisive movements which I have mentioned, but their courage to dare, and fortitude to suffer, in the great cause, were equally conspicuous. Beverly first flung to the ocean breezes the continental flag on board the schooner Hannah, and inaugurated those stripes and stars, which are the emblem of glory and victory—shall I say also of liberty—wherever blow the winds or roll the waves. Manly, of Marblehead, held the first naval commission under the hand of George Washington, and the seal of the Union; and Mungford, of Marblehead, first poured out his willing soul with the death shout, "Don't give up the ship!" Danvers, Lynn, and Beverly, notwithstanding their great distance from the line of action, had about one-fourth part of all the killed and wounded in the hurry of the "Red-coats" from Concord to the shelter of their ships. The sons of Beverly were the farthest from the scene, of all who rushed to deliver in their testimony in the eventful trial of the 19th of April, yet their full quota arrived and acted there; and I have seen the garment rolled in blood of one of my townsmen who laid down his life in witness of his abhorrence of slavery. Danvers alone lost more men killed, on that bloody baptismal day of American Liberty, than any other town, after the first unprovoked, sudden and unresisted massacre at Lexington, at sunrise."

Mr. RANTOUL forwarded the subjoined sentiment:—

The Freemen of the Towns of the North—May they, in their zeal for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, never foget that THE UNION, to be preserved, should continue to be WORTH PRESERVING, AND THE CONSTITUTION A BOND OF FREEDOM.

A toast complimentary to Mr. WEBSTER was next given. The following letter was read in response:—

WASHINGTON, May 31, 1852.

Gentlemen:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th of this month, inviting me, in behalf of the town of Danvers, to be present at a proposed centennial celebration of the separation of Danvers from Salem, on the 16th of June next.

I am always gratified, gentlemen, with these public remembrances of distinguished epochs of the past. Our New England history is full of instruction, our fathers having left us a rich inheritance of evangelical religion, sound morals, and political freedom. We honor ourselves, whenever we honor them; and their admirable example may well stimulate us to put forth new efforts for the promotion of civil and religious liberty, the diffusion of knowledge, and the advancement of all the blessings and all the charities of social life.

I regret, gentlemen, to be obliged to say, that my public duties will not allow me to be with you and your friends, at the proposed celebration; but I tender to you and to them my best regards and most sincere good wishes. DANIEL WEBSTER.

R. S. DANIELS, Esq., and others.

Hon. JAMES SAVAGE, the President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, wrote:

"My interest in your community has from early days been active in the search for causes of that *greatest calamity* that ever befell New England, whereof the chief scene of distress was within your bounds, though sixty years before the separation from Salem. Some reparation by tardy justice has in a second, a third, or a fourth generation been exhibited; but, gentlemen, your neighbors have not, in my opinion, found greater evidence in any other quarter of the earth of the sacredness of the truth, how much better is it to suffer injustice than to inflict it. Which of you had not rather be the martyr, George Burroughs, than Chief Justice Stoughton, whose diabolical delusion concurred with that of the majority in giving sentence of death?

But beyond the sad reminiscences of your doleful era, in which no other town of New England can compete with you in measure of misery, I exult in your almost adequate superiority in the exhibition of the love of your country in the dark months and years prior to our national independence. Here all is joyous in recollection; and Danvers is well deserving of the happiness she has enjoyed since our firmament has been blessed with the constitution of 1789, for near three times the length of that period preceding, when only tremendous tempest or threatening and malignant meteors seemed to usurp all the sky.

I am, gentlemen, with highest regard,

Your very obedient,

Hon. R. S. Daniels and others. JAS. SAVAGE.

The following toast was given:

Edward Everett—A name always associated with profound learning, skilful diplomacy, and graceful oratory.

Hon. Edward Everett, regretting his inability to be present, wrote: "It would afford me much pleasure to be present on an occasion of so much interest. The Municipal Organization of New England is one of the great elements of our prosperity; and the annals of most of our towns are rich with traditions and collections which deserve to be handed down to posterity."

The following toast was given by Edward Lander, Esq.:

The Separation of Danvers and Salem—While the men are celebrating the *dissolution of the Union*, and the women go for *Union* to a man, we leave to *fanatics* the difficult solution of the problem.

Letters were also received from Jared Sparks, President of Harvard University, Rev. Dr. Andrew Bigelow, of Boston, and other gentlemen, regretting their inability to attend.

Mr. Fitch Poole then moved that the Committee of Arrangements call together the Town for the purpose of expressing its gratitude to Mr. Peabody for his generous gift, and it was so unanimously resolved, with thunders of applause.

It was then voted to adjourn this meeting one hundred years. The festivities of the day were closed by a brilliant display of fireworks.

The company at length adjourned, highly delighted with the entire proceedings of the day, which was literally and truly a great day for Danvers and all the country round.

There were several poetical effusions prepared for the occasion. The songs were sung with fine effect by the Salem Glee Club, and elicited great applause.

At the conclusion of Mr. Upham's speech, FITCH POOLE, Esq., rose and said he had, within a few weeks, discovered a manuscript, which he had taken the pains to copy, and which he thought might be interesting to the company. Mr. Poole declined to read it himself, and delegated Rev. F. P. Appleton, of Danvers, to promulgate it for him, which was done in a very acceptable manner.

GILES COREY'S DREAM.

A BALLAD OF 1692.

Giles Corey lay in Salem Gaol,—
A Stubborn Wizzard he:
Dame Corey slumbered by his side,—
A guilty Witch was she.

And as they lay, one Sunday morn,
All in their place of Shame,
Giles Corey had a troubled Dream,
And told it to his Dame.

"My Goodwife dear, I've dreamed a Dream,
All through ye livelong Night,
And coming Things were shewn to me
In Vision clear and bright.

I dreamed a Hundred Years were past,
And Sixty more were gone,
And then I stood a living Man—
Alas! I stood alone!

I was among strange Phantoms there,
No living Soul I knew,
And you will hardly wonder, Dame,
'Twas *Eighteen Fifty Two.*"

Quoth She, "Dear Giles, what did you see
In that far distant Daye?
Your Dreaming Thoughts I long to heare,
Come tell me now I pray."

"My Dear Goodwyfe, I'll tell my Dream,
If you will patient heare,
How Specters strange did stare at me,
And loudly laugh and jeere.

At length a Ghost of pleasant mien
Did listen to my Story;
I sayde, I'm called a Wizzard Man,
My Name is Goodman Corey.

I told him I was doomed to Dye
By Hanging or by Pressing;
The mode—it all depended on
My Silence or Confessing."

"In Salem Village once," he sayde,
"Such Deeds they did allowe;
That dark Delusion's had its Daye,
And Men are wiser now.

"You stand," sayde he, "upon ye Spot
So sadly known to Fame;
No longer is it *Salem* called,
But DANVERS is its Name."

"Aha!" sayde I, ('twas in my Dream,)
"I'll see this altered Place,
I long at once to look upon
This boasted wiser Race.

I travelled North to Blind Hole Swamp,*
The Fields were bright and gay;
From Skelton's Neck* to Brooksby's Vale,*
I then pursued my Way.

As on I roamed in eager Haste,
With ardent Hope and wishfull,
Too soon I founde my wandering Feet
Quite in ye Devil's Dishfulle.*

Here Goblins came, and I must own
At first in Terrour bounde me;
I spake them fair and bade them come
And gather quick arounde me.

Full soon I saw that I had come
Amongst a Race of Witches;
For every Man I looked upon
Was destitute of Breeches!

"Fye, O Fye," sayde Goody Corey,
(And sharply spake ye Dame,)
"That you should look upon them thus—
I blush for very Shame."

"Pray heare me out, impatient Wyfe,
For know—these Wizzard Coons—
Although they had no Breeches on,
Were clothed with Pantaloons.

And ah, how queer ye Women looked,
'Twould waken your Compassion
To see what awkward Cloathes they wore,
So strangely out of Fashion.

I looked upon ye Antient Men—
No toothless gums had they—
Their aged Heads were never bald—
Their Hair was seldom gray."

Now Martha Corey spake aloud,
With most indignant Frowne—
"I don't believe a Word you saye
About this Danvers Towne."

Her Goodman sayde, with quiet Tone,
(A pleasant Speech had he,)
"Remember, Dame, I *dreamed* of this,
It thus *appeared* to me.

* Well known localities in Danvers.

I saw a Man pull all his Teeth,
It took him but a Minute:
He oped his Mouth and put them back—
I thought ye deuce was in it!

A limping Man had lost a Leg.
A wooden one had he;
To tell which Leg ye man had lost
Was quite too much for me.

I saw a man cut off a Limb,
The Surgeon's Knife all gory,
But yet ye Patient felt no Paine"—
"'Tis False!"—sayde Goody Corey.

"'Twas in my *Dream* I saw it, Dame,
I saw him take ye Stitches,
And then I knew I'd fell among
A Race of Real Witches.

I met a man who'd lost an Eye
And chose to have another—
He bought one at ye nearest Shop,
Just like its living brother.

I had a raging Tooth to draw,
(To you 'twill seem a Fable,)
I went to sleep—and then awoke
And found it on ye Table."

"I don't believe a word you saye,"
Sayde faithless Goody Corey—
"Just show this Molar Tooth to me,
And I'll believe your story."

Quoth Giles unto his Wyfe againe,
"'Tis thus to me it seems;
How often have I told you, Dame,
'Twas in ye Land of Dreams.

I looked upon this Wizzard Race
With still increasing Wonder,
They drew ye Lightning from ye Skies
And bottled up ye Thunder.

They carried News by Lightning Teams,
Made Portraits with ye Sun,
Used Cotton for their Gunpowder,
To Charge ye sporting Gunn.

A magic Substance they have founde,
And some ingenious Lubber
Makes everything (save Consciences)
Of Patent India Rubber.

To light their Homes with flaming Air
The Elements they torture;
And hope to get—by taking Paines—
Their Candle Light—from Water.

I told them that to see the World
I had a strong Desire—
They took me off in Vapory Cloud
And Chariott of Fire!

Full Forty Miles an Hour they go,
By power of nought but Steam;
And Ships with Wheels go swift"—"'Tis
FALSE!"
Sayde Goody with a Scream.

Quoth Giles, "Remember, my Goodwyfe,
'Tis a Prophetic gleam—
I do not speak my waking Thoughts,
I only tell my Dream.

I pondered on these Sorceries,
And thought them Witchcraft Sinns,
But marvelled why, like Witchcraft now,
They did not prick with Pinns.

I saw these Wizzards gather round,
To listen to a Tapping,
In wide-mouthed Wonder swallow all
The Witchery of Rapping.

It was, (I own with humble Shame,)
A Mystery to me,
That Souls in Bliss should come to Earth
To say their A, B, C.

Oh, what a Miracle Sublime!
It shews the World's advance,
When Spirits leave their bright abodes
To make a Table dance!

To have this awful Mystery solved
Perhaps they may be able—
The Faith that will a Mountain move
Can doubtless move a Table.

Amazed I saw how calm they were
With all this Spirit rising;
They only called these Magic Arts
A kind of Magnetizing.

So none for Witchcraft met ye Fate
Of Pharaoh's luckless Baker,
Nor did they seek to drive or scourge
A Baptist or a Quaker.

I gat me quick to Gallows Hill,
That fearful place to see,
Where Witches are condemned to hang
High on ye Gallows Tree.

I only saw two Shadowy Forms,
Or Spectral Goblins rather;
One seemed like Him of Cloven Foot,
The other—Cotton Mather.

I thought to see ye Gibbett there,
The Ladder mounted high,
The Rope suspended from ye Beam,
For those condemned to Dye.

I marvelled much that there I founde
The Sod was smooth and bare,
No Mounds of freshly-shovelled Earth,
No Grove of Locusts there.

Amazed I stood and looked around,
The Grass was living greene,
Afar I saw ye deep blue Sea;
A City lay between.

I went into a Dwelling House,—
I ransacked every Room,
I could not find a Spinning Wheel,
Nor yet a Weaver's Loom.

They had no Snuffers on ye Shelf;
The Dressers, too, had flowne;
No Pewter Plates, well scrubbed and neat,
In Order brightly shone.

No Settle by ye Kitchen Fire,
No Sand upon ye Floor,
And when I asked for Tinder Box
In Laughter they did roar.

I went into another House—
The Fireplace was a Box;
I looked within, and there I founde
The Fuel—only Rocks!

And when I asked for Mug of Flip,
No Loggerheads were seen,
But in ye Place of Worship neare
Were Loggerheads—I ween.

I walked into this Meeting House
Just as the Psalm was read;
The Parson had no Surplice on,
No Wig upon his Head.

I saw no trace of Sounding Board,
No Hour Glass had they there
To prove ye Sermon two Hours long,
And measure off ye Prayer.

No Chorister with Tuning Fork,
No Tythingman so grim,
Nobody in ye Deacon Seat
To Deacon off ye Hymn.

But see—within that Sacred House,
That Place for humble Prayer,
Averted lookes, and bitter Scorn,
And jarring Sounds are there!

Ah me! to see ye stubborn Will,
The cold and formal Dealing,
The stern Repulse, ye Needless Pang,
The lack of Christian Feeling!

I asked a Shade—Why is it thus,
That Men, in Wilful Blindnesse,
Are pledged to Total Abstinence
From Milk of Human Kindnesse?

I turned away with saddened Thoughts,
And pensive Feelings ledd,
And sought ye Place where living Dust
Soon mingles with ye Dead.

I looked upon ye Hillocks greene—
The Winds were sweeping o'er,
And Ghostly Shadows flitted bye,
Of Forms beheld before.

Remembered names were sculptured there
On many an Antient Stone;
And One I saw, well grown with Moss;
I looked—It was My Own!

A sudden thrill came o'er me then,
Soe fearful did it seeme,—
I shuddered once, and then awoke,
And now you have my Dream."

A VISIT FROM PARSON PARRIS.

Written for the Danvers Centennial Celebration, by Rev. J. W. Hanson, *Author of the History of Danvers.*

One cold night of chill December's,
As I sat before the embers,—
Chance had laid a book before me
Full of slight historic lore;—
Well, it need not be a mystery,
It was only a small history—
Author's name I need not mention,
Only this and nothing more.

I was turning o'er the pictures,
And I could not help my strictures
On the blindness, and the folly
Of those darksome days of yore,—
And I came to that old mansion
(It has had a late expansion)
Where began the Salem Witchcraft,
Which so sadly we deplore.

'What a singular delusion!
What a state of wild confusion
Must have filled our ancient Salem,—
I am thankful it is o'er;
Parson Parris was a terror,
The church was wrapped in error,
And the people were all ignorant—
May we have such curse no more!

'What a shame that Christian preachers
Should be no better teachers
Than to be so much deluded,
Or so fond of human gore,
As to follow vicious children
Into conduct so bewildering,
As to hang and scourge each other,
As they did in that dark hour.'

Then I thought of poor Tituba,
(Parson Parris' slave from Cuba,)
Sarah Osborne, Mary Warren,
Whose sad troubles we deplore;
Sarah Good, and uncle Proctor,
Parson Burroughs—learned doctor,—
Oh, how fiendish thus to murder—
Thank God! the folly's o'er.

How much more I should have spoken,
I don't know,—my thoughts were broken,
As I heard a heavy footstep
Coming toward my study door.
And the strangest apparition
Flashed at once upon my vision,
Saying—'I am Parson Parris,
Whose follies you deplore!

'I have heard your lamentations,
I confess, with little patience,'
Quoth the stern indignant spirit,
'Of our good old days of yore;
We were not without our failings,
Every cent'ry has its ailings;—
That our own was worse than *this* one,
Is a statement I ignore.'

'Worse than *this* one?' was my answer,
'Let me know then, if you can sir,
What this learned generation
Ever does that you deplore!
Is not knowledge ever brightning?
We've made slaves of steam and lightning,
Taught the Sun to paint our portraits,
And a thousand wonders more!'

'All the more to blame then, are you,
Wise and skilful thus; how dare you
Looking back two centuries, utter
Such a reckless slander more?—
If with all your great advances,
You have misimproved your chances,
And still cherish greater follies,
Here's the thing you should deplore!'

'Never mind your generalities,'
Quoth I, 'let us hear the qualities
That our wondrous age possesses,
Worse than that dark age of yore;—
What have we that looks so sadly,
That disgraces us so badly
As the Witchcraft did old Salem,
And will do, evermore?'

Here the parson fixed his wig on,
—I assure you 'twas a big one—
And his bands he smoothed with unction,
And surveyed me o'er and o'er;
And looking more complacently,
Nay—he smiled at me quite pleasantly,
More so than I ever heard of
Any Spirit doing before.

Said he,—'We lived in Salem village
By our pasturage and tillage,
A quiet, humble people
As our country ever bore;
To great wisdom no pretentions
Did we make,—all your inventions,
All your progress, light, and knowledge,—
We had heard of no such lore.

'Then came that awful mystery,
(You have it in your history,)
Such an one as never met us
In our lives or thoughts before;
We supposed it was the Devil,
The Arch-author of all evil,
And we did the best we knew of
With the evil you deplore.

'But *your* 'wondrous Age,' you style it—
Has great evils which defile it,
Which, allowing for your *progress*,
Should disgrace you evermore;
And of all things that are shocking,
I declare, that Spirit Knocking
Which of late began at Rochester,
Is worse than all before.

'Chiefest humbug—greatest folly—
Nonsense vain—most melancholy—
Surely we shall not be laughed at,
No, nor pitied any more,—
For the future, men shall call the
Spirit-rappings, the '*Great* Folly,'
Greatest, until comes another,
Worse than all that went before.'

Here the Parson clapped his hat on,
Thrust aside the chair he sat on,
And with all his old importance
Passed right through my study door,
And I heard his cane go tapping,
And his heavy footsteps rapping,
As he took his quick departure,
And I saw of him no more.

But I deeply meditated
On the truths the Parson stated,
And I formed this resolution—
(I'll depart from it no more;)
Not to blame our Salem grandmas,
Till *ourselves* have worthier manners,—
Till we banish our own witches,
Worse than any were of yore.

SONG.

BY DR. ANDREW NICHOLS.

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle.*

A hundred years ago or more,
When we were part of Salem,
Our people grew uneasy quite,
And what d'ye think did ail 'em?

They fretted 'cause they taxed 'em so,
And said 'twas downright pillage
For merchant-folks and sailor-men
To persecute the Willage.

And so they sent to Gineral Court
A large and grave Committee,
And Gineral Court did bow to them
And look with grace and pity.

He passed for them the Severance Act,
And gave the name of DANVERS,
In honor of some titled man
Whose sires were born in Anvers.

So DANVERS stood a lusty youth,
And tough to stand the weather,
He made the Danvers China Ware,
And tanned his upper leather.

He also planted onion beds,
To magnify his riches,
And raised the best of grafted fruit,
And handsome, bright-eyed witches.

His household, too, has multiplied
A thousand for each hundred,
And he has gained prosperity,
At which the world has wondered.

But where is mother Salem now?
—'Tis painful to consider—
She cannot have a Select-Man,
And so she's left a Widder!

Then wedded were the parishes,
That now have spent together
One hundred years of fair and foul,
Calm, windy, stormy weather.

There's sometimes been between them strife,
'Bout which should wear the breeches,
Which should be Husband, which the Wife,
And how to share their riches.

Yet in all patriotic acts,
And noble undertakings,
Shoulder to shoulder they have moved,
Dismissing all heart achings.

We've now in gay, good humor come
To celebrate our union,
And talk of all we've said and done
And suffered in communion.

SONG. A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY EDWIN JOCELYN.

TUNE—"*Dearest Mae.*"

A Hundred Years! A Hundred Years!
All through its dusky track
How dim the shadowy past appears,
When peers the vision back.
A Hundred Years! Up to that hour,
Old Salem's child were we,
In leading strings were cramp'd our pow'rs,
Pinn'd to our Mother's knee.
Old Mother Salem! no time our love impairs—
A child most dutiful we've been and honor your grey hours.

A Cent'ry past we came of age—
From thraldom broke away;
To celebrate it, now engage—
Our INDEPENDENT DAY.
Though *independent*, we have cared
With tender, filial heart,
That our old mother ever shared
Of all we had, a part.
Old Mother Salem, &c.

The blessed good things of the land
To furnish her we've striv'n—
Most always bow'd to her command,
Though *sauce* we've sometimes given.
We've furnished her with meat and fruit,
With water and with fuel;—
Her whims have always tried to suit—
Brought meal to make her gruel.
Old Mother Salem, &c.

We've made her leather stout and tough,
Much more than she could use;
And sure to always do enough,
Have made it into shoes.
When conflagrations threaten'd her,
We've run and quenched her fires;
In all her wants have been astir,
And watched her least desires.
Old Mother Salem, &c.

When she would "calculate right deep,"
We furnished her with *head*;
When faint at heart and prone to weep,
With *pluck* her spirits fed.
Have brought her oft—delicious treat!—
(Now, Mother, "don't you cry,")
The *onion* bulb, so sav'ry sweet,
To roast, or boil, or fry.
Old Mother Salem, &c.

Our boys have gone to man her ships,
And peril, oft, their lives;
Her boys, bewitch'd for cherry lips,
Have stole our *gals* for wives.
But time would fail to tell of half
We've done from year to year—
Some deeds that might provoke a laugh,
And some might draw a tear.
Old Mother Salem, &c.

With "China Ware"—pots, pitchers, pans,
Her closet shelves have filled,—
And brought her milk in shining cans,
And burnt her bricks to build.
Now, though five scores of years ago,
We just "cut loose" and free,
A filial care we've tried to show,—
Now, Mother, hav'nt we?
Old Mother Salem, no time our love impairs;—
A child most dutiful we've been, and honor your grey hairs.

HYMN.

BY REV. J. W. HANSON.

TUNE—*America.*

Thou who our sires hast led
Over old Ocean's bed,
Thy guardian hand
Did shield each exiled form
In famine, plague, and storm,
And give a shelter warm
In this fair land.

We bless Thy sacred name
That e'en when War's red flame
Did light the sky,
They scorned to humbly yield,
But won the tented field,
And loud their clarions pealed
For Liberty!

For all they nobly wrought,
Freedom of life and thought,
No power could tame—
For Schools, the Pilgrims' pride,
And Churches far and wide,
And all their hands supplied,
We bless Thy name!

And while our lives receive
The rich gifts they did leave,
Aided by Thee
May we their virtues win.
Their scorn of wrong and sin,
And seek without—within,
Truth—Liberty.

God of Eternity!
Tho' every Century
To thee appears
A moment's transient gleam,—
To our brief lives doth seem
How wide and deep the stream
Of rolling years.

On this Centennial Day
We come, our prayers to pay,
Great God, to Thee!
May we Thy holy name
Adore—exalt—proclaim—
Then shall our Country's fame
Immortal be.

A SONG FOR OUR FATHERS.

BY EDWIN JOCELYN.

AIR—"*A Song for our Banner.*"

A Song for our Fathers! Their mem'ry awakes
In our bosoms a thrilling emotion;
Each pulse of the heart of their virtue partakes,
When we think of their steadfast devotion;
From the Truth of their God, from the Love of their Land,
The iron of their souls never yielded;—
They were pure in the heart, they were strong in the hand
When the pray'r or the sword-blade they wielded.

A Song for our Fathers! Though green are our fields,
Where the rough and cold soil they first parted,—
Though pleasures and lux'ries the land to us yields,
'Tis the fruit of the stout and true-hearted.
Whatever adorns, whatever gives ease
Or comfort, their industry planted;
O then, by their children, 'mid the blessings of these,
Be their praises with gratitude chanted.

A Song for our Fathers! They sleep their long rest,
While we on the *Past* now are dwelling;
Its pages their virtues ever newly attest,—
With birth-pride our bosoms are swelling.
May that *union* of faith, of patriot love,
Of enduring, unshrinking endeavor
Which upheld them *below*, and which pointed *above*,
Rule the hearts of their children forever.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE SCHOOL PAVILION.

The arrangements for the Public Schools were made and carried out under the direction of the following gentlemen:—

WM. H. LITTLE,
AMOS MERRILL,
E. B. HINKLEY,
WM. L. WESTON,
THOMAS HINKLEY,
AARON C. PROCTOR,
HENRY FOWLER.

The procession of schools, constituting a most beautiful spectacle, proceeded to the Crowningshield estate, near Buxton's Hill. Here a spacious "tent" had been erected for their special accommodation, and tables, bountifully loaded, afforded a pleasing reception to the fatigued and exhausted pupils. The sight within the tent, after the procession had entered, was truly imposing and gratifying. The assembly of about 1500 of the youth of Danvers, all neatly and appropriately attired, was in itself a very attractive sight, and it was most pleasing to the spectators, and highly creditable to the pupils and teachers that the

deportment of all was truly exemplary and commendable. No rudeness and no impropriety were observable, but order and decorum prevailed throughout the tent.

WM. R. PUTNAM, Esq., a member of the School Committee, presided within the tent, and after the physical wants of the pupils had become supplied, the intellectual received attention. After a few appropriate remarks, Mr. Putnam introduced CHARLES NORTHEND, Esq., the newly appointed Town Superintendent of Schools, and J. D. PHILBRICK, Esq., Principal of the Quincy School, Boston, who made very eloquent and interesting addresses to the pupils. They spoke at some length, and were listened to with earnest attention and interest. It is a source of regret that a copy of their excellent remarks cannot be obtained for insertion here, as we are confident they would be perused with much interest.

The following sentiments were offered and read by Mr. AUGUSTUS MUDGE, a member of the School Committee.

May we never be late when the first performance or the last is served up.

The Female Teachers of Danvers—No separatists, yet fearful agitators to the minds of men, and swift incendiaries to their hearts.

The President of this School Festival—Like his fearless namesake, invincible in every enterprise.

Salem and Danvers—Mother and daughter; mutually proud of their relationship.

The Prudential Committees of Danvers—Fathers of all the little ones, may they not themselves be little in their office, but may they be large of heart and liberal of hand in dispensing blessings to the flocks under them.

Our High Schools—Their true position, as to-day, in the front ranks.

The Church and the School—The former prepared our ancestors for establishing civil and religious liberties; may the latter lead our children to perpetuate them.

The day we celebrate—May its history form a bright page in the celebration of June 16th, 1952.

To the third sentiment, WM. R. PUTNAM, Esq., briefly and appropriately replied as follows :—

Children of the Public Schools of Danvers: Our lesson to-day is history,—not the general history of the world, but the particular history of our own town. Whether we contemplate the character of its earliest settlers, the active part which its inhabitants took in achieving our national independence, or its continued prosperity, we find much that is worthy of our attention and admiration.

The scenes and representations which we have this day witnessed seem to give to past times and events a presence and reality as though they were in fact our own.

This is your historical schoolhouse,—not indeed furnished, like your common school rooms, with blackboards, upon which to write the lessons of the day. But we would engrave the events of this celebration, in ineffaceable lines, upon the inmost tablets of your memories, so that in your future years you may not only *recall* them with pleasure, but also *transmit* them to other generations. May you be laudably stimulated, by what you have to-day witnessed, so to act the part you may take in the events of the coming century that it shall contribute to the attractive points of the next centennial.

And now, in behalf of my associates, the members of the School Committee, I would tender sincere thanks to the instructors of our schools for the noble efforts they have made to contribute to the interest of this occasion, and to the pupils of the several schools for the commendable cheerfulness and propriety with which they have this day performed their parts. May each and all return to your respective spheres of labor with new zeal, bright hopes, strong determination,— and though you may not be present at the recurrence of this festival in 1952, may you be nobly and honorably represented by the works which will live after you have passed away.

Owing to the oppressive heat of the day, the tediousness of the marching, and the crowded state of the tent, it was thought prudent to abridge the exercises of the schools; otherwise we should be able to report many other interesting addresses.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

TOWN OF DANVERS,

IN RELATION TO

THE DONATION OF GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.,

OF LONDON.

Agreeably to the vote adopted at the table, on the day of the Centennial Celebration, the Committee of Arrangements called a meeting of the citizens of the town, by legal notice, to act upon the Communication of Mr. Peabody,* the proceedings of which meeting, certified by the Clerk of the town, are here presented.

At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the Town of Danvers, qualified to vote in town affairs, holden at Union Hall, in the South Parish in said town, on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

On motion made by John W. Proctor, it was

Voted, That the Centennial Committee be authorized and instructed to cause such a publication of the papers and transactions connected with the Centennial Celebration, as, in their judgment, the interest and credit of the town demands, and a copy thereof to be furnished to each family in town.

The original communication from George Peabody, Esq., was read by the Moderator; and afterwards, Dr. Andrew Nichols read the resolutions which had been prepared, and submitted the same to the town. On motion made, it was

Voted unanimously, That the whole of said resolves, which have been submitted by Dr. Nichols, and separately acted upon, be adopted by the town.

Resolves, as submitted by Dr. Andrew Nichols, and adopted by the Town.

Resolved, That we, the legal voters of the town of Danvers, in legal meeting assembled, accept, with deep emotions of gratitude, the munificent gift of GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., of London, of TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, for the promotion of knowledge and morality among us; and we, with due sense of its importance, to ourselves and to those who are to succeed us, accept the offered trust, and bind ourselves to faithfully, ardently and constantly endeavor to fulfil the wishes

* See page 141.

and accomplish the noble purpose of the generous donor, and to enjoin on our successors a like performance of the same sacred duty.

Resolved, That we now proceed to the choice of a committee of twelve persons to receive and have in charge the said donation, for the purpose of establishing a Lyceum for the delivery of Lectures, upon such subjects, exclusive of *sectarian theology* and *party politics*, as may be designated by a committee of the town, free to all the inhabitants, under such rules as said committee may, from time to time, enact; and to establish a Library, which shall also be free to the inhabitants, under the direction of the committee.

Resolved, That the members of said committee shall exercise all the authority and perform all the duties contemplated by the donor; and shall hold office by the following tenure, viz.:—Two of the twelve shall hold the office until the annual meeting in 1858; two until 1857; two until 1856; two until 1855; two until 1854; two until 1853; or, in all cases, until others be chosen and accept the trust in their stead. And it shall be the duty of said committee, as soon as may be after their organization, to determine, either by agreement or by lot, who of this number shall hold the office for the several times named, and communicate the same to the clerk of the town, whose duty it shall be to enter the same on the records. And it shall be the duty of the selectmen to order, in every warrant for the annual town meeting hereafter, the inhabitants to choose or give in their votes for two persons, to become members of said committee, for the term of six years, in the place of those whose term of office at that time expires; and to fill all vacancies caused by death, resignation, or removal from the town.

Resolved, That the aforesaid Committee of Trustees appoint annually, from the citizens of the town at large, another committee, who shall select books for the library—designate the subjects for lectures—procure lecturers—enact rules and regulations, both in regard to the lectures and the library, and perform all such other duties as the committee shall assign to them; and they shall make a full report of their doings to the Trustees, semiannually, viz., on or before the second Mondays in February and August.

Resolved, That the Committee of Trustees be also required to make a full report of their own doings, and the doings of the committee by them appointed, at the annual town meeting previous to the choice of members of said committee, above provided for.

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of said committee to correspond with the benevolent donor while he lives, and, in all their doings, pay all due regard to his expressed wishes.

On motion made by A. A. Abbott, Esq., it was

Voted, That the Institution, established by this donation, be called and known as the PEABODY INSTITUTE, and that this name be inscribed, in legible characters, upon the front of the building to be erected, that, in future years, our children may be reminded of their fathers' benefactor, and that strangers may read the name of him, of whom Danvers will always be proud to claim as her son.

On motion of Mr. Fitch Poole, it was

Voted, That our venerable and respected fellow-citizen, Capt. SYLVESTER PROCTOR, be invited in behalf of the town, and in accordance

with the special request of his early and constant friend, Mr. Peabody, to assist in laying the corner stone of the proposed edifice.

On motion made by the same gentleman, it was

Voted unanimously, That the Board of Trustees, chosen this day, forward a certified copy of the proceedings of this meeting to Mr. Peabody.

On motion made by William H. Little, it was

Voted unanimously, That all the communications received from George Peabody, Esq., of London, be recorded.

The following gentlemen were elected Trustees by ballot :—

1. R. S. Daniels,
2. E. W. Upton,
3. S. P. Fowler,
4. Joseph Osgood,
5. Miles Osborn,
6. Eben King,
7. Francis Baker,
8. Eben Sutton,
9. W. L. Weston,
10. Joseph Poor,
11. A. F. Clark,
12. Joseph S. Black.

True Extracts from the Town Records. Attest,

Joseph Shed, *Town Clerk.*

GEORGE PEABODY.

In closing their account of the very interesting Centennial Festival of June last, the Committee feel that they cannot perform a more pleasing duty, and, at the same time, confer more gratification upon their fellow-citizens, than by presenting some particulars in the history of their townsman, whose timely and munificent donation, thus gracefully bestowed, added so much to "the pleasure of the occasion."

In the performance of this duty, they are aware of its extreme delicacy, and, that in the endeavor to gratify an intense and laudable curiosity on the part of their fellow-citizens, and to hold up to our youth, an example of nobleness and worth for their imitation, they may, unwittingly, trespass on private feelings. On the other hand, our generous benefactor has arrived at such an eminence in the commercial world, and his name is so widely known in both hemispheres, that his history has become, in a measure, public property. The Committee can only say, that they will use their best discretion in the use of their materials, and present such facts only as are known to be authentic.

Our fellow-citizen, George Peabody, now a resident of London, was born in the South Parish, in Danvers, February 18th, 1795.* At the

* Nehemiah Cleaveland, Esq., in his excellent Address at the Topsfield Bi-Centennial Celebration, deriving his information mainly from C. M. Endicott, Esq., of Salem, thus speaks of the origin of the Peabody family in America :

"For a very early period in the history of this town, the Peabody name has been identified with it. Thanks to the spirit of family pride or of antiquarian curiosity, great pains have recently been taken to dig out the roots and follow out the branches of the old Peabody tree. Old, it may well be called, since it has already attained to a growth of nearly two thousand years. Boadie, it

early age of eleven years, (May 4th, 1807,) he was placed in the grocery store of Capt. Sylvester Proctor, where he remained about four years, receiving from Mr. Proctor and his excellent lady, (a sister of Rev. Daniel Poor, D. D., the devoted Missionary to Ceylon,) parental kindness, and such instructions and precepts, as, "by endeavoring to practise which, in after-life," he remarks, "I attribute much of my success."

In 1810, in the hope of a better situation, he left Capt. Proctor, but the embargo and expected war with England rendered the time most unpropitious for obtaining employment in any mercantile pursuit. That year, therefore, was principally spent in Thetford, Vt., with his maternal grand-parents. This was his only time of comparative leisure since his eleventh year.

seems, was the primeval name. He was a gallant British chieftain, who came to the rescue of his queen, Boadicea, when 'bleeding from the Roman rods.' From the disastrous battle in which she lost her crown and life, he fled to the Cambrian mountains. There his posterity lived and became the terror of the lowlands. Thus it was that the term PEA, which means 'mountain,' was prefixed to BOADIE, which means 'man.' There was a Peabody, it seems, among the Knights of the Round Table, for the name was first registered, with due heraldic honors, by command of King Arthur himself.

"At the period when the business transactions of this town begin to appear on record, Lieut. Francis Pabody (this was the orthography of the name at that period) was evidently the first man in the place for capacity and influence. He had emigrated from St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, England, about seventeen miles from London, in 1635, and settled at Topsfield, in 1657, where he remained until his death in 1698. His wife was a daughter of Reginald Foster, whose family, Mr. Endicott informs us, in his genealogy of the Peabodys, is honorably mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in Marmion and the Lay.

"Of this large family, three sons settled in Boxford, and two remained in Topsfield. From these five patriarchs have come, it is said, all the Peabodys in this country. Among those of this name who have devoted themselves to the sacred office, the Rev. Oliver Peabody, who died at Natick, almost a hundred years ago, is honorably distinguished. Those twin Peabodys, (now, alas! no more,) William Bourne Oliver and Oliver William Bourne, twins not in age only but in genius and virtue, learning and piety, will long be remembered with admiration and regret. The Rev. David Peabody, of this town, who died while a Professor in Dartmouth College, deserves honorable mention. A kinsman of his, also of Topsfield, is at this moment laboring, a devoted missionary, in the ancient land of Cyrus. Rev. Andrew T. Peabody, of Portsmouth, and Rev. Ephraim Peabody, of Boston, are too well and favorably known to require that I should more than allude to them. Professor Silliman, of Yale College, is descended from a Peabody.

"The Peabody name has abounded in brave and patriotic spirits. Many of them served in the French and the Revolutionary wars. One of them fell with Wolfe and Montcalm, on the plains of Abraham. Another assisted at the capture of Ticonderoga and of Louisberg, and in the siege of Boston. Another was among the most gallant of the combatants on Bunker Hill. Another commanded a company in the Continental army, and sent his sons to the army as fast as they became able. One more, Nathaniel Peabody, of Atkinson, N. H., commanded a regiment in the Revolutionary war, and subsequently represented his state in the Continental Congress.

"In Medicine and Law, the reputation of the name rests more, perhaps, on the quality than the number of practitioners. In Commerce, too, this family may boast of at least one eminent example—an architect of a princely fortune. I need not name him."

In April, 1811, he was received as a clerk in the dry-goods store of his eldest brother, David Peabody, of Newburyport, who had himself but just attained his majority, and was yet hardly established in business. A few weeks subsequently, his father was very suddenly removed by death; and soon after, the great fire in Newburyport took place, by which his brother was a sufferer and failed in business, thus throwing the younger brother again out of employment. He now found himself, at the age of sixteen, suddenly and unexpectedly an orphan, without funds, without a situation, and without influential friends; and the prospects of the times as gloomy as can well be imagined.

On the 4th of May, 1812, not finding employment, he left New England with his uncle, Gen. John Peabody, who had been unfortunate in business, and who was, at this time, in the most discouraging circumstances. They sailed from Newburyport in the brig Fame, Capt. Davis, for Georgetown, D. C.

John Peabody established himself in Georgetown, D. C., but owing to his pecuniary position, the business was conducted in the name of his nephew, and the management of it chiefly devolved on him. Here he remained about two years, faithfully and industriously performing those duties and services, for which he could have the prospect of little, if any, remuneration.

About this time, it having occurred to him, that his name being used in the transaction of the business, he might be responsible for its liabilities when he should become of age, he freed himself from his engagements to his uncle, to whom his services were necessary; but with many painful feelings, that his duty to himself compelled him to this course.

Soon after this, and before he was nineteen years old, a wealthy merchant (Mr. Elisha Riggs, now of New York) proposed receiving him as a partner in the dry-goods trade; Mr. Riggs finding capital, and Mr. Peabody taking the entire management of the business.

He was, at this time, (as will be recollected by those of us who saw him on his brief visits to his native town,) quite six feet in height, of manly form and proportions, and premature care and anxiety had given to his countenance the expression of maturer years. His partner, therefore, after the writings of copartnership were drawn, was surprised to learn, that his contract had been made with a *boy*. He was, however, kind enough to forgive the *fault*, which had been so honestly confessed, and which Time would so quickly amend, and the connection proved a most fortunate one for both parties.

The house of Riggs & Peabody was removed to Baltimore in 1815, and other houses were established in Philadelphia and New York in 1822, the partnership continuing in terms of five years each, for fifteen years; several other individuals occupying, successively, subordinate situations in the firm.

In 1829, Mr. Elisha Riggs retired from the firm, and his nephew, Mr. Samuel Riggs, was admitted, by which Mr. Peabody became senior partner, and the house became Peabody, Riggs & Co.

During the preceding fifteen years, Mr. Peabody's labors were excessive. His annual collecting excursions, occupying usually six or

seven weeks, were performed on horseback, through the wildest regions of Maryland and Virginia, and in the most inclement season of the year. The burden of the extensive operations of the house rested principally on him; and, from his earliest youth, the cares and perplexities, the struggles and disappointments, which usually advance but with mature manhood, had been drawing forth and perfecting those peculiar traits of character, of which his childhood gave promise, and for which, as a man, he has been so highly distinguished.

And here, might we invade the sanctuary of his early home, and the circle of his immediate connections, we could light around the youthful possessor of a few hundreds of dollars,—the avails of the most severe and untiring efforts,—a brighter halo, than his elegant hospitalities, his munificent donations, or his liberal *public* charities, now shed over the rich London Banker.

We will venture to state, in *general* terms, that, before he was twenty years old, he had shared his limited means with his widowed mother and orphan brothers and sisters, and, at the age of twenty-four, he voluntarily charged himself with their entire support; educating the latter, and fulfilling to them the part of the most indulgent parent. For their sakes, he was willing to forego the attractive but expensive pleasures, which a city residence continually presented him, and cheerfully practised any self-denial, that he might bring them forward to respectability and happiness.

His first voyage to Europe was made in November, 1827, for the purchase of goods; the firm having for some time previous imported their own supplies. During the next ten years, he crossed the Atlantic several times, and was entrusted with important financial negotiations, for the government of his adopted state. He embarked again for England, February 1, 1837, and has not since been in his native country.

In July, 1843, he retired from the "firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., New York and Baltimore," and established himself in London, where he has since continued, in a very extensive commercial and banking business.

It has been asked, "What is the secret of his success?" We answer, (in the language of one most conversant with his business life,) "He has entered into no giant speculations, nor, in general, have his gains been disproportionate; but he has realized large profits from his legitimate and extensive commercial pursuits, and from investments in various stocks of the United States, when generally discredited by the public; his entire confidence in the integrity of the defaulting states, and in the ultimate payment of their debts, never deserting him in the gloomiest period of their history."

Having decided on a certain course, he has always been remarkable for the power of bending all his energies of mind and of body, to the one object of pursuit. It was thus, when, at the age of sixteen, he entered on his chosen profession. He then laid down for himself certain rules, involving the principles of justice, integrity, good faith and punctuality, which he considered, not only as morally binding on himself, but, as due to his fellow-men, and *indispensable* to his reputation as an honorable merchant."

A strict and unwavering adherence to these principles in every extremity, and the blessing of Providence on a course of patient, severe, unremitting and persevering industry, with habits of economy as regards himself, and of uncalculating liberality towards all, who have needed his assistance, constitute, we believe, the great *secret*, by which he has attained to the pecuniary and social position, which he now occupies.

His habits of punctuality have been proverbial. He recently stated to an intimate friend, that in all his business life, he had never failed to meet a pecuniary engagement.

Far seeing in matters relating to his peculiar calling, of long experience, and of acute observation, he has been able to judge correctly of causes and results, and, generally, to foresee alarming crises in season to prepare for them. In August, 1836, in conversation with the friend above alluded to, he remarked, "I am confident, that the rage for speculation, which has characterized the last two or three years, must produce disastrous results; accordingly, I have written to my partners to keep everything *snug*, and, without reference to new sales or new profits, to get in outstanding debts, and be prepared for the emergency."

How far his predictions were well founded, the dreadful panic of 1837 soon proved. The consequence of this caution was, that he passed through that fiery ordeal unscathed, and had the satisfaction to aid many others to do the same.

His exertions, however, have not always been crowned with equal success. In common with other commercial houses, he has sustained many severe losses, some of them doubly aggravating, being the result of treachery or ingratitude in those, in whom he had confided, or whom he had particularly obliged.

From these losses, (says one,) although greatly sensitive to the first shock, he has arisen with an unprecedented elasticity of resolution, and has redoubled his efforts, until every deficiency has been made up.

In the failure of American credit, he was deeply interested personally, and, with other Americans abroad, shared the mortification which was felt on account of that disastrous event. His position as an American and a merchant, in the metropolis of Great Britain, was at this period, a most trying one; but, in the darkest hour of his country's adversity, he stood up manfully for her defence. His letters on "Repudiation," and his efforts to sustain, or to restore American credit abroad, constitute the brightest page in his history. For these efforts, he is justly entitled to the deepest gratitude of his countrymen, especially those of his adopted state. Maryland has acknowledged her obligations to him in a public and graceful manner, as honorable to herself, as it must be grateful to the feelings of him, who felt so keenly for her pecuniary credit, and did so much to protect it.

The business relations of Mr. Peabody are, at the present time, very extensive and complicated. He attends *personally* to all its most important transactions, and to many of its details. We have been informed, that he devotes, on an average, fourteen hours out of every twenty-four to business.

With all these demands upon his time, he is always ready with a warm greeting to his friends from this side of the Atlantic, and, by the

public and social assemblies of his countrymen, with invited British residents of distinction, he has done much to promote a kindly feeling between the two countries.

The following extracts, from an account published in London, of the proceedings at the Parting Dinner given by Mr. Peabody, will be found interesting to his townsmen:—

On the 27th of October, 1851, Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, of London, gave a parting dinner, at the London Coffee House, to the American gentlemen connected with the Exhibition. The guests consisted of the Americans known to be in London, and also of many English gentlemen.

The hall was appropriately and beautifully decorated, under the direction of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Somerby. Behind the chair, was placed Hayter's full length portrait of HER MAJESTY; on one side of which was Stuart's WASHINGTON, and on the other, Patten's portrait of H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, each the size of life. The national ensigns of Great Britain and the United States, appropriately united by a wreath of laurel, were draped about these paintings; and pennants, kindly furnished by the Admiralty for the occasion, completed the effect.

The chair was taken by Mr. PEABODY, at 7 o'clock. Mr. Davis officiated as first Vice Chairman; and the side tables were presided over by Mr. Stevens and Col. Lawrence, respectively, as second and third Vice Chairmen.

The elegant and sumptuous dinner fully sustained the high reputation of Mr. Lovegrove's house.

After the cloth was removed and grace said, Mr. HARKER, the toast master, announced the Loving Cup* in the following words:—

"The Right Honorable Earl of Granville, His Excellency the American Minister, His Excellency Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, The Hon. Robert Walker, The Governor of the Bank of England, Sir Joseph Paxton, Sir Charles Fox, and Gentlemen all,—Mr. PEABODY drinks to you in a loving cup and bids you all a hearty welcome!"

* The *Loving Cup*, which went round the tables, was one which Mr. Peabody had just received from a friend in America. Its form may be seen in the wood cut annexed. It is made of oak, from the homestead of Mr. Peabody's ancestors, at Danvers, near Salem, Massachusetts. It is richly inlaid with silver, and bears the Family arms and the following inscription: "FRANCIS PEABODY, OF SALEM, TO GEORGE PEABODY, OF LONDON. 1851."

[By the kindness of Col. Francis Peabody, of Salem, the Committee are enabled, at their solicitation, to obtain a representation of a massive Silver Loving Cup, which he received from Mr. Peabody in 1850, as a family as well as international memorial. It is highly wrought, having embossed figures in alto relievo on one side, and on the other, the inscription, "GEORGE PEABODY, OF LONDON, TO FRANCIS PEABODY, OF SALEM. 1850."]

The loving cup was then passed round in the usual manner, and due honor done to this ancient custom.

The dessert having been served, Mr. PEABODY rose and announced successively the three following toasts, each being prefaced by a neat and appropriate speech :—

"THE QUEEN,—God bless her!"

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,—God bless him!"

"The health of His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, ALBERT PRINCE of WALES, and the rest of the ROYAL FAMILY."

These toasts were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and with the customary honors, the band playing *God Save the Queen* and *Hail Columbia.*

Appropriate and excellent speeches were made by Mr. F. P. CORBIN, of Virginia, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, Earl Granville, Mr. Robert J. Walker, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Davis, Mr. Riddle, and Mr. Stansbury.

Mr. BATES, of the house of Baring & Brothers, then toasted—

"Mr. THOMAS HANKEY, Jr., the Governor of the Bank of England."

The Governor, on rising to reply, was loudly cheered, and concluded his speech as follows :—

Allusion has been made to rival feelings, and may I not give a strong proof that none such exist in this city, excepting in that generous rivalry, which is the truest stimulus to exertion, when I remind you that the Gentleman who has done me the honor to propose my health, and who, I am sure, will allow me to call him my friend, is an American, though standing at the head of one of the largest and most widely known English firms? The house of Barings is known not only in Europe and America, but in every part of the globe; and Mr. BATES, the present acting head of that well known and respected house, is, as I have before observed, an American. He alluded to my connection with America, a connection which I ever regard with feelings of the greatest satisfaction; for I have been thereby thrown frequently into communication with Americans, and I have never received from them anything but friendship and kindness.

I have twice visited, and travelled in, the United States. On the last occasion, in 1834, I met a gentleman on board the sailing packet with whom I made acquaintance, and whose acquaintance I have kept to this day; that gentleman was Mr. PEABODY, who has been kind enough to invite me to witness his reception of his countrymen in this truly hospitable manner. I am proud to consider him as a colleague and brother merchant of London: and I am not the less proud of it when I hear from the lips of so many of his own countrymen, as I have done on this day, that they consider his high and unimpeachable character, his abilities, his integrity and his industry, as great an ornament to their country, as we are glad to consider him to ours. Long may he enjoy the fruits of his well earned independence, and long may he continue equally respected on both sides of the Atlantic.

The GOVERNOR sat down amid prolonged cheering.

LORD GRANVILLE then rose again, and stated that he had obtained permission to say a few words more, and that he should make the opportunity available for proposing a toast, the propriety of which all

would recognize, and which he was assured would be welcomed with unequalled enthusiasm. His Lordship concluded a very truthful and graceful tribute to Mr. PEABODY, by alluding to the prominent and distinguished part which that gentleman had taken in advancing the interests of the Exhibition, and to the still more prominent position which he had achieved for himself by his unwearied efforts to promote the happiness of Americans in this country, and to foster a kind and brotherly feeling between Englishmen and Americans. His Lordship also alluded particularly to the regret which he had experienced at having been unable to attend the superb *fête* given by Mr. PEABODY on the last anniversary of American Independence, and characterized that *fête* as marking an auspicious epoch in the history of international feeling as between England and America. In conclusion, he proposed "The health of Mr. PEABODY."

After the prolonged and reiterated cheering with which this sentiment was received had subsided, Mr. PEABODY rose and said :

My Lord and Gentlemen,—I may most sincerely assure you, that my feeling, at the present moment, is one of profound humility. Gratifying as is this spontaneous expression of your approbation and regard, and grateful as I am to the noble Lord, and to you all, for your undeserved kindness, I feel sensible of my entire inability to convey to you, in suitable language, the acknowledgments which I would wish to make ; and I feel this humility and my inability the more strongly, after listening to the eloquent speeches which have been made this evening.

Gentlemen,—I have lived a great many years in this country without weakening my attachment to my own land, but at the same time too long not to respect and honor the institutions and people of Great Britain ; it has, therefore, been my constant desire, while showing such attentions as were in my power to my own countrymen, to promote, to the very utmost, kind and brotherly feelings between Englishmen and Americans. (Cheers.)

The origin of this meeting was my desire to pay respect to those of my countrymen who had been connected with the Great Exhibition of 1851, and to pay a parting tribute to their skill, ingenuity, and originality, before their departure to the United States ; and I cannot but feel that I have been extremely fortunate in bringing together so large a number of our countrymen on the occasion. You will understand, also, that I feel extreme gratification at the presence of our kind-hearted Minister, and of those English Gentlemen whose social and official rank, no less than their connection either with our country, or with the Exhibition, renders them fitting representatives of national feeling, and entitles them to our respect, and to my most grateful acknowledgments. (Hear.)

The importance of maintaining kindly feelings between the people of our respective countries, has been the principal theme of the eloquent speeches which we have heard this evening, and particularly that of SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER ; but although, in some measure, a repetition of what has been so much better said by him, I cannot for-

bear making a few remarks on the same subject. There has recently been much excitement in America in reference to the maintenance of the Union of the States; an excitement that has placed the Union on a firmer basis than ever. I have felt, that, important to us as is that bond of union, there is another, which is no less important to the whole civilized world; I refer to the moral and friendly union between Great Britain and the United States. (Loud cheers.) May both these unions still continue and gather strength with their gathering years.

Gentlemen,—Many of you, whom I see here to-night, will soon be on the ocean, homeward bound, and there are many whom I may not again have the pleasure of meeting before their departure; but if I do not meet you *all* again on this side of the Atlantic, I trust that I may do so at some future day on the other side. After such gratifying proofs of your friendly feeling towards me, I am persuaded that your kindness will induce you to give me in your native land a warmer, but not more sincere, welcome, than it has been in my power to give to you here. I conclude by again offering you my warmest thanks.

This speech was received with inexpressible cordiality; and at its close, the company rose and greeted Mr. PEABODY with "three times three" cheers and "one more," with a heartiness not to be surpassed.

The superb *fête* referred to in the speech of Lord Granville is thus described in the London Illustrated News, which has a fine engraving of the Hall at Almack's, where the entertainment took place, with the decorations, &c.:—

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT TO THE AMERICAN MINISTER.—A superb entertainment was given by Mr. George Peabody, the eminent American merchant, to many hundreds of his countrymen and our own, at Willis's Rooms, "to meet the American Minister and Mrs. Lawrence," on Friday, July 4th, the anniversary of American Independence.

Mr. Peabody selected this anniversary for this immense gathering of Englishmen and Americans, for the avowed purpose of showing that all hostile feeling in regard to the occurrences which it calls to mind has ceased to have any place in the breasts of the citizens of either of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, and that there is no longer anything to prevent them from meeting together on that day, or on any other occasion, in perfect harmony and brotherhood.

The superb suite of "Almack's" rooms gave ample space for the guests. The walls were richly festooned with white drapery, entwined by wreaths of flowers, interspersed at intervals with the flags of England and America blended and interchanged.

At one end and the other of the spacious ball-room, were placed portraits of Queen Victoria and the illustrious Washington, each canopied with the combined flags of the two countries; and in various parts of the rooms were placed busts of her Majesty, the Prince Consort, Washington, Franklin, and other distinguished persons of either country. The superb chandeliers were decorated with flowers to the number of

many hundreds; and each lady was presented, on her entrance to the room, with a choice bouquet.

The guests began to arrive about nine o'clock, and by half-past nine the seats appropriated for the auditory of the concert (with which the entertainment commenced) were entirely filled. The concert itself was of a high order; and when we name Catherine Hayes, Cruvelli, Lablache, and Gardoni as the performers, it is almost needless to add that it passed off most brilliantly. After the concert, the seats were removed, and the spacious ball-room was cleared for the dancers, who commenced dancing at about eleven o'clock. Up to this hour, the guests had continued to arrive. At about half-past eleven, the Duke of Wellington arrived, and was met in the reception-room by Mr. Peabody, who conducted his Grace through the ball-room to the *dais*, where he was welcomed by the American Minister. The band played the accustomed recognition of "See, the Conquering Hero comes." But the enthusiasm did not reach its height, until "the Duke," with Mr. Peabody and the American Minister on either side of him, took his seat in the centre of the *dais*, and directly under the portrait of Washington, when the assembly gave a prolonged burst of cheering. After this had subsided, dancing recommenced, and continued until a very late hour, interrupted only by the intervention of an elegant supper.

The Duke of Wellington remained until past midnight; and many other of the more distinguished visitors remained until the breaking up of the party.

The whole of the ground-floor of Willis's Rooms was devoted to the arrangements for supper; and these rooms, like those above, were decorated with flowers, flags, busts, and various other graceful and artistic objects.

It is but an act of justice to mention that the perfection of all the arrangements is attributable solely to Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond Street; that gentleman having received a *carte blanche* from Mr. Peabody, availed himself of such unrestricted license to furnish an entertainment so complete in its details and magnificent in its *ensemble* as rarely to have been equalled.

We close this notice of our distinguished Townsman with an extract from the Boston Post, of Sept. 19, 1851, furnished to that paper by its intelligent correspondent in London:—

It seems that two towns in Massachusetts contend for the honor of the nativity of George Peabody, the eminent London merchant. They may well do it. Danvers, with its old historic memories; Salem, with its long line of distinguished men in the professions and in trade; even Essex County itself, full of the kernel of personal merit and renown in her citizens for two hundred years, have occasion to boast no accidental honor that is greater than that of having produced a man whose real goodness and greatness of heart are surpassed only by the modesty of his manners and the instructive quiet of his private life. It is rare in our own country, that, without advantages of birth, or inheritance, or education, or public place, a simple minded, unobtrusive, straight

forward man, becomes, by the few means that commercial life gives, preëminent among his peers; and it is rarer still, that in another country, and that country famous for individual wealth, a man like this, among the merchant princes of that country's metropolis, should rise to distinction. When such a case does occur, there is no reason why it should be concealed. That man's character which is elevated by means of pure personal merit, becomes, by the strongest title, the property of the rising generation of his country, for their model and example. And such a man is Mr. George Peabody.

Mr. Peabody has been a resident of London for many years. His business would be called that of banking in the United States; but in Great Britain, where trade divides into more minute ramifications, and every branch of it is classified, he is called a merchant, as are also Baring Bros. & Co., the Rothschilds, and other distinguished houses. The difference is simply that while these firms loan money, buy stocks, exchange, drafts, hold deposits, &c., they do not themselves pay out money, like the houses of Coates, and others, who are strictly *bankers*. You may always find him at his business during the hours devoted to it in London. He knows no such thing as relaxation from it. At 10½ o'clock, every morning, you may notice him coming out from the Club Chambers, where he keeps bachelor's hall, taking a seat in the passing omnibus, and riding some three miles to his office in Wanford Court, a dingy alley in Throgmorton Street; and in that office, or near by, day after day, year in and out, you may be sure to find him, always cheerful, always busy, following the apostolic direction to the very letter, "study to be quiet and do your own business."

In personal appearance Mr. Peabody looks more a professional than a business man. He is some six feet tall, erect, with a florid complexion, and a fine bold forehead. He may be past fifty years in age, though his appearance does not indicate it. He is ready, intelligent in no ordinary degree, copious in power of expressing his views, and truly sincere in everything which he does and says. In commercial phrase, he is preëminently a reliable man, showing neither to friends or enemies, under any circumstances, any phase of character which will not be found stable in every event.

To his country, to her interests, her reputation, her honor and credit, it has been his pride ever to be true. A more thorough American, in heart, and soul, and sympathy, does not live. If he is known by any one characteristic above all others, it is this. While others have been flattered into lukewarmness towards our free institutions by the attentions of the aristocracy of the mother country, or, in the desire to gain the applause of the great, have acquiesced in those disparaging opinions which are common towards the United States among the advocates of monarchy, Mr. Peabody has always stood firm. In the peril of credit to state bonds, his opinion, frankly expressed upon 'change, and as freely acted upon in his counting-room, was better than bullion in the treasury. In the negotiation of state loans, when American securities were blown upon in the market, his aid became an endorsement indubitable in its security to the buyer. In the advancement of American interest, his energy never flags. When our ocean steamers, now the pride of every sojourner from the states in Europe, needed encour-

agement in their enterprise, his capital was ready for the emergency. Maryland, Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Georgia, Delaware, each in its turn, was indebted to his sagacity. When the products of American industry, unprovided for by any congressional appropriation, were jeopardized for lack of funds to carry out the purposes of the contributors, he was the one to step forward and advance the necessary loan. Perhaps in no former instance has Mr. Peabody's love of country been exhibited in stronger relief. Every other nation had made provision for the expenses of its contributors. While the first opinion of the English public placed the productions of the United States in the rear of all others, he had the foresight to perceive that time only was needed to do us justice. He furnished the money, counselled courage, urged energy, conciliated difficulties, and gave his whole influence towards what he assured all his countrymen would be the result. The event has proved that he was not mistaken, and to him more than to any other man out of the crystal palace is it due, that the honor of receiving the GREAT MEDAL of the exhibition, not for mere handicraft, but for the only introduction of a new principle into the useful arts, has fallen upon the United States.

Few men in London, whose attention has been exclusively devoted to commercial pursuits, have ever enjoyed a higher reputation than Mr. Peabody. No other man could have assembled on the Fourth of July, with the stars and stripes decorating the hall, the aristocracy of Great Britain, to commemorate with Americans the birth-day of republican institutions. Honor to him who loves to honor his country! It is his intention, ere long, to return to the United States and spend the rest of his life. When he does so, while he will leave behind him an unsullied reputation, better than gold, he will find in his own country a welcome which no common desert would gain.

THE HALBARD OF LIEUT. FRANCIS PABODY.

The committee have received from C. M. Endicott, Esq., of Salem, whose historical and antiquarian researches are already well known to the public, the following account of this interesting relic. It was communicated in reply to their application for a drawing of it for an engraving, and will be found to contain much curious information in relation to the rude instruments of warfare used by our ancestors, and which are now wholly superseded by modern inventions.

If space could be spared for the purpose, the committee would be glad to extract largely from the Account of the Peabody Family by the same hand, but can only refer the reader to the Genealogical Register of 1848 and 1849, where it may be found. From this account it appears, by authentic records, that the name had its origin as far back as the time of Nero, in the 61st year of our era!

FITCH POOLE, ESQ., SALEM, November 22, 1852.

My Dear Sir,—I send you a drawing of the "halbard" once borne by Lieut. Francis Pabody, who emigrated from St. Albans, England, to this country, in 1635,—the year in which so large a number of the friends of religious liberty, by a simultaneous movement, determined to seek a refuge from civil and ecclesiastical oppression on the bleak and inhospitable shores of New England, however 'fiercely the wide ocean might open its mouth to swallow them, or with what terrors the wintry wilderness might threaten them.' This movement re-

sulted, before the close of that year, in the emigration of some three thousand persons, and among this great number was Francis Pabody of St. Albans, the first American ancestor of Geo. Peabody, now of London, the liberal benefactor to your town, and also of all others in America who spell the name in this manner. I have no doubt whatever of the authenticity of this ancient relic, having in the course of my labors in 'digging out the roots, and following out the branches of the old Peabody tree,' traced the possession of it, as an heir-loom in the family, directly from Lieut. Francis down through the descendants of his fourth son Isaac to its present owner, Col. Francis Peabody, of this city.*

Our ancestors, when they left their native shores, brought away with them all such weapons as were in most general use in England at that period; and among others was the *halbard* or *halbert*, which must have been a formidable instrument when wielded by a skilful hand. It was in common use in the army during the reign of Charles 1st, and consisted of a staff about five feet long, with a steel head partly in the form of a crescent. The word, according to Vossius, is derived from the German *hallebaert*, signifying an axe. It is said to have been first introduced into Scotland by the Danes, and carried by them upon the left shoulder; from whence it found its way into England, and finally into France during the reign of Louis 11th. The halbard, however, of the Danes was no doubt very different from the representation in the accompanying plate. From the period when first introduced by them to the time of Henry 8th, and Louis 11th, it no doubt underwent many changes. The present crescent form is said to have been first introduced by Henry 2d of France, in compliment to Dianne of Poictiers, who chose the crescent for her device.

In connection with the halbard it may not be amiss to speak of other implements of war used during the 17th century. A foot soldier, at the time our ancestors left England, was equipped with a clumsy *arquebuss*, or match-lock musket, supported on a forked staff, to enable him to point it at an enemy; his body hung round with *bandiliers*, or little cylindrical wooden boxes, covered with leather, each containing one charge of powder for a musket. Twelve of these were suspended to a belt worn over the left shoulder; and at the bottom of the belt, at the right hip, were hung the bullet bag and priming box; he was likewise encumbered with the match-line lighted at both ends; and also begirt with a long sword. The sergeants of foot and artillery carried *halbards*. The musket-rests, after being used for upwards of a century in England, were finally laid aside during the civil wars which preceded the Protectorate. The long fowling-pieces, with "bastard musket bore," of five and half feet length, were also used at that period, and were sent over to this country by the advice of Endicott, who was a military man, immediately upon his arrival here, as appears by his letter to the company of 13th September, 1628. Pikes and half pikes were also used in this country at that time; but the English long-bow does not appear to have been introduced here by our ancestors, although used in the artillery companies in England as late as 1643; and the exact time it was dispensed with cannot be accurately ascertained.

The dress of a common soldier, in 1630, consisted of *Monmouth caps*, stiff ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's time, called bands,—round-a-bout coats, reaching a little below the hips, and small clothes, gartered at the knee, and fastened in

* Lieut. Francis Pabody at his death left his homestead, with all the goods and chattels it contained, to his fourth son Isaac, and among them was this *halbard*. Isaac's son Isaac inherited the same after him. The last Isaac never married, and at his death his effects were divided among his brothers and sisters, and this halbard fell to his brother Matthew's portion. From Matthew it descended to his son John, and from John again to his son John; from the latter it descended to his son Joel R. Peabody, of Topsfield, of whom it was obtained by its present owner, who is also a descendant of Isaac. A wooden leg, said by tradition to have belonged to the first Isaac, was also handed down in the family of Matthew with this halbard, until the generation preceding Joel, when by some means the leg was lost. This tradition I have since found to be confirmed by the following clause in his father's will: "And this I would have noted, that I have left the more to my son *Isaak*, in consideration of the providence of God disinabling him by the loss of one of his legs."

a large bow, or rosette, on one side; they also wore girdles, which performed the office of our modern suspenders. Over this dress, in cold weather, was sometimes thrown a loose sack, lined with cotton, and called *mandilions*, which covered the whole body, and was usually worn without sleeves. This garment, mentioned among the articles to be sent over to New England 16th March, 1629, is thus described in the History of British Costume, p. 267:

> "Thus put he on his arming truss, fair shoes upon his feet,
> About him a *mandilion*, that did with buttons meet,
> Of purple, large and full of folds, curl'd with a warmful nap,
> A garment that 'gainst cold in nights, did soldiers use to wrap."

A kind of armor called *corsletts*, which consisted of back and breast pieces,—tasses for the thighs,—gorgets for the neck,—and head pieces were also used by our ancestors in New England in their first encounters with the Indians; but such armor, in England, was almost exclusively worn by the cavalry. The musketeer scarcely wore any other armor than *morians* to defend the legs.

The introduction and use of artificial weapons is a very curious and attractive study; and were the subject in place here, which may be doubted, it would be impossible to do it justice in a short article like the present. Suffice it therefore to say, when first used they were supposed to be made of wood, and employed only against wild beasts. Arms of stone, and brass were next introduced, and these finally gave place to those of iron and steel. *Bellus*, the son of Nimrod, is *imagined* to have been the first to engage in wars with his kind, and used arms in battle; hence the appellation *bellum*. Josephus informs us that the patriarch Joseph first taught the use of arms in the Egyptian armies. The success of the Romans, in making themselves masters of the world, was supposed in a great measure to be owing to the superiority of their arms. When they first visited Britain the principal warlike weapons found among the aborigines were the dart, or javelin,—short spear with a ball at the end filled with brass, to the upper end of which was fixed a thong, that when used as a missile weapon it might be recovered and again used in a close encounter;—long and broad swords without points, designed only for cutting, and were swung by a chain over the left shoulder,—occasionally a short dirk fixed in the girdle,—scythes, which were sometimes fastened to their chariot wheels. The Saxons, previously to their arrival in Britain, beside the buckler and dagger, used a sword bent in the form of a scythe, which their descendants soon changed for one that was long, straight and broad, double edged and pointed. Beside these the Saxon arms consisted of spears, axes and clubs. They fought with their swords and shields, similar to the Roman gladiators. Some alteration in the national arms of Great Britain took place on the arrival of the Danes; they appear to have brought the battle axe into more general use. The arms of the Norman foot soldiery at the time of the conquest were a spear, or a bow and arrow, or a sling, with a sword. From this time to the reign of Edward 2nd, the military weapons were but little altered. About this time we date the introduction of the English cross-bow, which rendered that nation, in one instance, superior to all the world. A great revolution took place in military weapons upon the discovery of gunpowder. The exact time gunpowder and fire arms were first used in war by the British nation is difficult to be discovered. Fire arms of a *portable* construction were certainly not invented till the beginning of the 16th century. In 1521 the musket mounted on a stock was used in the siege of Parma, and probably soon adopted in England. From this period to the time our ancestors left their native country, improvements in fire arms appear to have been very slow and gradual, and we have seen what clumsy instruments they were at that period. But it is time to close this very imperfect article. It is a common failing with all antiquarians to be both prolix and tedious, when they get a fair subject to operate upon. Hoping you will, however, exercise towards me a charity which endureth,

I subscribe myself, yours, very truly, C. M. ENDICOTT.

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